Acquired with the assistance of the

Sophia Augusta Brown

Fund

JOHN CARTER BROWN LIBRARY

D. I. Drown's

Solomon Drown's.

Phillips

H 200

Sam. Gifford '89

1ST Am. ed
EVANS 16162

.64913

Solomon Downs.

MISCELLANIES

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE:

CONTAINING:

I. The PUPIL OF NATURE.

II. The PRINCESS OF BABYLON.

III. ZADIG; or the BOOK OF FATE, an ORIENTAL HISTORY.

TRANSLATED from the FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

By. T. SMOLLETT, M. D. and T. FRANCKLIN, A. M.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY ROBERT BELL, IN THIRD-STREET.
M.DCC.LXXVIII.

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED from the FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D. and T. FRANCKLIN, A. M.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED by ROBERT BELL, in THIRD-STREET.
M.DCC.LXXVIII.

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

CHAP. I.

How the Prior of our Lady of the Hill, and the young Lady his Sister, meet a Huron.

ONE day St. Dunſtan, an Iriſhman by birth, and a ſaint by profeſſion, ſet out from Ireland upon a little hill, which ſwam towards the coaſt of France, and arrived by means of this conveyance in the bay of St. Malo. When he was landed, he beſtowed his bleſſing on the hill, which made him many profound reverences, and returned back to Ireland by the ſame road it came.

Dunſtan

Dunſtan founded a little priory in the neighbourhood of this place, and gave it the name of the Priory of the Hill, which it bears at this day, as every body knows.

In the year 1689, on the 15th of July, in the evening, the Abbot of Kerkabon, Prior of our Lady of the Hill, took a walk with his ſiſter, Miſs Kerkabon, along the ſea ſhore, to enjoy the freſh air.

The Prior, now a little advanced in years, was beloved by his male neighbours, as he had formerly been by the female. What had diſtinguiſhed him the moſt, was his being the only beneficed divine in that country, that was not obliged to be carried to his bed, when he had ſupped with his fraternity. He was tolerably well verſed in theology, and, when he was tired of reading St. Auguſtin, he amuſed himſelf with Rabelais: hence all the world ſpoke well of him.

Miſs Kerkabon, who had never been married, though ſhe had a great deſire to be ſo, preſerved ſome remains of her bloom at the age of forty five. She was a ſenſible, good character, loved pleaſure, and yet was devout.

The

The Prior ſaid to his ſiſter, looking towards the ſea, Alas, here it was, that our poor brother, with our dear ſiſter-in-law, Mrs. Kerkabon, his wife, embarked in the year 1669, in the Swallow frigate, to go to ſerve in Canada! If he had not been killed, we might have yet hoped to ſee him again. Do you believe, ſaid Miſs Kerkabon, that our ſiſter-in-law has been eaten by the Iroquois, as was reported? It is certain, if ſhe had not been eaten, ſhe would have returned to her country. I ſhall weep for her as long as I live: ſhe was a charming woman, and our brother, who was a very ſenſible man, would certainly have made a great fortune.

As they were tenderly affected with this recollection, they ſaw a little veſſel brought by the tide into the bay of Rence. They were Engliſh, who came to ſell the commodities of their country. They jumped on ſhore, without regarding the Prior, or even the young lady his ſiſter, who was greatly offended at the little attention they paid her.

It was not ſo with a young man, very well made, who threw himſelf, at one bound, over the heads of his companions, and alighted oppoſite

poſite to Miſs. He nodded his head at her, not being accuſtomed to make a bow. His figure and garb drew the attention of both the brother and ſiſter: his head and legs were naked, his feet ſhod with little ſandals; his chief ornament was his long hair, which hung in treſſes; he had a little waiſtcoat, which diſcovered his finely-proportioned and eaſy ſhape; a martial, yet genteel air; he held in one hand a little bottle of citron water, and in the other a bag, in which was a cup, and ſome very good ſea biſcuits; he ſpoke very intelligible French, preſented ſome of his citron water to Miſs Kerkabon, and to her brother; he drank with them, and made them drink again, and this with ſuch a natural and inoffenſive air, that the brother and ſiſter were charmed with him: they offered him their Service, at the ſame time aſking him from whence he came, and where he was going. The young man anſwered, that he did not know; that he had a great curioſity, and that he wanted to ſee the coaſt of France; for this purpoſe was he come, and was now going to return. The Prior, judging by his accent, that he was not a native of England, took the liberty of aſking of what coun-

try

try he was. I am a HURON*, anſwered the young man.

Miſs Kerkabon, aſtoniſhed and enchanted to ſee a Huron behave ſo politely to her, aſked the young man to Supper: he did not require a ſecond invitation, and all three went together to the Priory of our Lady of the Hill.

The ſhort plump lady ſtared at him with open eyes, and ſaid to the Prior, "This tall "young man's complexion is of the colour of "roſes and lilies. What a fine ſkin he has "for a Huron!" You are right, ſiſter, ſaid the Prior. She aſked a hundred queſtions in a breath, and the traveller anſwered them all very properly.

The report was preſently ſpread, that there was a Huron at the Priory. The good company of the diſtrict hurried away there to Supper. The Abbot of St. Ives came with his ſiſter, a young lady, of Lower Bretany, who was very pretty, and well educated. The Baiſiff, the Receiver of the Cuſtoms, and their wives,

* Under the name of HURONS, the French, when poſſeſſed of Canada, comprehended ſeveral nations, or tribes of Indians, found in the northern parts of America.

wives, were likewiſe at this ſupper. They placed the ſtranger between Miſs Kerkabon and Miſs St. Ives. Every body regarded him with aſtoniſhment; they all ſpoke and interrogated him at once. The Huron did not mind them. He ſeemed to have adopted my Lord Bolingbroke's motto, *Nihil admirari*—not to be ſurprized at any thing: but at laſt, overcome with ſo much clamour, he ſaid to them, with a great deal of ſweetneſs, but with a reſolute air, "Gentlemen, in my country, they "ſpeak one after the other: how would you "have me anſwer you, when you won't permit me to hear you?"

Reaſon always brings men back to themſelves. For ſome moments a ſtrict ſilence enſued: his worſhip, the Bailiff, who always took poſſeſſion of the ſtrangers, in whatſoever houſe they happened to be, and who was the moſt inquiſitive man in the province, ſaid to him, opening his mouth half a foot wide, Mr. —— what's your name?—I have always been called the Frank-one, anſwered the Huron, and they have fixed this name on me in England, becauſe I always ſay freely what I think, as I always do what I pleaſe.

Being

Being born a Huron, Sir, how came you into England?—Becauſe I was carried there. I was taken priſoner by the Engliſh in a battle, after having defended myſelf well; and the Engliſh, who love bravery, becauſe they are both brave and honeſt, as we are, having propoſed to me, either to return to my parents, or to come to England, I accepted the laſt; becauſe I am paſſionately fond of ſeeing different countries. But, Sir, ſaid the Bailiff, in his authoritative tone, how could you thus abandon your father and mother?—It was becauſe I never knew either father or mother, ſaid the ſtranger. The company were moved with compaſſion, and repeated all at once, neither father nor mother!—We will do him all the Service we can, ſaid the miſtreſs of the houſe to her brother the Prior: this gentleman, the Huron, intereſts me much in his favour! The Huron thanked her with a noble and becoming dignity, and informed her at the ſame time, that he did not want any thing.

I perceive, Sir, ſaid the grave Bailiff, that you ſpeak better French than could be expected from a Huron.—A Frenchman, ſaid he, that we took in the Huron country, when I was very young, and for whom I conceived a great

friendſhip, taught me his language. I learn whatever I chuſe to learn very ſpeedily. When I arrived at Plymouth, I found one of your French refugees, that I don't know for what reaſon you call Huguenots: with his aſſiſtance, I made ſome progreſs in the knowledge of your language, and, as ſoon as I could expreſs myſelf intelligibly, I came to ſee your country; for I love the French well enough, when they don't aſk too many queſtions.

The Abbot of St. Ives, notwithſtanding this little hint, demanded of him, which of the three languages pleaſed him beſt, the Huron, the Engliſh or the French. The Huron, without doubt, anſwered the ſtranger. Is it poſſible! cried Miſs Kerkabon: I always imagined that the French was the fineſt of all languages, except that of Lower Bretany.

Then they all vied, who ſhould firſt aſk the Huron, what they called Snuff in the Huron tongue; he anſwered, *taya*: how they ſaid to eat; he anſwered again, *eſſenten*. Miſs Kerkabon would abſolutely know how they expreſſed to make love; he replied, *trovander**; and ſupported,

* All theſe words are really of the Huron language.

ſupported, not without ſome appearance of reaſon, that theſe words were ſuperior to thoſe of the French and Engliſh, with which they correſponded: all the company thought *trovander* a very pretty word.

The Prior, having in his library a Huron grammar, which the reverend father Sagar Theodat, a Recollect and a famous miſſionary, had preſented to him, he left the table for a moment to conſult it; he returned almoſt breathleſs with tenderneſs and joy; he found that the ſtranger was really a Huron. They diſputed a little about the multiplicity of languages, and agreed in the end, that, if it had not been for the confuſion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, all the world would have ſpoken French.

The interrogating Bailiff, who till this time had been a little in doubt about the ſtranger, conceived a profound reſpect for him, and ſpoke to him with more civility than before, of which the Huron took not the leaſt notice. Miſs St. Ives had a great curioſity to know how they made love in the Huron country. In performing great actions, replied he, to pleaſe perſons like yourſelf. All the company applauded

plauded him with aſtoniſhment ; Miſs St. Ives bluſhed, but was not diſpleaſed ; Miſs Kerkabon bluſhed too, but was not ſo well ſatisfied : ſhe was a little angry, that this gallant ſpeech was not addreſſed to her ; but ſhe was ſo good a woman, that her affection for the Huron was not in the leaſt diminiſhed : ſhe aſked him, with a great deal of good-nature, how many miſtreſſes he had had in his own country.—I have never had but one, ſaid the Huron, which was Miſs Abacaba, an intimate friend of my deceaſed nurſe : no reed is ſo ſtraight, no ermine ſo white, no lamb ſo gentle, no eagle ſo noble, or ſtag ſo ſwift, as was my Abacaba ! She one day purſued a hare in our neighbourhood, about fifty leagues from our habitation. An ill-bred Algonquin, who lived a hundred leagues further, came to take her hare. I heard of it, I ran, I felled the Algonquin with a ſtroke of my club, I led him bound to the feet of my miſtreſs. The parents of Abacaba wanted to eat him ; but theſe ſort of feaſts did not ſuit my taſte. I gave him his liberty, I made him my friend. Abacaba was ſo pleaſed with my conduct, that ſhe preferred me to the reſt of her lovers ; and ſhe would have loved me ſtill, if ſhe had not been eaten by a bear. I have puniſhed the bear, and I have wore his

ſkin

ſkin a long time; but that has not conſoled me.

Miſs de St. Ives felt a ſecret pleaſure at this recital, by which ſhe learnt that the Huron had never had but one miſtreſs, and that Abacaba was no more; but ſhe was unacquainted with the cauſe of that pleaſure. All the company fixed their eyes upon the Huron, and praiſed him very much for having prevented his comrades from eating an Algonquin.

The unmerciful Bailiff, whoſe rage for interrogation was boundleſs, puſhed his curioſity at laſt ſo far, as to enquire what religion the Huron gentleman profeſſed, and whether he had choſen the Engliſh, the French, or the Huguenot faith.

I have my religion, ſaid he, as you have yours. Alas, cried Miſs Kerkabon, I ſee very well, that theſe ſorry Engliſh have never once thought of baptizing him!——Oh, my good God! cried out Miſs de St. Ives, how happened it that the Hurons are not catholicks? Have not the reverend fathers, the jeſuits, converted them all? The Huron aſſured her, that in his country no one was ever converted; that a true Huron was never known to change

his

his opinion; and that they had not even a word in their language to expreſs inconſtancy. Theſe laſt words pleaſed Miſs St. Ives extremely.

We will baptize him! we will baptize him! ſaid Miſs Kerkabon to the Prior: you ſhall have the honour of it, my dear brother, and I will abſolutely be his godmother. The Abbot of St. Ives ſhall preſent him at the font. This will be a very brilliant ceremony: it will be talked of all over Lower Bretany, and will do us infinite honour. All the company ſeconded the motion of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and all the viſitors cried out, we will baptize him. The Huron anſwered, that in England they ſuffered people to live as they liked; he let them know, that the propoſal did not at all pleaſe him, and that the law of the Hurons was at leaſt equal to the law of the Lower Bretains: at laſt he ſaid he ſhould return the next day. They then finiſhed his bottle of citron water, and went all of them to bed.

When they conducted the Huron to his chamber, Miſs Kerkabon, and her friend, Miſs St. Ives, could not help peeping through the key-hole to ſee how a Huron ſlept. They

ſaw

ſaw him ſpread the quilt upon the floor, and and repoſe himſelf in the moſt beautiful attitude imaginable.

CHAP. II.

The Huron diſcovered by his Relations.

THE Huron, according to his uſual cuſtom, awoke with the Sun, at the crowing of the cock, which in England, as well as in his own country, they call the herald of the morn. He was not like the good company, who languiſhed on the bed of Indolence till the Sun had run half his courſe; who can neither ſleep nor riſe; who loſe ſo many precious hours in this middle ſtate, between life and death; and who yet complain of the ſhortneſs of life. He had already gone two or three leagues, and killed thirty wild-fowl, &c. with ſingle balls, when returning, he found the Prior of our Lady, and his diſcreet ſiſter, walking in their night-caps in their little garden. He preſented them all his game, and drew from the boſom of his ſhirt a kind of little taliſman, which he wore always round his neck.

neck. He begged them to accept of it, as an acknowledgment for the kind reception they had given him. This, ſaid he, is the moſt precious thing I have: they have aſſured me, that I ſhall be always fortunate, as long as I carry this little bauble about me, and I give it you, that you may be always lucky. The Prior and the young lady ſmiled tenderly at the ſimplicity of the Huron. This preſent conſiſted of two little portraits, indifferently drawn, tied together with a very greaſy leather ſtrap.

Miſs Kerkabon aſked him, if they had painters in his country.—No, ſaid the Huron, this rarity was given me by my nurſe: her huſband gained it by conqueſt: it was part of the ſpoils of ſome French from Canada, who made war on us. This is all I know of the matter.

The Prior examined theſe portraits with great attention: he changed colour—he was affected—his hands ſhook. By our Lady of the Hill, cried he, I believe I ſee the faces of my brother the captain, and his wife! Miſs, after having conſidered them with the ſame emotion, was of his opinion. Both of them were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, and joy was mixed with their grief; every tender paſſion

of

of their Souls ſeemed to be awakened, their hearts felt an unuſual motion, they uttered half formed words, they ſnatched from each other the portraits twenty times in a Second; they gazed by turns on the Huron and the pictures, without fixing their attention for a moment on either, and, after ſhedding a flood of tears, they both aſked him by turns, and then together, how, and at what time, theſe miniatures fell into the hands of his nurſe; they compared the time that had elapſed ſince the captain's departure; they remembered having received news, that he was arrived in the Huron's country, but that they had not ever ſince ſo much as heard him mentioned.

The Huron had ſaid to them, that he never knew either father or mother. The Prior, who was a ſenſible man, obſerved, that the Huron had ſome beard: he knew very well the Hurons never had any.——His chin is hairy!—He is the Son of an European! My brother and ſiſter-in-law have not been heard of ſince the expedition againſt the Hurons, in the year 1669; my nephew then muſt have been at the breaſt. His Huron nurſe has ſaved his life, and been a mother to him. In ſhort, after a hundred queſtions and anſwers, the

Prior and his ſiſter concluded, that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him; and, while they ſhed a torrent of tears, the ſtranger laughed, not being able to imagine, how a Huron could be nephew to a Prior of Lower Bretany.

All the company joined them. Mr. St. Ives, who was a great phyſiognomiſt, compared the Huron's face with the pictures, and very judiciouſly remarked, that he had his mother's eyes, the forehead and the noſe of the deceaſed Capt. Kerkabon, and that his cheeks were like both.

Miſs St. Ives, who had not ever ſeen either the father or the mother, was ſure that he was a perfect reſemblance of them both.

They admired the providential chain of events in this world, and at laſt were ſo perſuaded and convinced of the birth of the Huron, that he himſelf conſented to acknowledge Monſ. the Prior for his uncle, ſaying, that he would as ſoon have him, as any body elſe, for his uncle.

They went to the church of our Lady of the Hill, to return thanks to God, while the Huron,

ron, with an air of indifference, amuſed himſelf with drinking in the houſe.

The Engliſh who had brought him, and were ready to ſet ſail, came to tell him it was time to depart. Very probably, ſaid he, you have not found your uncles and aunts. I ſhall remain here; return to Plymouth; I give you all my effects. I am no longer in want of any thing in the world; for I am nephew to a Prior. The Engliſh ſet Sail, caring very little, whether the Huron had or had not relations in Lower Bretany.

After the uncle, the aunt, and the company, had ſung *Te Deum*—after the Bailiff had wearied the Huron with queſtions—after they had exhauſted all that aſtoniſhment, tenderneſs and joy could make them ſay on the occaſion—the Prior of the Hill, and the Abbot of St. Ives, concluded to have the Huron baptized as ſoon as poſſible; but it was not the ſame with a great Huron of twenty-two, as with a little infant, whom they could regenerate without his knowing any thing of the matter: he muſt be inſtructed, and that appeared difficult; for the Abbot of St. Ives ſuppoſed it impoſſible for a man born out of France to have common Senſe.

The

The Prior obſerved to the company, that, though indeed his nephew had not the happineſs of being born in Lower Bretany, yet he was not deficient in underſtanding, as they might judge by his anſwers, and that nature had greatly favoured him, with reſpect to both father and mother.

They then aſked him, if he had ever read any book. He ſaid he had read an Engliſh tranſlation of Rabelais, and ſome ſcraps of Shakeſpeare, which he knew by heart. Theſe books were the captain's of the veſſel, that had brought him from America to Plymouth, and that they pleaſed him very much.

The Bailiff did not fail to interrogate him on the ſubject of theſe books. I confeſs to you, ſaid the Huron, that I believe I gueſſed the meaning of ſome parts, and the reſt I could make nothing of. The Abbot of St. Ives, at this diſcourſe, reflected to himſelf, that this was his uſual method of reading, as it was alſo that of moſt other people. You have read the Bible, without doubt, ſaid he to the Huron. No, indeed, Mr. Abbot, it was not amongſt the captain's books: I have never ſo much as heard it mentioned.——See what ſhocking

wretches

wretches theſe Engliſh are! ſaid Miſs Kerkabon: they ſet more ſtore by a piece of Shakeſpeare's, a plum-pudding, and a bottle of rum, than the Pentateuch; therefore they have never converted any body in America. They certainly are the accurſed of God, and we ſhall very ſoon take from them Jamaica and Virginia!

However that may be, they ſent for the moſt expert taylor from St. Malo's, to new dreſs the Huron from head to foot. The company ſeparated, and the Bailiff went to aſk queſtions ſomewhere elſe. Miſs St. Ives, in taking leave, turned ſeveral times to look again at the Huron, and made much lower curtſies to him, than ſhe ever had in her life to any other perſon.

The Bailiff, before he took leave, preſented a great booby, his Son, who was juſt come from college, to Miſs St. Ives; but ſhe ſcarce looked at him, ſo much was her attention engroſſed by the politeneſs of the Huron.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Huron Converted.

THE Prior of our Lady, finding himſelf a little in years, conſidered, as God had ſent him a nephew for his conſolation, that he might reſign his benefice to him, if he could but ſucceed in baptizing him, and making him take orders.

The Huron had an excellent memory, and the ſtrength of his Lower Bretany organs had been ſo fortified by the climate of Canada, that his head was rendered ſo impenetrable, that if you thumped upon it he could hardly feel it; but, when any thing had there found admittance, it became indelible——he never forgot any thing. His conception was brighter and livelier from its never having been overcharged in his infancy with thoſe uſeleſs fooleries, with which we burthen ours; he conceived every thing very clearly.

The Prior at length determined to make him read the New Teſtament. The Huron peruſed it with the moſt eager and pleaſing attention; but not knowing at what time, nor

in

in what country, all theſe adventures related in this book happened, he had not any doubt but the ſcene lay in Lower Bretany; and he ſwore he would cut off the noſes and ears of both Caiphus and Pilate, if ever he met the raſcals.

His uncle, who was charmed with his good diſpoſition, ſoon ſet him right: he praiſed his zeal, but let him know it was uſeleſs; for that theſe people had been dead about ſixteen hundred and ninety years. The Huron knew, ſoon after, near the whole book by heart: he propoſed ſeveral difficulties, which puzzled the Prior ſadly: he was obliged very often to conſult the Abbot of St. Ives, who, not knowing what to anſwer, ſent for a Lower Bretany jeſuit to finiſh the converſion of the Huron.

At laſt grace began to operate: the Huron promiſed to become a Chriſtian. He was certain, that he muſt begin by being circumciſed; for, ſaid he to himſelf, I don't ſee in the book they have made me read, that there is a ſingle perſonbut what was. It is then evident, that I ought to make a ſacrifice of my foreſkin, the ſooner the better. He did not deliberate on it; he ſent for the ſurgeon of the village, and deſired him to perform the operation, thinking

he

he ſhould pleaſe Miſs Kerkabon, and all the company highly, when once it was done. The Surgeon, who had not ever performed this operation, let the family know of it. They ſcreamed out; the good Miſs Kerkabon trembled for fear her nephew, who appeared ſo reſolute and expeditious, ſhould perform it himſelf, and that in ſo bungling a manner, for want of practice, that the moſt dreadful effects might reſult from it. To prevent evils of this nature, the ladies, through their great tenderneſs and goodneſs of ſoul, always intereſt themſelves.

The Prior corrected the Huron's ideas; he demonſtrated, that circumciſion was not now the faſhion; that baptiſm was more gentle, and more efficacious; that the law of grace was not like the law of rigour. The Huron, who had a great deal of good ſenſe and equity, diſputed a little; but was ſoon convinced of his error, which very rarely happens amongſt European diſputants. At laſt, he promiſed to be baptized whenever they pleaſed.

He muſt firſt confeſs himſelf. This was the greateſt difficulty of all: he always carried in his pocket the book his uncle gave him; he did

did not find that any of the apoſtles had ever confeſſed: this made him run very reſtive. The Prior ſtopped his mouth, by ſhewing him in the Epiſtle of St. James the Minor, theſe words, which have given ſo much uneaſineſs to heretics, *confeſs your ſins to one another.* The Huron was ſilenced, and confeſſed himſelf to the Recollect. When he had done, with a ſtrong hand he ſeized the Frier, drew him out of the confeſſional, put him in his place, and forced himſelf to kneel before him. Come, my friend, it is ſaid, *confeſs one to the other:* I have related to you my ſins, and you ſhall not go hence till you have told me yours. Saying this, he put his great knee againſt the prieſt's ſtomach. The Recollect roared out, till he made the church ring. The noiſe drew a great many people, who found the catechumen cuffing the Monk in the name of St. James the Minor.

The joy of baptizing a Lower Bretain, a Huron, and a piece of an Engliſhman, was ſo great, that they overlooked theſe irregularities. There are beſides ſeveral theologians, who eſteem confeſſion needleſs, as baptiſm ſerves for both.

They appointed a day with the Biſhop of St. Malo, who flattered, as may be ſuppoſed, at the thoughts of baptizing a Huron, arrived in a pompous equipage, attended by his clergy. Miſs St. Ives, thanking God at the ſame time, put on her ſack, and ſent for a hair-dreſſer from St. Malo's, that ſhe might ſhine at the ceremony. The interrogating Bailiff, and all the country flocked together. The church was finely decorated; but, when the time came to bring the Huron to the font, he was not to be found.

The uncle and the aunt ſearched every where; they concluded he was gone, according to cuſtom, a hunting: all the gueſts ran through the adjacent woods and villages. Not the leaſt news of the Huron.

They began to think he was returned to England. They remembered hearing him ſay he loved that country very much. The Prior and his ſiſter were perſuaded, that they never baptized any body there, and trembled for the ſoul of their nephew. The Biſhop was confounded, and prepared to return; The Prior and the Abbot of St. Ives, were in deſpair; the Bailiff, with his uſual gravity, interrogated

all

all the paſſengers ; Miſs Kerkabon cried ; Miſs St. Ives did not cry, but heaved ſeveral deep ſighs, which ſeemed to ſhew her regard for the Sacraments. They walked ſorrowfully among the willows and the buſhes that grew on the borders of the little river of Rence, when they perceived, in the middle of it, a great white figure, with his arms croſſed over his breaſt. They cried out, and turned away ; but their curioſity preſently got the better of every other conſideration. They crept ſoftly amongſt the buſhes ; and, when they were certain of not being ſeen, they were determined to know what it all meant.

CHAP. IV.

The Huron Baptized.

THE Prior and the Abbot, having run to the ſpot, demanded of the Huron, for it was him, what he did there.—I am waiting to be baptized : I have been up to my chin in water this hour, and it is not right to let me catch cold.

My

My dear nephew, ſaid the Prior to him tenderly, they don't baptize people in this manner in Lower Bretany; put on your cloaths, and come along with us. Miſs St. Ives whiſpered to her companion, Miſs, do you believe he will dreſs himſelf ſoon?

The Huron, in the mean time, anſwered the Prior, you ſhall not ſo eaſily perſuade me again: I have ſtudied very cloſely ſince that time, and I am certain there is no other way to be baptized. The Queen of Candaces' eunuch was baptized in a brook: I defy you to ſhew me in the book you gave me, that any body was ever baptized otherwiſe: I won't be baptized at all, if it is not in the river. It did not ſignify remonſtrating to him that the cuſtom was changed: the Huron was obſtinate; for he was a Bretain and a Huron.

He ſtuck by the Queen of Candaces' eunuch; and although Miſs Kerkabon his aunt, and Miſs St. Ives, who had watched him between the willows, might have told him, that it did not become him to quote an eunuch, yet their great diſcretion rendered them mute.

The Biſhop came himſelf to ſpeak: this was

a great condeſcenſion ; but it ſignified nothing, the Huron diſputed againſt the Biſhop.

Shew me, ſaid he, in the book that my uncle gave me, one ſingle man that was not baptized in the river, and I will do whatever you pleaſe.

The aunt, drove to deſpair, remarked, that the firſt time her nephew made his bows, he had made a lower one to Miſs St. Ives, than to any other of the company ; that he had not even ſaluted the Biſhop with that cordial reſpect, which he had teſtified for this beautiful maid. She determined to addreſs herſelf in this perplexity to her ; ſhe begged her to make uſe of her intereſt, to perſuade the Huron to be baptized after the faſhion of Lower Bretany, not believing her nephew could ever be a chriſtian, if he perſiſted in being baptized in running water.

Miſs St. Ives bluſhed, from the ſecret pleaſure ſhe felt at being charged with ſo important a commiſſion. She approached the Huron modeſtly, and preſſing his hand in the moſt tender manner—And won't you let me perſuade you ! ſaid ſhe. In pronouncing theſe words

words ſhe caſt down her eyes, then raiſed them with ſuch a moving grace!——Ah, whatever you pleaſe, Miſs! whatever you command! Baptize me in water, baptize me in fire, baptize me in blood—I can refuſe you nothing!

Miſs St. Ives had the honour to do by a few words, what neither the ardent ſolicitations of the Prior, nor reiterated interrogations of the Bailiff, nor the reaſonings even of the Biſhop, were able to accompliſh: ſhe enjoyed her triumph; but ſhe was not yet conſcious of its extent.

The baptiſm was adminiſtered and received with the utmoſt decency, in the moſt magnificent and agreeable manner poſſible: the uncle and the aunt gave up to the Abbot of St. Ives and his ſiſter the honour of preſenting the Huron at the font. Miſs St. Ives's joy blazed forth to ſee herſelf a godmother: ſhe was yet unacquainted to what misfortunes this great title would reduce her; ſhe accepted it, without knowing its fatal conſequences.

As there is no ceremony, but what is followed by a good dinner, they ſat down to table as ſoon as they came from the chriſtening.

The

The jokers of Lower Bretany told the Prior, he need not to baptize his wine. He ſaid, that wine, according to Solomon, rejoiced the heart of man. The reverend Biſhop added, that the Patriarch Judah could tie his aſs to the vine, and dip his mantle in the blood of the grape; and he was very ſorry they could not do ſo too in Bretany, to which place God had denied vines. Every one ſtrove to be witty on the chriſtening of the Huron, and to ſay ſomething gallant to the godmother. The Bailiff, who never failed aſking queſtions, demanded of the Huron if he would fulfil his promiſes. How is it poſſible for me to be wanting to them, ſaid the Huron, ſince I have pledged them in the hands of Miſs St. Ives?

The Huron grew warm; he drank ſeveral brimmers to his godmother's health. If I had been baptized by your hand, ſaid he, I feel that the cold water thrown on me would have ſcalded me. The Bailiff thought that too poetical, not knowing how familiar the allegory is in Canada; but the godmother was extremely pleaſed with it.

They had given the name of Hercules to the new Chriſtian. The Biſhop of St. Malo was always

always aſking who this patron Saint was, whom he never heard of before. The Jeſuit, who was very learned, told him, that he was a Saint, who had wrought twelve miracles: he wrought a thirteenth, which was worth them all; but which was not ſo proper for a Jeſuit to mention: this was making fifty maids women in one night. A droll fellow, who happened to be there, cried up this miracle with great energy: all the women looked down, but judged by the phyſiognomy of the Huron, he was not unworthy of the name of this ſaint.

CHAP. V.

The Huron in Love.

IT muſt be confeſſed, that after this chriſtening, and this dinner, Miſs St. Ives moſt paſſionately wiſhed, that his Grace the Biſhop might cauſe her to partake of a more agreeable ſacrament with Mr. Hercules, the Huron. In the mean time, as ſhe was well brought up, and very modeſt, ſhe durſt not give way all at once to theſe tender ſentiments. If there happened to eſcape her a word, a look, a thought,

or

or geſture, ſhe concealed it under ſuch a veil of modeſty, as appeared infinitely amiable: ſhe was tender, lively, and ſenſible.

When the Biſhop was gone, Miſs St. Ives and the Huron ſtumbled on each other, as it were by accident, and without thinking what either was in ſearch of: they talked without reflecting on what they ſaid. The Huron ſpoke firſt, and told her, he loved her with all his heart, and that the beautiful Abacaba, of whom he had been diſtractedly fond in his own country, was not to compare to her. Miſs anſwered, with her uſual modeſty, that he muſt ſpeak as ſoon as poſſible to the Prior, his uncle, and to the young lady, his aunt; that, on her part, ſhe would ſay a word or two to her dear brother, the Abbot of St. Ives; and that ſhe flattered herſelf they ſhould have the conſent of all parties.

The Huron replied, that he did not want any one's conſent; that it appeared to him extremely ridiculous, to go and aſk of others what they ought to do; that, when two people are of one mind, they don't want a third to bring them to an agreement. I never conſult any body, ſaid he, when I have a mind to break-

faſt, to hunt, or to ſleep. I know that in love affairs it is not amiſs to have the conſent of the perſon with whom you are in love; but, as it is neither with my uncle or my aunt that I am in love, it is not to them I ought to addreſs myſelf in this affair; and, if you will be adviſed by me, you will let alone ſpeaking to the Abbot of St. Ives.

We may ſuppoſe, that the beautiful Bretain exerted all the power of her rhetoric to bring her Huron to act according to forms. She was ſometimes angry, then ſoothed him. Indeed, there is no knowing how this converſation would have ended, if the declining day had not reminded the Abbot, that it was time to conduct his ſiſter back to his abbey.

The Huron left his uncle and aunt, who were a little fatigued with the ceremony of their long dinner, to their repoſe. He paſſed part of the night in making verſes in the Huron language on his dearly beloved; for you muſt know, there is not a country in the world, where love has not converted its votaries into poets.

The next day after breakfaſt, his uncle, in the preſence of Miſs Kerkabon, who was very much

much affected, ſaid to him, Heaven be praiſed for this, my dear nephew, that you have the honour to be a Chriſtian and a Lower Bretain; but that is not enough: I am a little advanced in years; my brother has left me a nook of land, which is a very little thing. I have a priory, and if you will conſent, as I hope you will, to become a Sub-deacon, I will reſign my priory to you: then you may, after having been a conſolation to me in my old age, live very comfortably.

The Huron anſwered, much good may it do you, my dear uncle; live as long as you can. I don't know what reſigning, or being a Sub-deacon means; but it is all the ſame to me, provided I may have Miſs St. Ives. Oh, my God! my nephew, you doat on this beautiful lady!—Yes, uncle.—Alas, my nephew, it is impoſſible you ſhould marry her!—It is very poſſible, my uncle; for ſhe not only ſqueezed my hand at parting, but promiſed to aſk for me in marriage; and I ſhall certainly wed her. That is impoſſible, I tell you; ſhe is your god-mother, and it is a heinous ſin for a god-mother to eſpouſe her god-ſon: it is not permitted her to eſpouſe him; the laws both human and divine oppoſe it.

Adzounds,

Adzounds, uncle, you make a joke of me! Why may I not marry my god-mother, when ſhe is young and handſome? I have not ſeen in the book that you gave me any thing againſt people marrying the girls that aſſiſted at their baptiſm. I have obſerved every day ſince I have been here, that they do an infinite number of things, which are not in your book, and that nobody acts as it ſays. I acknowledge to you, that it both aſtoniſhes and angers me. If they deprive me of the beautiful St. Ives, under pretext of my baptiſm, I muſt tell you fairly, that I will carry her off, and unbaptize myſelf.

The Prior was confounded, and his ſiſter ſhed tears. My dear brother, ſaid ſhe, our nephew muſt not be damned: our holy father, the Pope, may grant a diſpenſation, and then he may be happy in a Chriſtian-like manner with her he loves. The Huron embraced his aunt. Where is, ſaid he, this charming man, who, with ſo much goodneſs, favours young men and women in their amours? I will go and ſpeak to him this minute!

They explained to him who the Pope was; and the Huron was more aſtoniſhed than before.

fore. There is not, my dear uncle, ſaid he, a word of all this in your book. I have travelled; I know the ſea; we are upon the banks of it: I muſt quit Miſs St. Ives, to go and aſk leave to love her, of a man who lives four hundred leagues from hence, whoſe language I don't underſtand: that is inconceivably ridiculous! I will go directly to the Abbot of St. Ives, who does not live at above the diſtance of a league from hence; and I promiſe you I will marry my miſtreſs to day.

While he was thus ſpeaking, the Bailiff entered, who, according to cuſtom, aſked him where he was going. To be married, ſaid he, running out; and in leſs than a quarter of an hour he arrived at the houſe of his dear and beautiful miſtreſs, who was ſtill aſleep. Ah, my dear brother, ſaid Miſs Kerkabon to the Prior, never ſhall we be able to make a Subdeacon of our nephew!

The Bailiff was not at all pleaſed with his journey; for he was in hopes that his ſon, who was a greater fool, and more inſupportable than himſelf, would become the huſband of Miſs St. Ives.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Huron runs to his Miſtreſs, and becomes furious.

AS ſoon as the Huron arrived, he enquired of an old maid-ſervant, which was his miſtreſs's chamber. He then forced open the door, which was not very ſtrongly faſtened, and ran to her bed. Miſs St. Ives, awaking ſuddenly, ſtarted up, crying, who is there? what, is it you! what you! ſtop, what do you do here? what are you about? he anſwered, I am going to marry you; and would have made his words good, if ſhe had not oppoſed him with all the virtue of a well educated young lady.

The Huron did not underſtand raillery; he thought all this coyneſs extremely impertinent. Miſs Abacaba, my firſt miſtreſs, ſaid he, did not ſerve me thus: you have no probity; you promiſed me marriage, and now you refuſe to perform it, which is acting contrary to the firſt laws of honour: I will teach you to keep your word, and bring you back to the path of virtue.

The

The Huron poſſeſſed a manly and intrepid virtue, worthy of his nameſake Hercules. He was going to exerciſe it to its fulleſt extent, when the piercing cries of the lady, who was more diſcretely virtuous, brought the Abbot of St. Ives, with her governeſs, a devout old domeſtic, and the parſon of the pariſh, to her aſſiſtance. The ſight of theſe people moderated the aſſailant's courage. Oh, my God, my dear neighbour! ſaid the Abbot, what are you doing there?—My duty, replied the young man: I am fulfilling my promiſe, which to me is always ſacred.

Miſs St. Ives bluſhing, put herſelf in order, while they led the Huron into another apartment. The Abbot endeavoured to convince him of the enormity of his proceeding, and the Huron defended himſelf by the privileges of the law of nature, with which he was perfectly well acquainted. The Abbot attempted to prove, that the poſitive law ought to have the advantage, and that without the conventions made between men, the law of nature would be little more than a natural ſtate of robbery and confuſion. There muſt, ſaid he, be notaries and prieſts, witneſſes of contracts and diſpenſations. The Huron anſwered him, according

to

to a reflection, which the Indians have always made, you muſt certainly be very diſhoneſt people to require ſo many precautions!

It coſt the Abbot ſome trouble to ſolve this difficulty. There are, ſaid he, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral inconſtant and knaviſh people amongſt us: So there would be amongſt the Hurons, if they dwelt together in a great city; but there are at the ſame time very wiſe, honeſt, clear ſighted men: theſe are the people who have made the laws. The more juſt a man is, the more chearfully he will ſubmit to them, to ſet an example to the vicious, who will expect that reſtraint, which virtue has laid on herſelf.

The Huron was ſtruck with this anſwer: it is plain he had a juſt way of thinking. They ſoftened him by flattering ſpeeches, and gave him hopes: theſe are the two ſnares, by which mankind in general are taken. They even brought Miſs St. Ives to him as ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed. Every thing paſſed with the greateſt decorum; but, notwithſtanding all this decency, the ſparkling eyes of Hercules made his miſtreſs caſt down hers, and the company tremble.

They

They had much difficulty to perſuade him to go back to his relations: they were obliged once more to have recourſe to Miſs St. Ives, who, the more ſhe found her power over him, the more ſhe loved him. She made him return, and was very ſorry when he was gone.

The Abbot, who was not only her elder brother, but her guardian alſo, was determined to ſhelter his ward from the attacks of this terrible lover. He went to conſult the Bailiff, who had always deſigned his ſon for the Abbot's ſiſter: he adviſed him to put the poor girl into a convent. This was a terrible ſtroke. To be ſent to a convent is always the cauſe of inexpreſſible grief, even to thoſe young ladies who are ſtrangers to the paſſion of love; but to Miſs St. Ives, who was as ſenſible as tender, it was enough to involve her in deſpair.

The Huron, on his return to the Prior, related every thing with his uſual frankneſs. He was forced to undergo the ſame remonſtrances, which had ſome effect on his mind, but none on his heart.

The next day, when he would have returned to his beautiful miſtreſs, to reaſon with her upon the laws of nature and convention, the

Bailiff let him know, with an inſulting joy, that ſhe was in a convent. Very well, ſaid he, I will go and reaſon with her there.—That cannot be, ſaid the Bailiff. He then gave him a prolix account of what a convent or couvent was, that it came from the Latin word *conventus*, which ſignified an aſſembly, and the Huron could not comprehend, why he might not be admitted to this aſſembly. He was no ſooner informed, that this convent was a kind of priſon, where they kept young girls ſhut up, (a horrible thing, unknown to the Hurons and the Engliſh!) than he became as furious as his nameſake Hercules, when Euritus, King of Oechalia, no leſs cruel than the Abbot of St. Ives, refuſed him his daughter Iola, who was as beautiful as the Abbot's ſiſter. He determined to go and ſet fire to the convent, and bring away his miſtreſs, or periſh with her. Miſs Kerkabon, greatly terrified, entirely gave over all hopes of making her nephew a Subdeacon; and ſaid, weeping, that the devil was got into him ſince he had been baptized.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Huron defeats the Engliſh.

THE Huron, plunged in a deep, gloomy melancholy, walked towards the Sea-ſide, his double-barrelled gun upon his ſhoulder, and his long cutlas by his ſide, ſhooting now and then a bird, and often being tempted to ſhoot himſelf; but he was ſtill in love with life, for the ſake of his miſtreſs. Sometimes he curſed his uncle, his aunt, all Lower Bretany, and his baptiſm; ſometimes he bleſſed them, becauſe they had brought him acquainted with his beloved. He determined to go and ſet fire to the convent; then ſtopped ſhort, for fear of burning his miſtreſs. A fleet in the Bay of Biſcay is not more agitated by contending winds, than was the boſom of the Huron by theſe different emotions.

He was walking very faſt, without conſidering where he was going, when he heard the ſound of a drum, and ſaw a number of people, ſome of whom ran towards the Sea, and others flew from it: a thouſand cries were raiſed on all ſides. His curioſity and courage drew him in

a moment to the place from whence theſe clamours came. He flew there at four bounds. The commanding officer of the militia, who had ſupped with him at the Prior's, knew him directly, and ran to him with open arms. Ah, cried he, it is the Huron! he will fight for us! The militia, who were frightened to death, took heart, and cried alſo, it is the Huron! it is the Huron!

Gentlemen, ſaid he, what is the matter? why are you ſo much alarmed? Have they put your miſtreſſes into a convent? A hundred voices cried out confuſedly, don't you ſee the Engliſh, who are landing?——Very well, replied the Huron: they are honeſt people; they never propoſed to me to become a Sub-deacon, nor have they taken my miſtreſs from me.

The commander told him, that the Engliſh came to pillage the Abbey of the Hill, to drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps to carry away Miſs St. Ives; that the little veſſel, which had brought him to Bretany, had only come there to reconnoitre the coaſt; that they committed acts of hoſtility, without having declared war againſt the King of France, and that the province was in danger.

Ah,

Ah, ſaid the Huron, if that's the caſe, if they violate the laws of nature, let me alone: I have lived a long time amongſt them; I know their language, and I will ſpeak to them: I cannot believe they have ſo bad a deſign.

During this converſation the Engliſh Squadron approached: the Huron ran towards them, threw himſelf into a little boat, arrived along ſide the admiral's ſhip, and going on board, demanded if it was true, that they came to ravage the country, without having honeſtly declared war. The admiral and all on board burſt into a violent fit of laughter; they made him drink ſome punch, and then ſent him back again.

The Huron, enraged at this treatment, now thought of nothing but fighting bravely againſt his old friends, for his new companions and the Prior. The neighbouring gentlemen ran from all parts; he joined them; they had ſome cannon; he charged them, he pointed and fired them one after the other. The Engliſh landed, and he ran to them; he killed three with his own hand, and wounded the admiral, who had juſt before made him the object of his ridicule. His behaviour gave courage to the reſt.

The

The Engliſh re-embarked, and the ſhore rang with the ſhouts of victory, and long live the King! long live the Huron! Every one embraced him, every one preſſed to ſtop the bleeding of ſome ſlight wounds he had received. Ah, ſaid he, if Miſs St. Ives was but here, ſhe would put me on a bandage.

The Bailiff, who had hid himſelf in a cellar during the engagement, came alſo to pay him his compliments; but he was very much ſurprized to hear Hercules ſay, to a dozen very willing young fellows who ſurrounded him, My friends, it is not enough that we have ſaved the Abbey of the Hill; we muſt reſcue a young lady from confinement. All theſe impetuous young men took fire at theſe words alone; they followed him in a crowd, ran to the convent, and, if the Bailiff had not immediately acquainted the commandant, if they had not directly followed this exulting troop, it would have been done. They carried the Huron back to his uncle and aunt, who bathed him with tears of tenderneſs.

I ſee very plainly, ſaid his uncle, that you will never be a Sub-deacon or Prior, but an officer yet braver than my brother the Captain,

and

and probably as great a beggar. Miſs Kerkabon, crying all the time ſhe embraced him, ſaid he would get himſelf killed like her brother; that he had better be a Sub-deacon.

The Huron, in the combat, had picked up a large purſe full of guineas, which perhaps belonged to the admiral. He did not doubt, but with this purſe he might purchaſe all Lower Bretany; but, above all, make Miſs St. Ives a great lady.

Every body adviſed him to take a journey to Verſailles, to receive the reward of his Services. The commandant, and the principal officers, loaded him with certificates of his behaviour. The uncle and aunt approve their nephew's journey, as he could not find any difficulty in being introduced to the King, and that alone would greatly encreaſe his conſequence in the province. Theſe two good people added a conſiderable preſent, out of their little ſavings, to the Engliſh purſe.

The Huron ſaid to himſelf, when I ſee the King, I will aſk Miſs St. Ives of him in marriage: he certainly won't refuſe me. He then ſet off, accompanied by the acclamations of the whole place, ſtifled with embraces, bathed with

with the tears of his aunt, bleſſed by his uncle, and recommending himſelf to the beautiful Miſs St. Ives.

CHAP. VIII.

The Huron goes to Court. Sups on the Road with Huguenots.

THE Huron took the ſtage-coach to Saumur, there being at that time no other conveyance. When he came there, he was ſurprized to ſee the town almoſt deſerted, and to obſerve ſeveral families moving their effects. They told him, that Saumur had contained above fifteen thouſand ſouls, but that at preſent there were not above ſix thouſand in the town. While he was eating his ſupper at the inn, he could not help enquiring further into this matter. Several proteſtants were at table; ſome complained bitterly, and others ſhuddered with horror; ſome ſaid, weeping, *Nos dulcia linquimus arva, nos patriam fugimus!* The Huron, who did not underſtand Latin, deſired an explanation of theſe words, which ſignified, *We abandon our dear companions, we fly our country.*

And

And why, gentlemen, ſaid the Huron, do you fly your country?—Becauſe they would force us to acknowledge the Pope.—And why will not you acknowledge him? You don't then want to marry your godmother? for I have been told, that it is he only who can give permiſſion.—Ah, Sir, the Pope ſays the domain of kings are his.——But, gentlemen, of what profeſſions are you?—The greateſt part of us, Sir, are woollen-drapers and weavers.—If your Pope was to ſay, that your cloaths and your looms belonged to him, you would be in the right not to acknowledge him; but as for what concerns kings, that is their affair: what have you to do with it?

Upon this, a very little black man took up the argument, and very learnedly explained the griefs of the company. He ſpoke of the revocation of the edict of Nantes with ſo much energy, he deplored in ſo pathetic a manner the fate of fifty thouſand fugitive families, and fifty thouſand others that were converted by dragoons, that the Huron in his turn ſhed tears. Whence comes it, ſaid he, that ſo great a king, whoſe glory has reached even the Hurons, ſhould thus deprive himſelf of ſo many hearts, who would have loved him, and ſo many hands, who would have ſerved him? Be-

Becauſe he is deceived, anſwered the little black orator, as great kings generally are. They made him believe, that if he ſaid the word, it was enough : every body muſt think as he did, and that he could make us change our religion, as quickly as his muſician Lulley does the decorations of an opera. He has not only loſt five or ſix hundred thouſand very uſeful ſubjects, but has alſo made them his enemies ; and William the Third, King of England, has formed ſeveral regiments of theſe French refugees to fight againſt their ſovereign. Such an event is ſtill more extraordinary, as the reigning Pope, to whom Lewis the Fourteenth has ſacrificed ſuch numbers of his people, is at this time his declared enemy. They have had a violent quarrel, which has laſted theſe nine years: it has been carried ſo far, that France began to hope to throw off the yoke, which this ſtranger has made her wear for ſuch a number of years; and above all, not to be obliged to give him any more money, which is the firſt object in the conduct of all human affairs. It appears then plainly, that they have deceived this great King, as much with regard to his intereſt, as to the extent of his power, and that they have even wounded the magnanimity of his heart.

The Huron, being more and more affected, aſked who theſe French were, that had thus deceived a monarch ſo dear to the Hurons.—They are the jeſuits, he was anſwered, and in particular Father la Chaiſe, the King's confeſſor. It is to be hoped, that it will one day pleaſe God to puniſh them, and that they will at laſt be drove out, as they have driven us. Is there any miſery equal to ours! Monſ. Louvois ſends us jeſuits and dragoons from all quarters!

Very well, gentlemen, ſaid the Huron, who could no longer contain himſelf: I am going to Verſailles, to receive the recompence of my ſervices: I will ſpeak to this Monſ. Louvois. I have heard ſay, that it is he who carries on the war from his cloſet. I ſhall ſee the King, and I will let him know the truth; and it is impoſſible for him not to give way to it, when he once hears it. I will return ſoon after, and marry Miſs St. Ives, and I invite you all to my wedding. Theſe good people now took him for a great lord, travelling *incog*; ſome of them indeed took him for the King's fool.

There was at table a jeſuit in diſguiſe, who ſerved the reverend Father la Chaiſe in quality of a Spy. He ſent him a full account of all,

and

and the Father acquainted Monſ. Louvois with it. The Spy's letter and the Huron arrived at the ſame time at Verſailles.

CHAP. IX.

The Huron arrives at Verſailles. His Reception at Court.

THE Huron got out of a carriage, called by way of deriſion *a chamber pot* *, in the court, round which the kitchens are built. He aſked the chairmen there, at what hour he could ſee the King. They laughed in his face, as the Engliſh admiral had before done. He treated them the ſame; he beat them, they returned his blows, and the ſcene would probably have been very bloody, had not one of the life-guards, a gentleman of Bretany, come by at that inſtant. Sir, ſaid the traveller to him, you appear to be a brave man. I am nephew to the Prior of our Lady of the Hill: I have beat the Engliſh, and am come to ſpeak to the King. I beg you would ſhew me the way to his chamber.

The

* This is a kind of carriage from Paris to Verſailles, which reſembles a little tub with a cover.

The guard was delighted to find ſo brave a countryman; but perceived he did not know much of the cuſtoms of the court. He informed him, that he could not ſpeak to the King, without being preſented by Monſ. Louvois.—Very well, ſhew me Monſ. Louvois: he will doubtleſs conduct me to his Majeſty.—It is more difficult, anſwered the guard, to ſpeak to him than to his Majeſty; but I will carry you to Mr. Alexander, the firſt clerk in the war-office, and that will be the ſame as ſpeaking to the miniſter.

They went to Mr. Alexander, the firſt clerk, but could not be introduced to him; for he was engaged with a court lady, and had given orders, that nobody ſhould be admitted. Ah, very well, ſaid the guard; there is no harm done; it does not ſignify: let us go to Mr. Alexander's firſt clerk: it will do as well as if you ſpoke to Mr. Alexander himſelf.

The Huron, after waiting half an hour in this clerk's little anti-chamber, was at laſt aſtoniſhed. What is the meaning of all this? ſaid he. Are all the people of this country inviſible? It is much eaſier in Lower Bretany to

beat

beat the Engliſh, than at Verſailles to meet with thoſe, with whom you have buſineſs.

He amuſed himſelf with recounting his amours to his companion; but the clock ſtriking, called the life-guardman to his poſt. He promiſed to ſee him again the next day; and the Huron remained another half hour in the anti-chamber, thinking of Miſs St. Ives, and of the difficulty of ſpeaking to Kings and Firſt Clerks.

At laſt his patron appeared: Sir, ſaid the Huron, if I had waited as long to repulſe the Engliſh, as you have made me wait for an audience, they would at their eaſe have laid Lower Bretany waſte. Theſe words aſtoniſhed the clerk, who at laſt ſaid to him, what do you demand?—Recompence, ſaid the other. He then ſhewed him the teſtimonials of his Services. The clerk read them, and told him, that perhaps they might permit him to purchaſe a lieutenancy.—What, I give my money for having repulſed the Engliſh! Muſt I purchaſe a right to riſque my life for you, whilſt you are quietly giving audiences! You are certainly diſpoſed to be merry. I expect a troop of horſe, without purchaſing it; that the King would

would order Miſs St. Ives out of the convent, and give her to me in marriage. I would ſpeak to the King in favour of fifty thouſand families, which I intend to reſtore to him: in a word, I would be uſeful; therefore let me be employed and advanced.

Pray, Sir, what is your name, ſince you talk ſo big?—Oh, oh, cried the Huron, you have not read my teſtimonials then! Is it thus you ſerve people? I am called Hercules Kerkabon: I am baptized, and I lodge at the Blue Dial. I will complain of you to the King. The clerk, like the people at Saumur, concluded his brain was touched, and conſequently did not pay much attention to him.

The ſame day, the reverend Father la Chaiſe, Lewis the Fourteenth's Confeſſor, received the letter from his Spy, who accuſed the Breton, Kerkabon, of favouring the Huguenots in his heart, and condemning the jeſuits. Monſ. Louvois had alſo received a letter from the interrogating Bailiff, who repreſented the Huron as a wicked libertine, who would burn convents, and carry off the nuns.

The Huron, after this, walked in the gardens of Verſailles, where he grew tired; then,

after

after having ſupped like a Huron and a Lower Bretain, he went to bed, with the ſweet hopes of next day ſeeing the King, of obtaining Miſs St. Ives in marriage, of having at leaſt a troop of horſe, and putting a ſtop to the perſecutions of the proteſtants. He was ſoothing himſelf with theſe flattering ideas, when the *Marechauſſee** entered the chamber. They firſt ſeized his double-barrelled gun and great cutlaſs: they took an account of his ready money, and conveyed him to the caſtle built by King Charles the Fifth, ſon to John the Second, near St. Anthony's-ſtreet, at the gate *Tounelles*†.

I ſhall leave you to judge, how great was the aſtoniſhment of the Huron on his way thither. He fancied at firſt it was all a dream: he remained for ſome time like one thunder-ſtruck; then ſuddenly tranſported with fury, which redoubled his ſtrength, he ſeized two of his conductors by the throat, and threw them out at the coach-door, and himſelf after them, drawing the third with him, who attempted to ſtop him. In making this effort he fell; they bound him, and put him into the coach again. See, ſaid he, what I have gained by driving the Engliſh

* Officers, who are employed to apprehend criminals.

† The Baſtile.

Engliſh from Lower Bretany! What would you ſay, beautiful St. Ives, if you were to ſee me in this condition!

They at laſt arrived at the place where they were to ſtop: they carried him ſilently to the room, where he was to be ſhut up, like a corpſe carried to the grave. This chamber was already occupied by an old hermit, of Port Royal, who had languiſhed there two years. See, ſaid the chief of the officers, I have bro't you a companion. At that inſtant they drew the enormous bolts of the maſſy door, which was covered with large iron bars, and the captives remained ſeparated from the reſt of the world.

CHAP. X.

The Huron ſhut up in the Baſtile with a Janſeniſt.

MR. Gordon was a hale-looking, ſerene old man, who poſſeſſed two great gifts: to bear adverſity and conſole the unfortunate. He advanced with an open and compaſſionate air

towards his companion, and embracing him ſaid, whoever you are, who are come to ſhare my tomb with me, be well aſſured, that I ſhall forget my own torments to ſoften yours in this infernal abyſs, into which we are plunged. Let us adore that Providence, which has conducted us here, and let us ſuffer in peace and hope.

Theſe words had the ſame effect on the Huron's Soul, which hartſhorn drops have on a fainting perſon. They recalled him to life, and made him open his eyes with aſtoniſhment.

After the firſt compliments, Gordon, without preſſing him to tell the cauſe of his misfortune, inſpired him by the ſweetneſs of his converſation, and the intereſt which unfortunate people generally take in each others affairs, with the deſire to open his heart, and lighten the burthen, with which it was oppreſſed; but he could not gueſs the reaſon of his misfortune: it appeared to him an effect without a cauſe, and the good man Gordon was as much aſtoniſhed as himſelf.

God certainly deſigns you, ſaid the Janſeniſt to the Huron, for ſome great purpoſes, as he has

has brought you from Lake Ontario into England and France, cauſed you to be baptized in Lower Bretany, and put you here for your Salvation.

By my faith, anſwered the Huron, I believe the devil alone has had a hand in my deſtiny! My companions in America would never have treated me with the barbarity I have here experienced: they have not the leaſt idea of it. They are called Savages; they are indeed rough and unpoliſhed, but the men of this country are refined raſcals. I am greatly ſurprized at coming into another world, to be enclоſed under four bolts with a prieſt. When I reflect upon the prodigious number of men, who ſet out from one quarter of the globe to be killed in another, ſome of whom are drowned in the way, and eat by the fiſh, I cannot in the leaſt comprehend the gracious deſigns of God towards theſe people.

Their dinner was given them through a wicket: the converſation turned upon Providence, *lettres de cachet**, and the means of ſupporting misfortunes, which all men are liable to in this world. I have been here two years, ſaid

* The King's orders for an arreſt.

ſaid the old man, without any other conſolation, than what aroſe from myſelf or my books, and I have not in all that time had one unhappy moment.

Ah, Mr. Gordon, ſaid the Huron, you are not in love with your godmother? If, like me, you knew Miſs St. Ives, you would be reduced to deſpair! At theſe words he could not reſtrain his tears, and he found a little eaſe from them. Why, ſaid he, ſhould theſe tears ſolace my grief? I think they ought to have a contrary effect. My Son, ſaid the old man, Nature is our phyſician: every ſecretion benefits the body, and what relieves that relieves the Soul: we are machines in the hands of Providence.

The Huron, who, as we have before obſerved, had a very good underſtanding, reflected very ſeriouſly on this idea, which ſeemed to correſpond ſo much with his own way of thinking; but he could not help aſking his companion, why this machine had been ſhut up for two years under four bolts.——By the mercy of God, replied Gordon, I am eſteemed a Janſeniſt: I have been acquainted with Arnaud and Nicole; the Jeſuits have perſecuted

us,

us. We believe that the Pope is not ſuperior to any other Biſhop; and for that reaſon Father la Chaiſe, who is the King's Confeſſor, has obtained from him in order to take from me, without the leaſt ſhew of juſtice, what is moſt precious to mankind, Liberty.——It is very ſtrange, ſaid the Huron, that all the misfortunes, which have happened to me, have been occaſioned by the Pope! As to *your* mercy of God, I acknowledge to you that I do not underſtand it; but I look upon it as a great favour, that God, in my misfortunes, has thrown me in the way of ſuch a man as you are, who have poured into my heart conſolations, which I did not think myſelf capable of receiving.

Every day the converſation became more inſtructive and intereſting: the Souls of the two captives became attached to each other. The old man had a great deal of knowledge, and the young one was eager to learn.

After a month had paſſed, he ſtudied geometry with the utmoſt attention. Gordon made him read Rohault's Natural Philoſophy, which was then in faſhion; but he had the good ſenſe to diſcover it contained nothing but uncertainties. He then read the firſt volume

of

of the Enquiry after Truth: this book enlightened his conceptions. What, ſaid he, do our ſenſes and imaginations deceive us to this degree? Do not objects form our ideas? And are we not able to form them ourſelves? When he had read the ſecond volume, he was not ſo well ſatisfied, and concluded, that it was eaſier to pull down than to build.

His companion, who was aſtoniſhed that ſuch an inexperienced youth ſhould make this reflection, which ſeemed only fit for people well verſed in theſe matters, conceived a great idea of his underſtanding, and eſteemed him ſtill more.

Your Malebranche, ſaid the Huron to him one day, ſeems to me to have wrote one half of his book from reaſon, and the other half from prejudice and fancy.

Some days after Gordon thus queſtioned him: What do you think of the Soul, and of the manner in which we receive our ideas? Of inclination, grace, and free-agency?—Nothing, anſwered the Huron: my idea is, that we are under the power of the Eternal, as the ſtars and the elements are; that he has made us all, and that we are the little wheels of an immenſe machine,

machine, of which he is the Soul; that he acts by general laws, not by particular views. This alone ſeems to me intelligible; all the reſt is a mere abyſs.

But, my Son, this would be making God the author of ſin!—But, my father, your ſpecial grace makes God the author of ſin alſo; for certainly all thoſe, to whom this grace is refuſed, are in ſin; and whoever permits an evil, is he not the cauſe of it?

This ſimplicity embarraſſed the good man greatly: he found himſelf ſtuck in the mud, and he talked ſo much nonſenſe about the firſt phyſical principles, that the Huron pitied his folly. This queſtion led ſo evidently to the origin of good and evil, that poor Gordon was obliged to paſs in review Pandora's box, Oroſmade's egg broke by Arimana, the enmity between Typhon and Oſiris, and at laſt original ſin: he danced the hays amongſt them all, without ever coming to a concluſion; but this romance of the Soul diverted their thoughts from their wretched ſituation, and, by an unaccountable charm, the infinity of miſeries ſpread over the world diminiſhed the ſenſation of their own ſorrows: they dared not to complain when all the world ſuffered. How-

However, during the ſtillneſs of the night, the image of the beautiful St. Ives effaced from her lover's mind all theſe moral and metaphyſical ideas. He waked with his eyes bathed in tears, and the old Janſeniſt forgot his ſpecial grace, the Abbot of St. Cyran, and Janſenius, to conſole a young man, whom he believed in mortal ſin.

They read, they reaſoned, and after that they talked of their adventures; when they were tired, they read again together or ſeparately. The young man's underſtanding improved every day, and he would have made a great progreſs in the mathematics, if the ideas of Miſs St. Ives had not prevented him.

He read hiſtory, and it made him melancholy; for the world appeared to him too bad and miſerable. Indeed, hiſtory is nothing elſe but a picture of crimes and misfortunes: innocent and peaceable men, who form the greater number, do not appear upon this vaſt theatre: the ambitious and perverſe only are there exhibited. It ſeems as if hiſtory would not otherwiſe pleaſe, like tragedy, which languiſhes, unleſs it is animated with ſtrong paſſions, crimes, and great misfortunes: Clio muſt be

be armed with a dagger as well as Melpomene.

Though the hiſtory of France is full of horrors, as well as all others, yet it appeared ſo diſguſtful at the beginning, ſo dry in the middle, and ſo trifling at the end, even in the time of Henry the Fourth; ſo barren of great events, and ſo far behind in thoſe glorious diſcoveries made by other nations, that it exerciſed his patience, to read ſuch long details of obſcure calamities, confined to a corner of the world.

Gordon was of the ſame opinion; both of them ſmiled through pity, when the Sovereigns of Fezenſal, Fanſaquet, and of Aſtrac, were ſpoken of. This ſtudy in ſhort, was fit only for their heirs, if they had any.

The noble æra of the Roman republic rendered them for ſome time indifferent to all the reſt of the world: the repreſentation of Rome, as the conqueror and law-giver of nations, engroſſed his whole ſoul: he was ſeized with a glowing tranſport at the contemplation of theſe people, who were governed ſeven hundred years by the enthuſiaſm of liberty and glory. Thus paſſed days, weeks, and months; and he would have thought himſelf happy in this diſmal place, if he had not been in love.

His good nature made him alſo feel for the Prior of our Lady of the Hill, and for the tender-hearted Miſs Kerkabon. What will they think, he would very often ſay to himſelf, when they do not hear any news of me? They will think me very ungrateful! This idea tormented him, and he felt more for thoſe he loved than for himſelf.

CHAP. XI.

The Huron diſcovers his Genius.

READING ennobles the mind, and a friend enlightens and conſoles it. Our captive enjoyed theſe two advantages, of which he had never had the leaſt idea before. I ſhall be tempted, ſaid he, to believe in metamorphoſes: for I have been changed from a brute to a man. He bought himſelf a little choice library with ſome part of his money, the diſpoſal of which was permitted him; and his friend encouraged him to write down his reflections. Let us ſee what he wrote upon ancient hiſtory.

"I

" I apprehend, that the ſeveral nations of " the world were for a long time like me, that " they did not receive any inſtructions till very " late; that they were employed during the " firſt centuries by the preſent moment, tho't " very little of the paſt, and never of the fu- " ture. I have travelled five or ſix hundred " leagues over Canada, and never found one " ſingle monument: no perſon knows what " his grandfather did. Is not this a ſtate of " nature? The Species in this continent ap- " pear to be ſuperior to thoſe of the other: " they have for ſeveral ages improved their be- " ing by knowledge and arts. Is it becauſe " they have beards on their chins, which God " has refuſed to the Americans? I do not be- " lieve it; for I find that the Chineſe have " very little beard, and yet they have cultivated " arts and ſciences for more than five thouſand " years back; therefore their nation muſt have " been aſſembled and flouriſhed for more than " five hundred centuries.

" There is one thing, which ſtrikes me " more than all the reſt, in this ancient hiſto- " ry of China, that every thing is probable and " natural. I admire it for not having any thing " marvellous in it. Why have all other nati-

" ons

" ons given themſelves fabulous originals?
" The ancient chronologers of the French hiſ-
" tory, who are not very ancient, make the
" French come from Francus, Son of Hector:
" the Romans ſay, they are the iſſue of a Phry-
" gian, though they had not in their language
" a ſingle word that bore the leaſt analogy to
" the Phrygian tongue. The gods inhabited
" Egypt two thouſand years, and the devils
" Scythia, where they engendered the Huns.
" I do not ſee any thing before Thucidides
" but romances, equal to Amadis, but leſs a-
" muſing. There are every where apparitions,
" oracles, prodigies, ſorcery, metamorphoſes,
" and dreams explained, which decided the
" fate of the greateſt empires and ſmalleſt
" ſtates. Here beaſts that ſpeak, there beaſts
" which they adore; gods transformed to men,
" and men to gods. Ah, if we muſt have fa-
" bles, let them be at leaſt the emblems of
" truth! I love the fables of a philoſopher, I
" laugh at thoſe of children, and I hate thoſe
" of impoſtors."

He one day met with a hiſtory of the Emperor Juſtinian, where he read, that the Apeducts of Conſtantinople had publiſhed, in very bad Greek, an edict againſt the greateſt Captain

tain of the age, becauſe this hero pronounced theſe words in the warmth of converſation: *Truth enlightens by its own light, and you cannot enlighten minds by flaming piles of faggots.* The Apeducts aſſerted, that this propoſition bordered on hereſy; nay, that it was heretical, and that the contrary axiom, that you cannot enlighten the mind, but by flaming piles of faggots, and that truth could not enlighten by its own light, was catholic, Greek and univerſal. Theſe Linoſtols condemned ſeveral other of the captain's diſcourſes, and publiſhed an edict.

What, cried the Huron, are edicts publiſhed by ſuch people as thoſe!—They are not edicts, ſaid Gordon, but contradictions, at which every body in Conſtantinople laughed, and the Emperor one of the firſt; for he was a wiſe prince and knew how to take from theſe gentry the power of doing miſchief: he alſo knew very well, that they had tired out the patience of ſeveral emperors, his predeceſſors, by oppoſitions in matters of greater conſequence.—He did very right, ſaid the Huron, to ſupport and yet reſtrain them.

He put ſeveral other reflections into writing, which

which frightened old Gordon. What, ſaid he to himſelf, have I conſumed fifty years in ſtudy, and am I afraid I ſhall never attain the natural good ſenſe of this young man, who is almoſt a ſavage! I tremble at having been laborioufly fortifying prejudices! He liſtens only to ſimple nature.

The good man had ſome of thoſe periodical critical pamphlets, in which people, incapable of producing any thing themſelves, depreciate the works of others, where a Viſe inſults a Racine, and a Faidit a Fenelon. The Huron ran ſome of them over. I cannot help, ſaid he, comparing them to certain flies, that lay their eggs in the tails of fine horſes, which do not in the leaſt retard their ſpeed. Theſe two philoſophers ſcarce deigned to caſt their eyes on theſe excreſcences of literature.

They ſometimes read together the Elements of Aſtronomy. The Huron ſent for a pair of globes: theſe grand objects charmed him. How hard is it, ſaid he, to begin to know the heavens, when I am deprived of the right of contemplating them. Jupiter and Saturn roll in theſe immenſe Spaces, millions of Suns enlighten miriads of worlds, and in this corner

corner of the earth, where I am thrown, there are beings, who hinder me from ſeeing and contemplating all theſe worlds, as far as my ſight can reach; and even in that part of the univerſe, in which God has permitted me to be born, the light made for all the reſt of mortals is loſt to me. They did not thus confine me in the northern horizon, where I paſſed my infancy and youth. Without you, my dear Gordon, I ſhould have been entirely annihilated!

CHAP. XII.

The Huron's Opinion on Theatrical Pieces.

THIS Huron youth reſembled one of thoſe young vigorous trees, which being ſet at firſt in a barren ſoil, ſoon ſhoot forth their roots and branches, when they are tranſplanted into a more favourable Spot: it is very ſtrange that a priſon ſhould be that Spot.

Among the books, which employed the leiſure hours of theſe captives, were ſome Scraps of poetry, tranſlations of Greek tragedies, and a few pieces of the French theatre. Thoſe verſes,

verſes, which mentioned love, cauſed at the ſame time both pleaſure and pain to the Huron: they put him continually in mind of his dear St. Ives, and the fable of the Two Pigeons pierced him to the heart, as it was not in his power to return to his mate.

He was delighted with Moliere, who bro't him acquainted with the cuſtoms and manners of the Pariſians, and with human nature in general. To which of his comedies, aſked Gordon, do you give the preference?——To Tartuff, without doubt.—I am of your opinion, ſaid Gordon: it was a Tartuff that plunged me into this dungeon, and it is probable they were Tartuffs alſo, who cauſed your misfortunes.

How do you like the Greek tragedies?—Very well, as Greek ones, ſaid the Huron. But, when he read the modern Phædra, Iphigenia, Andromaca, and Athaliah, he was in an extacy: he ſighed, he ſhed tears, and imperceptibly retained in his mind the ſubjects of thoſe pieces.

Read Rodogune, ſaid Gordon to him, which is conſidered as the fineſt piece on the theatre: The other pieces, which have afforded you ſo much

much pleaſure, are nothing when compared to this.

The young man, on reading the firſt page, ſaid, This is not by the ſame author.—How do you diſcover that?——I do not yet know; but the verſes neither ſtrike my ear nor my heart.—Oh, the verſes are nothing! ſaid Gordon.—What am I then to judge by? replied the Huron.

After having read this piece very attentively, merely to amuſe himſelf, he looked at his friend with dry eyes and admiration, and knew not what to ſay. At laſt, being preſſed to give an account of the effect it had on him, he returned this anſwer: I could hardly underſtand the beginning, the middle diſguſted me, and I was much affected with the laſt Scene, though it does not appear to me very natural. I was not in the leaſt intereſted for any of the characters, and I have not retained twenty verſes, though I generally remember the whole of any thing that pleaſes me.

This piece, nevertheleſs, ſaid Gordon, is looked upon as the beſt we have.—If that is the caſe, replied the Huron, it is perhaps like

a great many people, who do not merit the place they enjoy. After all, this is an affair of taſte; mine cannot yet be formed. I may be deceived; but you know it is my cuſtom to ſay what I think, or rather what I feel. I fear that there is very often an illuſion in faſhion, and that mens judgments are too frequently ruled by caprice. I ſpeak from nature: nature may in me be very imperfect: but at the ſame time, perhaps, ſhe is very little conſulted by the generality of mankind. He then recited ſeveral verſes out of Iphigenia of which his head was full; and, though he was not a fine actor, yet he ſpoke with ſo much truth, and ſo ſtrongly felt what he ſaid, that he made the old Janſeniſt ſhed tears. He next read Cinna: he did not indeed weep; but he expreſſed his admiration.

CHAP. XIII.

The beautiful St. Ives goes to Verſailles.

WHILE our youth was thus receiving more improvement than conſolation, his genius, which had been ſo long ſmothered, broke out with additional force; and Nature, who

who was now raiſing him to the Summit of perfection, revenged him on Fortune for the outrages he had ſuffered. But what became of the Prior, his good ſiſter, and the beautiful recluſe, St. Ives? The firſt month they were uneaſy, and at the third they were plunged in Sorrow: they were alarmed by falſe conjectures and reports, and, at the end of ſix months, they concluded him dead. At laſt the Prior and Miſs Kerkabon received intelligence by an old letter, that one of the King's guards had wrote into Bretany, intimating, that a young man, like the Huron, had arrived one evening at Verſailles; that he had been carried off in the night, and that he had not been heard of ſince.

Alas, ſaid Miſs Kerkabon, our nephew has been guilty of ſome folly, and has brought himſelf into a Scrape: he is young, and a Lower Bretain, and does not know how properly to behave himſelf at court. My dear brother, I have never ſeen either Verſailles or Paris. What a fine opportunity will this be! and, perhaps, we may find our poor nephew: he is our brother's Son, and it is our duty to aſſiſt him. Who knows, but at laſt we may be able to make him a Sub-deacon, when the

warmth

warmth of his youth ſhall be a little ſubſided. He has a natural tendency to learning. Do not you remember how he reaſoned upon the Old and New Teſtament? We have cauſed him to be baptized, and we are anſwerable for his Soul. His dear miſtreſs St. Ives paſſes her days in tears. Indeed we muſt go to Paris. If he is concealed in one of thoſe bad houſes, of which I have heard ſuch dreadful ſtories, we will find him out, and bring him away.

The Prior was touched with his ſiſter's diſcourſe: he went to the Biſhop of St. Malo, who had baptized the Huron, and aſked his advice and protection. The prelate approved of the journey, and gave the Prior letters of recommendation to Father la Chaiſe, the King's Confeſſor, who held the firſt dignity in the kingdom, to Harley, the Archbiſhop of Paris, and to Boſſuet, the Biſhop of Meaux.

At laſt, the brother and ſiſter ſet out; but, when they arrived at Paris, they found themſelves bewildered, as in a vaſt labyrinth, without clue or end. Their fortune was moderate; they were every day forced to hire a carriage, in order to make the intended diſcovery, and loſt their labour.

The

The Prior waited on the reverend Father la Chaiſe, who was with Miſs Du Fron, and could not give audience to Priors. He went to the door of the Archbiſhop: he was ſhut up with the beautiful Miſs Leſdiguieres upon church affairs. He went to the Biſhop of Meaux's country houſe: he was buſy in examining, with Miſs Mauleon, the Treatiſe on Myſtic Love, wrote by Madam Guyon. At length, he gained acceſs to theſe two prelates: they both of them declared to him, that they could not meddle in the affair, as his nephew was not a Sub-deacon.

At laſt, he ſaw the Jeſuit, who received him with open arms: he proteſted, that he had ever had a particular eſteem for him, though he had never ſeen him before: he ſwore, that the Society were always very much attached to the Lower Bretains: but, ſaid he, has not your nephew the misfortune to be a Huguenot! No, ſurely, my reverend Father!—Is he not a Janſeniſt?—I can aſſure your Reverence he is hardly a Chriſtian: it is not above eleven months ſince we had him baptized!——Oh, that's very well! Come, that's very well! We will take care of him. Is not your benefice conſiderable?——Oh, a very little thing! and

our

our nephew has coſt us a great deal!—Are there any Janſeniſts in your neighbourhood? Take care, beware of them, my dear Mr. Prior; for they are more dangerous than Huguenots or Atheiſts.——My reverend Father, we have not any; they do not know what Janſeniſm means at our Lady of the Hill.—So much the better. Go, there is not any thing I will not do to ſerve you. He then very politely diſmiſſed the Prior, and thought no more of him.

The time paſſed on, and the Prior and his good ſiſter were driven to deſpair. In the mean while, the wicked Bailiff preſſed the marriage of his booby Son with the beautiful Miſs St. Ives, whom they had brought from the convent for that purpoſe. She loved her dear godſon as much as ſhe deteſted the huſband they propoſed to her. The affront ſhe had received in being ſent to a convent augmented her paſſion, and the order to marry the Bailiff's Son exaſperated her beyond all bounds. Regret, tenderneſs, and horror, ſhook her Soul. Love, as is well known, is more ingenious and enterprizing in young girls, than friendſhip in an old Prior, and an aunt above forty-five. Beſides, ſhe had receiv'd good inſtruction in the convent, from the romances ſhe had there read by ſtealth. The

The beautiful St. Ives recollected the letter the life-guardman had wrote to Lower Bretany, which was talked of in the province. She reſolved to go herſelf to Verſailles to gain information, to throw herſelf at the miniſter's feet, and, if her huſband was, as reported, in priſon, to obtain juſtice for him. I cannot tell who informed her, that at court they never refuſe any thing to a pretty girl; but ſhe did not know how dear it would coſt her.

Her reſolution being now fixed, ſhe conſoled herſelf, and became tranquil: ſhe looked more kindly on her intended, received her deteſtable father-in-law more favourably, and careſſed her brother. This rejoiced the whole family.

On the day appointed for the ceremony of her marriage, ſhe ſet off privately, at four o'clock in the morning, with the little nuptial preſents they had made, and every thing elſe ſhe could get together. She had taken her meaſures ſo well, that ſhe was above twenty miles on her journey, when they entered her chamber towards noon.

Their ſurprize and conſternation were very great: the interrogating Bailiff aſked more queſtions on this day, than he ever had before

in

in a week. The huſband looked more fooliſh than formerly; the Abbot of St. Ives, in a great rage, determined to purſue his ſiſter, and the Bailiff and his Son would accompany him. Thus deſtiny conducted to Paris almoſt the whole canton of Lower Bretany.

The beautiful St. Ives expected they would follow her. She travelled on horſeback, and enquired very artfully of the couriers, if they had not overtaken a fat Abbot, a coloſſal Bailiff, and a young booby, who were travelling towards Paris. Having heard, the third day, that they were not far behind her, ſhe ſtruck into a different road, and managed ſo well, and was ſo lucky, as to arrive at Verſailles, while they in vain ſearched for her at Paris.

But how ſhe was to regulate her conduct at Verſailles was a matter of no ſmall difficulty: young, beautiful, without advice or friend, unknown, expoſed to every thing; how dared ſhe to ſearch out a life-guardman! She thought of addreſſing herſelf to a Jeſuit of a low degree; for there are ſome of theſe of all conditions in life: as God, ſay they, has given different nouriſhment to the different kinds of animals, ſo he has given to the King his Confeſſor,

feſſor, whom all the ſollicitors for benefices call the chief of the Gallican church. Then comes the Confeſſors of Princeſſes: miniſters will not have any; they are not ſuch fools. There are Jeſuits of the great and the vulgar; and above all, Jeſuits for chamber-maids, of whom they learn their miſtreſſes Secrets; and this is not a trifling employment. The beautiful St. Ives addreſſed herſelf to one of this laſt order, who was called Father Tout-a tous*. She confeſſed to him, told him her adventures, her ſituation, her dangers, and conjured him to procure her a lodging with ſome devout woman, who might ſecure her from temptation.

The Father Tout-a-tous introduced her to the wife of an under officer of the houſehold, who was one of his moſt devout penitents. When ſhe was ſettled, ſhe took a great deal of pains to gain the confidence and friendſhip of this woman. She found out the life-guardman of Lower Bretany, and deſired him to come to her. Having learned from him, that her lover was carried away, after having ſpoken to a firſt clerk, ſhe went immediately to this clerk. The ſight of a beautiful woman ſoftened

* All in all; Every thing.

tened him. It muſt be acknowledged, that God has created women to humanize mankind.

The gooſe-quill, being moved with pity, diſcovered to her the whole affair. Your lover, ſaid he, has been in the Baſtile above a year, and without your aſſiſtance he may remain there his whole life. The tender St. Ives fainted. When ſhe recovered her Senſes, the Gooſe-quill ſaid to her, I have not the power of doing any good: I am confined to ſometimes doing miſchief. Take my advice, and go to my Lord St. Pouange, who can do both good and harm: he is the couſin and favourite of Monſ. Louvois. This miniſter has two Souls: my Lord St. Pouange is one, and Madam du Belloy the other; but ſhe is not at preſent at Verſailles. You cannot do better than gain the favour of the protector I have pointed out to you.

The beautiful St. Ives, divided between the faint glimmerings of joy, and the exceſs of grief, between the ſhadow of hope, and the moſt dreadful fears, purſued by her brother, adoring her lover, one moment drying up her tears, and the next ſhedding them again; trembling, weak, and yet taking courage, ſhe haſtened to my Lord St. Pouange. CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The Progreſs of the Huron's Genius.

THE Huron made a rapid progreſs in the Sciences, and above all in the knowledge of the human heart. The reaſon of his diſplaying ſo much genius was as much owing to his ſavage education, as to the ſtrength of his underſtanding; for not having learned any thing in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices: his mind, not being warped by error, had remained in its original purity. He ſaw things as they were; inſtead of which, the ideas given us in our infancy make us ſee things, all the reſt of our lives, as they are not. Your perſecutors, ſaid he to his friend Gordon, are abominable wretches! I pity you for being oppreſſed; I pity you yet more for being a Janſeniſt. Every ſect appears to me an aſſemblage of errors. Tell me, are there any ſects in geometry?

No, my dear child, ſaid the good man, ſighing: all men are of one opinion, with regard to truth, when it is demonſtrated to them; but they are much divided about obſcure truths. Say

Say rather, about obſcure falſities, replied the Huron. If there was a ſingle truth hid under your multiplicity of arguments, which they have been ſifting for ſo many ages, it would without doubt have been diſcovered, and the world would have been of one mind, at leaſt upon this point: if this truth had been as neceſſary as the Sun is to the earth, it would have been as clear as that. To ſay, that there is a truth eſſential to man, and that God has concealed it, is an abſurdity, it is an outrage on human nature, it is blaſpheming the infinite and ſupreme Being.

The obſervations of this ignorant young man, who was inſtructed only by Nature, made a deep impreſſion on the learned, old, unfortunate Janſeniſt. Is it poſſible, ſaid he, that I have made myſelf really miſerable in the purſuit of chimeras! I have much ſtronger proofs of the reality of my misfortunes, than of my ſpecial grace. I have conſumed my days in reaſoning upon the liberty of God, and of mankind; but I have loſt my own. Neither St. Auguſtin nor St. Proſper can draw me out of the abyſs, into which I am plunged.

The Huron, giving way to his natural diſpoſition, at laſt ſaid to him, will you give me

leave

leave to ſpeak to you freely? Thoſe who are perſecuted for theſe ſchool diſputes do not appear to me over wiſe, and thoſe who perſecute them ſeem monſters.

The two captives were very much of an opinion, with regard to the injuſtice of their impriſonment. I am, ſaid the Huron, an hundred times more to be lamented than you. I was born free as air: I had two beings, liberty, and the object of my affections; but I am deprived of both: we are both in chains, without knowing who has put us into them, or being able to enquire. I have lived a Huron twenty years: they ſay they are a barbarous people, becauſe they revenge themſelves on their enemies; but they never oppreſs their friends. Hardly had I ſet foot in France, but I ſhed my blood for the French. I have, perhaps, ſaved a province, and for my recompence I am buried here alive, where I ſhould have died with rage, if it had not been for you. Are there no laws in this country? Do they condemn men without hearing them? It is not ſo in England. Ah, I ought not to have fought againſt the Engliſh! Thus he complained, and his new-acquired philoſophy could not conquer Nature thus offended in the moſt ſenſible part,

or

or prevent his juſt indignation from breaking forth in complaints.

His companion did not contradict him. Abſence always encreaſes unſatiated love, and philoſophy did not diminiſh it. He talked more of his dear St. Ives, than of morality or metaphyſics, and the purer his ſentiments became, the ſtronger his love encreaſed. He read ſome new romances: he found very few of them that painted the ſituation of his Soul, as he always felt in his own mind more than he there found deſcribed. Ah, ſaid he, almoſt all theſe authors write rather from the head than the heart! In a little time, the good Janſeniſt prieſt became the confident of his tenderneſs. He had never known love before, but as a ſin, of which he accuſed himſelf at confeſſion. He now learned to conſider it as a Sentiment, as noble as tender, which elevated the Soul, as well as ſoftened it, and which was ſometimes productive of virtue. In ſhort, as the laſt prodigy, a Huron converted a Janſeniſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The beautiful St. Ives resists some delicate Propositions.

THE beautiful St. Ives, more tender, if possible, than her lover, went to my Lord St. Pouange, accompanied by her friend, with whom she lodged, both of them wrapt up in their hoods.

The first thing they saw at the door was her brother, the Abbot of St. Ives, who was coming out. She was frightened; but her devout friend encouraged her. It is, said she, because they speak against you, that you yourself ought to speak. Be assured that accusers, in this country, are always in the right, if we do not make haste to confute them: besides, if I am not much deceived, your presence will have a greater effect, than the words of your brother.

Very little encouragement is necessary to make a person, that is passionately in love, intrepid. St. Ives presented herself at the audience: her youth, her beauty, her soft eyes swimming in tears, drew the attention of every one:

one: all the under-miniſter's courtiers for a moment forgot the idol of Power, to contemplate that of Beauty. St Pouange ordered her to be conducted into a cloſet: ſhe there ſpoke ſo movingly, and with ſo much grace, that the miniſter was affected by it. She trembled, he encouraged her.—Come again this evening: your affairs require to be conſidered and ſpoken of at leiſure: here is too great a croud, and audiences are forced to be hurried over: I muſt enquire into the bottom of what concerns you. Then, having praiſed her beauty and Sentiments, he deſired her to return at ſeven o'clock in the evening.

Her devout friend did not fail to go with her again; but ſhe ſtaid in the Saloon, reading the Chriſtian Pedagogue, while the beautiful St. Ives and St. Pouange went into his cloſet.

Would you believe it, Miſs, ſaid he to her firſt, that your brother has been here to deſire a *a lettre de cachet* againſt you! Indeed, I ſhould rather grant one to be ſerved on him, to ſend him back to Lower Bretany.——Alas, Sir, are you then ſo liberal of *lettres de cachet* in your office, that people come to ſollicit for them from the furtheſt parts of the kingdom,

as

as if they were penſions! I am very far from deſiring one againſt my brother. I have great reaſon to complain of him; but I conſider the liberty of man as a ſacred right. I come to petition for that of the man I would eſpouſe; of a man, to whom the King owes the preſervation of a province, who is able to ſerve him uſefully, and who is the Son of an officer, that loſt his life in his Service. Of what is he accuſed? How could they unheard treat him ſo cruelly!

The under-miniſter then ſhewed her the letter from the Jeſuit's Spy, and that from the perfidious Bailiff. Ah! what! can there be ſuch monſters on earth; and would they force me to marry the ridiculous Son of ſo contemptible and wicked a man! Is it by ſuch informations that you here decide the fate of citizens? She threw herſelf on her knees, and demanded, with ſighs and tears, the releaſement of the brave man who adored her.

This ſituation exhibited her charms to the greateſt advantage. She was ſo beautiful, that St. Pouange loſt all ſhame, and inſinuated, that ſhe would ſucceed in her requeſt, if ſhe would grant him the favour ſhe reſerved for her lover.

Miſs St. Ives, who was frightened and confuſed, for a long time feigned not to underſtand him: ſo that he was obliged to explain himſelf more clearly. A diſtant word dropped, at firſt, produced another ſtill cloſer, which was followed by one more expreſſive: he not only offered the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, but rewards, riches, honours, and eſtabliſhments: the greater his promiſes were, the more ardently he wiſhed not to be refuſed.

St. Ives cried till ſhe was almoſt ſuffocated with her tears, half ſunk on a Sopha: ſhe could ſcarce give credit to what ſhe heard and ſaw. St. Pouange, in his turn, threw himſelf on his knees: his figure was not diſagreeable, and perhaps would not have terrified a perſon, whoſe heart was leſs prepoſſeſſed; but St. Ives adored her lover, and looked upon it as a horrible crime to betray him, in order to reſtore him to freedom.

St. Pouange redoubled his prayers and promiſes, and forgot himſelf ſo far, at laſt, as to declare, that this was the only means of delivering from priſon, the man, for whom ſhe was ſo violently and tenderly intereſted.

This ſtrange converſation grew very long.

The

The devout old lady in the antichamber read her Chriſtian Pedagogue, ſaying, what can they be about theſe two hours ? My Lord St. Pouange did not uſe to give ſuch long audiences ! Perhaps he has refuſed this poor girl, and ſhe is ſtill entreating him.

At laſt her companion came out of the cloſet, loſt in amazement, and ſo terrified that ſhe could not ſpeak, profoundly reflecting on the characters of the great and half-great, who with ſuch facility make a Sacrifice of the liberties of mankind, and the honour of women.

She did not ſay a word till they got home ; ſhe then broke ſilence, and related all. The devout lady made ſeveral large ſigns of the croſs. My dear friend, we muſt to-morrow conſult Father Tout-a-tous, our director. He has great intereſt with Lord St. Pouange : he confeſſes ſeveral of his Servants, is a pious, eaſy, good man, and is director alſo to ſeveral ladies of quality. Truſt yourſelf to him, as I always do, and have never been deceived. We poor women want a man to guide us : therefore, my dear friend, I will go to-morrow and find Father Tout-a-tous.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

She conſults the Jeſuit.

WHEN the beautiful but diſconſolate St. Ives was with her confeſſor, ſhe told him, that a man in great power, but who was very libidinous, had propoſed to deliver from priſon the man, who ought to become her lawful huſband; that he demanded a great price for this Service; that ſhe had a horrible repugnance to commit ſuch an infidelity, and that, if her life would content him, ſhe would part with it rather than yield.

What an abominable ſinner! ſaid Father Tout-a-tous to her. You muſt tell me the name of this villainous man! It was ſome Janſeniſt, without doubt. I will inform his reverence Father la Chaiſe of him, who will ſend him to the place, which holds from you the dear man, to whom you are devoted.

The poor girl was very much embarraſſed, and very irreſolute; but at laſt ſhe named St. Pouange.

My Lord St. Pouange! cried the Jeſuit. Ah,

Ah, my daughter, this quite alters the caſe! He is couſin to the greateſt miniſter we ever had! A worthy man! a protector of the good cauſe! a good chriſtian! he could never have ſuch a thought! you muſt have miſunderſtood him!

Ah, my Father, I underſtood him but too well! I am undone! do what I will, I have no choice but miſery or ſhame: either my lover muſt remain buried alive, or I render myſelf unworthy to live. I cannot ſuffer him to periſh, nor can I ſave him.

The Father Tout-a-tous endeavoured to ſooth her by theſe inſinuating words.

Firſt, My dear daughter, never again make uſe of that expreſſion, *my lover*. It has ſomething in it ſo worldly, that it may offend God. Say *my huſband*; for, though he is not ſo yet, you look upon him as ſuch, and nothing can be more proper.

Secondly, Though he is your huſband in idea and hope, yet he is not ſuch in reality; therefore you would not commit adultery, which is a moſt enormous ſin, and always to be avoided as much as poſſible.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, Actions are not ſo culpable when the intention is pure, as when it is malicious, and nothing can be more eligible than to deliver your huſband.

Fourthly, You have examples in holy antiquity, which ſuit your caſe marvelouſly well, and will be a guide to you. St. Auguſtin relates, that under the proconſulate of Septimius Acindinus, in the year three hundred and forty of our Salvation, a poor man, not being able to pay unto Cæſar that which was due unto Cæſar, was condemned to death, which was very juſt, notwithſtanding the maxim, that *where there is nothing the king muſt loſe his right*. It was a pound of gold that he owed. The condemned man had a wife, whom God had endowed with beauty and prudence. An old rich man promiſed to give more than a pound of gold to the woman, on condition ſhe would commit with him the abominable ſin. The woman thought ſhe could not do wrong in ſaving the life of her huſband. St. Auguſtin very much approves her generous reſignation. It is true, the old miſer cheated her, and perhaps her huſband was nevertheleſs hanged; but ſhe did all that lay in her power to ſave his life.

You

You may depend on this, my daughter, that when a Jeſuit quotes St. Auguſtin, the words of that Saint muſt needs bring conviction with them. I do not adviſe any thing: you are prudent, and it is to be preſumed, that you may be very ſerviceable to your huſband. My Lord St. Pouange is a very honeſt man, and he will not deceive you. I cannot ſay any thing further: I will pray to God for you, and I hope that every thing will turn out to his glory.

The beautiful St. Ives, not leſs frightened at the Jeſuit's diſcourſe, than at the under-miniſter's propoſitions, returned in great amazement to her friend. She was ſometimes tempted to deliver herſelf, by death, from the horrors of leaving in a frightful priſon a lover, whom ſhe adored, and from the ſhame of freeing him by the loſs of what was ſtill dearer, and which was this unfortunate lover's ſole right.

CHAP. XVII.

She yields through Virtue.

SHE begged of her friend to kill her; but this woman was equally indulgent with the Jeſuit, and ſpoke to her much plainer.

Alas!

Alas! ſaid ſhe, it is ſcarce ever otherwiſe in this court, ſo amiable, ſo gallant, and ſo renowned. The moſt moderate, as well as the moſt conſiderable places, are very often given on no other terms, than thoſe exacted of you. Liſten to me: you have inſpired me with friendſhip and confidence: I acknowledge to you, that had I been as nice as you are, my huſband would not have enjoyed the little poſt, which now ſupports us. He knows it; and ſo far from being angry, he looks upon me as his benefactreſs, and on himſelf as bound to me. Do you imagine, that all here, who have been at the head of provinces, and even armies, owe their honours and their fortunes to their Services alone? They are moſt of them obliged for them to the ladies, their wives. The dignities of Mars have been ſolicited by Venus, and places have been given to the huſbands of the greateſt beauties.

You are ſtill in a more intereſting ſituation: it depends on you to bring your lover into daylight, and to marry him: a ſacred duty, which you ought to fulfil. The beautiful and great ladies, of whom we have been ſpeaking, have never had the leaſt blame caſt on them. You will be applauded: it will be ſaid, that you have only

only been guilty of a weakneſs from an exceſs of virtue.

Ah, virtue! what virtue! cried Miſs St. Ives. What a labyrinth of iniquity! what a country! In what a light do I begin to regard mankind! A Father la Chaiſe, and a ridiculous Bailiff, have put my lover in priſon: I am perſecuted by my family: no aſſiſtance offered me in my diſtreſs, but what tends to my diſhonour. One Jeſuit has been the deſtruction of a brave man, another Jeſuit would deſtroy me. I am beſet with Snares, and am on the brink of deſtruction. I muſt ſpeak to the King: I will throw myſelf at his feet, when he is going to maſs or the play.

You will not be permitted to come near him, ſaid her good friend; and if you ſhould be ſo unlucky as to ſpeak to him, M. Louvois, and the reverend Father la Chaiſe, would find the means of burying you in a convent for the reſt of your days.

Whilſt this noble perſonage was thus encreaſing the perplexities of this almoſt diſtracted young creature, and at every word plunging a dagger into her heart, a meſſenger came

from Lord Pouange, with a letter, and a pair of beautiful diamond ear-rings. St. Ives refuſed both with tears; but her friend received them.

When the meſſenger was gone, our confidant read the letter, in which was an invitation to the two friends to a little Supper that evening. St. Ives proteſted ſhe would not go. The devout lady would try on the diamond ear-rings; but St. Ives would not permit her. They conteſted the whole day about it: at length, having no other object in view but her lover, vanquiſhed, dragged ſhe knew not where nor how, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to this fatal Supper. She could not be forced by any means to wear the ear-rings. The confidant carried them: ſhe obliged her notwithſtanding all her efforts, to let her put them on before ſhe ſat down to table. St. Ives was ſo confuſed, and ſo uneaſy, that ſhe permitted her to torment her; and the maſter of the houſe looked on this incident as a very favourable omen.

As ſoon as the Supper was over, the confidant very diſcreetly retired. He then ſhewed her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, the brevet

brevet for a conſiderable gratification, and another for a company, and was not ſparing of promiſes. Ah, ſaid Miſs St. Ives, how I ſhould love you, if you did not want to be loved too much!

At laſt, after a long reſiſtance, after ſighs, cries and tears, weakened by the ſtruggle, fainting and languiſhing, ſhe was forced to ſubmit. She had no other reſource, than determining to think only on the Huron, while the cruel wretch took advantage, without the leaſt remorſe, of the neceſſity to which ſhe was reduced.

CHAP. XVIII.

She delivers her Lover and a Janſeniſt.

AT break of day ſhe flew to Paris, provided with an order from the miniſter. It is very difficult to deſcribe what paſſed in her heart during the journey, if we conſider a virtuous and a noble mind humbled by ſhame, overcome with tenderneſs, torn with remorſe, for having betrayed her lover, and at the ſame time feeling

feeling infinite pleaſure at the thoughts of delivering him, whom ſhe adored. Her griefs, her ſtruggles, her Succeſs, entirely engroſſed her reflections. She ceaſed to be the ſimple girl, whoſe ideas were cramped by a country education: love and misfortunes had converted her into another woman; Sentiments had made as great a progreſs in her mind, as reaſon had in that of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel much ſooner than men learn to think: her adventures afforded her more inſtruction, than four years paſſed in a convent poſſibly could.

Her dreſs was the plaineſt imaginable: ſhe regarded with horror the ornaments, in which ſhe had appeared before her baneful benefactor: ſhe left her diamond ear-rings with her companion, without caſting a look at them. Confuſed, and charmed to idolatry with the Huron, and hating herſelf, ſhe at length arrived at the gate

> Of this caſtle ſo dreadful, for vengeance deſign'd,
> Where the guilty and innocent both are confin'd.

She was forced to have aſſiſtance to get out of the coach. She entered, her heart beat, her eyes ſwam in tears, and ſhe looked wild. They introduced

introduced her to the governor: ſhe tried to ſpeak to him, but her voice failed her: ſhe ſhewed him her order, ſcarcely being able to utter an intelligible word. The governor loved his priſoner, and was very glad he was going to be releaſed. His heart was not hardened like ſome other honourable jailors, who think only of the advantage they gain by detaining their priſoners, ſacrificing them to their own intereſt, living on the misfortunes of others, and enjoying the tears of the wretched.

He ſent for his priſoner into his apartment. When the two lovers ſaw each other, they both fainted. The beautiful St. Ives remained a great while in her Swoon; but the Huron ſoon took courage. This is, without doubt, your wife, ſaid the governor, though you never told me you were married. I am informed, that it is to her generous ſolicitude you owe your liberty.—Ah! I am unworthy to be his wife, ſaid the beautiful St. Ives, with a faultering voice, and then fainted again.

When ſhe was recovered, ſhe held out, with a trembling hand, the brevet of reward, and the promiſe of a company. The Huron, overcome with aſtoniſhment and tenderneſs,

ſeemed

ſeemed to awake from one dream to fall into another. Why have I been ſhut up here? How have you been able to deliver me? Where are the monſters that have thrown me into priſon? You are a divinity deſcended from heaven to releaſe me!

The beautiful St. Ives looked down, then ſtole a glance at her lover, then bluſhed, and turned her eyes from him bathed in tears. She then acquainted him with every thing as it had happened, except what ſhe wiſhed to have buried in oblivion, and which any one but the Huron, who was ſo little acquainted with the world, and the cuſtoms of courts, would have too eaſily diſcovered.

Is it poſſible, that ſuch a wretch as the Bailiff could have the power to deprive me of liberty? Oh! I ſee very plainly, that it is amongſt men as amongſt the loweſt animals: every one is capable of doing an injury; but is it poſſible, that a Monk, a Jeſuit, a King's Confeſſor, ſhould cauſe my misfortunes, as well as this Bailiff! I cannot imagine on what pretext this deteſtable villain could perſecute me! Has he made me paſs for a Janſeniſt? But how came you to remember me? I was not worthy of it:

I was then a mere Savage. How was you able, without counſel, without aſſiſtance, to undertake a journey to Verſailles? You have appeared, and releaſed me from my fetters. Is there in beauty and virtue ſuch irreſiſtible charms, as to open gates of iron, and ſoften hearts of ſteel?

At the word Virtue, ſighs eſcaped the beautiful St. Ives: ſhe could not reconcile it with the crime, of which ſhe reproached herſelf. Her lover thus continued: My angel, you have broke my bonds. If you had the power, which I can ſcarce comprehend, to procure me juſtice, do as much for an old man, who has firſt taught me to think, as you have to love. Misfortune has united us, I love him as a father, and I cannot live ſeparated from him or you.

I! What I ſolicit the ſame man, who —— Yes, replied the Huron, I deſire to owe every thing to you, and I would not be obliged to any one elſe. Write to this powerful man, overcome me with your benefits, finiſh what you have begun, and compleat your prodigies.

She found it impoſſible to refuſe any requeſt of her lover: ſhe tried to write, but her hand refuſed its office: three times ſhe began the letter,

letter, and three times ſhe tore it: ſhe however finiſhed it at laſt; and the two lovers went out, after having embraced the old martyr to ſpecial grace.

The fortunate and yet diſconſolate St. Ives knew where her brother lodged: ſhe went there, and her lover took an apartment in the ſame houſe.

Hardly were they arrived, when her protector ſent an order for the enlargement of the good man Gordon, and deſired her to meet him the next day. Thus each honourable and generous action that he performed, was to be repaid by her ſhame. She looked with horror on this manner of ſelling the happineſs and miſery of mankind. She gave the order for releaſement to her lover; but refuſed to meet a benefactor, whom ſhe could not ſee, without expiring with grief and ſhame.

The Huron would not have been abſent from her a moment, but to deliver his friend. He flew; and while he was fulfilling this duty, could not help reflecting on the ſtrange events that happen in this world, and admiring the uncommon virtue and courage of a young girl, to whom two unfortunate people were indebted for more than life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

The beautiful St. Ives and her Relations meet.

THE generous and praiſe-worthy, though unfortunate St. Ives, was with the Abbot, her brother, the good Prior of our Lady of the Hill, and Miſs Kerkabon. They were all equally aſtoniſhed; but their ſituations and ſentiments were very different: the Abbot wept for his paſt faults, and implored his ſiſter's forgiveneſs: ſhe pardoned him. The Prior and his ſiſter ſhed tears alſo; but theſe were tears of joy. The wretched Bailiff, and his inſupportable Son, did not interrupt this moving Scene: they ſet out on the firſt news of their enemy's releaſe, to bury their folly and fear in their own province.

Theſe four perſons, agitated by a hundred different emotions, waited for the return of the young man with his friend, whom he was gone to deliver. The Abbot of St. Ives dared not to lift up his eyes to his ſiſter. The good Kerkabon ſaid, I ſhall then ſee my dear nephew again!—You will ſee him ſaid the charming St. Ives; but he is not the ſame man: his de-

portment, his voice, his mind and ideas, are all changed: he is now ſo improved, that he has a dignity in his manner, equal to his former ſimplicity and ignorance. He will be the conſolation and honour of your family. Why cannot I alſo be the honour of mine?—You are not yourſelf, ſaid the Prior: What has happened to you to cauſe ſo great a change?

In the midſt of this converſation, the Huron arrived, leading his Janſeniſt by the hand. The Scene was then renewed in a more intereſting manner: it began by the tendereſt embraces, with which the uncle and aunt received their nephew. The Abbot of St. Ives was ready to kneel to the Huron, who was now no longer a Canadian Savage. The two lovers expreſſed the Sentiments of their Souls by the language of their eyes. Satisfaction and gratitude ſhone in the countenance of one, and embarraſſment was painted in the half-wild, though tender looks of the other: they were aſtoniſhed, what could give her concern in the midſt of ſo much joy.

Old Gordon, in a few moments, became dear to the whole family. He had been a fellow ſufferer with the young priſoner, which was

was a ſufficient recommendation: he owed his deliverance to two lovers, and that alone was enough to reconcile him to the paſſion of love: his heart was ſoftened, he had loſt the aſperity of his former character and opinions, and was changed into a man, as well as the Huron. Before Supper, they recounted their adventures: the two Abbots and the aunt heard them with the ſame avidity, as children hear ſtories of ghoſts, and as men, who are always intereſted in ſuch diſaſters.

Alas! ſaid Gordon, there are perhaps above five hundred virtuous perſons, who at preſent wear the ſame chains as Miſs St. Ives has now broken: their misfortunes are not known. There are numbers willing to oppreſs the miſerable; ſeldom one that is ready to ſuccour them.

This juſt reflection encreaſed his ſenſibility and gratitude, and redoubled the triumph of the beautiful St. Ives. They admired her greatneſs and ſtrength of mind. This admiration was mixed with the reſpect, which one is ſtruck with, without knowing why, for a perſon who appears to have credit at court; but the Abbot of St. Ives ſometimes ſaid, what could

could my ſiſter do, ſo ſoon to obtain this great conſequence?

They ſat down to Supper very early, when, behold! the good friend from Verſailles arrived, without knowing any thing of what had happened. She was in a coach and ſix. They ſaw immediately to whom the equipage belonged. She entered with the haughty air of a perſon from court upon ſome great affair: ſhe ſaluted the company ſlightly, and took St. Ives aſide ——Why do you make people wait for you ſo long? Follow me: here are your diamonds, which you left behind you.

She did not ſpeak theſe words ſo low as to eſcape the ears of the Huron. He ſaw the jewels: the brother was ſtruck; the uncle and aunt were only ſenſible of that Surprize, which ſuch good people might be ſuppoſed to feel, who had never before ſeen any thing ſo magnificent; the young man who was formed by a year's reflection, could not refrain from conjecturing, and in an inſtant grew uneaſy. His miſtreſs perceived it: her beautiful face grew pale as death, and ſhe was ſeized with ſuch a tremor, that ſhe could ſcarce ſupport herſelf. Ah, Madam, ſaid ſhe to this fatal friend, you have undone me! you have killed me!

Theſe

These words pierced the Huron's heart; but he had now learned to conceal his emotions: he did not reveal them, for fear of giving his miſtreſs pain in the preſence of her brother; but he alſo grew pale.

St. Ives, diſtracted at the alteration ſhe perceived in her lover's countenance, took the woman out of the chamber into a little paſſage, and threw the diamonds on the ground before her—Ah! it is not theſe baubles which have ſeduced me, and you know it; but he who gave them me ſhall never ſee me again. The friend took them up, and St. Ives added, Let him take them again, or let him give them to you. Go; do not make me yet more deſpicable to myſelf! The embaſſadreſs at length went away, without being able to comprehend the cauſe of the remorſe, of which ſhe had been a witneſs.

The beautiful St. Ives, who was inexpreſſibly oppreſſed, felt an internal revolution, which almoſt ſuffocated her. She was obliged to go to bed; but not being willing to alarm the company, ſhe did not drop the leaſt hint of what ſhe ſuffered. She pretended to be greatly fatigued, and begged leave to retire, to take

a little

a little repoſe, after having cheered them with ſome flattering and conſoling Speeches, and caſt a look at her lover, which enflamed his Soul.

The Supper, as it was not animated by her preſence, was at firſt very dull; but they ſoon fell into that ſort of ſerious, but intereſting, friendly, and uſeful converſation, ſo much ſuperior to that frivolous mirth ſo ardently purſued, and which is generally nothing but empty and tireſome noiſe.

Gordon gave a conciſe hiſtory of Janſeniſm and Muliniſm, of the perſecutions each ſect received from the other, and the obſtinacy of both. The Huron criticiſed thereon, and was ſorry to think, that men could not be content with the diſcord, which theſe ſeveral intereſts cauſed, without having recourſe to chimerical and unintelligible abſurdities to create new ones.

Gordon related, the other judged: the company heard them with emotion, and received new lights. They ſpoke of the long duration of our misfortunes, and the ſhortneſs of life: they remarked, that each profeſſion had a peculiar vice and dangerous inconvenience attached

tached to it; and that from the prince, down to the loweſt beggar, every body accuſes Nature. How is it poſſible, that there ſhould be ſo many men to be found, who, for a trifling recompence, will become the perſecutors, the jailors, and hangmen of others? With what inhuman indifference a man in office ſigns the ruin of a family! And with what ſtill more barbarous joy theſe mercenaries execute it.

I ſaw in my youth, ſaid the good man Gordon, a relation of Marſhal de Marillac, who, being driven from his province on this unfortunate gentleman's account, concealed himſelf under a feigned name at Paris. He was an old man of ſeventy-two. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly of the ſame age. Their graceleſs Son, who had run away from them when he was fourteen years old, firſt enliſted as a Soldier, deſerted, then run through every kind of debauchery and miſery, and at laſt, having taken another name, he got to be one of Cardinal Richelieu's guards; for this prieſt had guards, as well as Mazarine. He roſe to be an Exempt in this company of guards.

This adventurer was ordered to ſeize the old man

man and his wife, and he acquitted himſelf with all the cruelty of a perſon willing to pleaſe his maſter. As he was conducting them, he heard the miſerable poor creatures deplore the numberleſs misfortunes they had gone through from their cradles, and mentioned as the greateſt of them, the folly and loſs of their only Son. He knew them; but carried them to priſon: nevertheleſs aſſuring them, that he ſhould always ſerve his Eminence, in preference to every thing. His Eminence recompenſed his zeal.

I have known a Spy of Father la Chaiſe betray his brother, in hopes of a little benefice, which however he had not; and he died, not with remorſe, but of grief, for having been deceived by the Jeſuit.

The employment of Confeſſor, which I exerciſed for a long time, made me intimately acquainted with ſeveral families. I ſcarce ever ſaw it otherwiſe, than that they were plunged into the utmoſt affliction, while they put on an outward appearance of felicity, and ſeemed to ſwim in joy. I have always remarked that great misfortunes were the fruits of our boundleſs cupidity.

As

As for me, ſaid the Huron, I think that a perſon, of a ſenſible, noble, and grateful mind, may live happily; and I hope to enjoy many years of genuine felicity with the beautiful and generous St. Ives; for I flatter myſelf, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to her brother with a friendly Smile, that you will not refuſe me, as you did laſt year, and that I ſhall take her in a more becoming manner. The Abbot confounded himſelf in excuſes for the paſt, and with proteſtations of eternal attachment for the future.

The uncle Kerkabon ſaid it would be the happieſt day of his life: the good aunt was tranſported, and weeping for joy, cried out, I always ſaid you would never be a Sub-deacon. This Sacrament * is worth twenty of the other †. Would it had pleaſed God, that I might have had the honour to have partaken of it; but, however, I will be your mother. Then they all ſtrove, which ſhould beſtow the higheſt encomiums on the tender St. Ives.

The lover had his heart too full of what ſhe

* The catholics reckon ſeven ſacraments, of which marriage is one.

† Alluding to the chriſtening of the Huron.

had done for him, and he loved her too much, to ſuffer the affair of the diamonds to make any deep impreſſion on his mind; but thoſe words, which he had heard too plainly, *you have killed me*, gave him a ſecret dread, which daſhed all his joy, whilſt the praiſes beſtowed on his beautiful miſtreſs augmented his love. In ſhort, they were entirely taken up with her; they could not ſpeak of any thing, but the happineſs which theſe two lovers merited. They concluded to live all together at Paris: they formed Schemes for their future fortune and grandeur, and gave themſelves up to all thoſe flattering hopes, which the leaſt glimpſe of felicity is ſo apt to give riſe to.

The Huron, in the receſſes of his heart, felt ſomething, which ſeemed to contradict this illuſion: he read again the promiſes ſigned *St. Pouange*, and the brevets ſigned *Louvois*. They formed ideas of theſe men, ſuch as they were, or ſuch as they fancied them to be: each ſpoke of miniſters and adminiſtration with that freedom of table-chat, which is conſidered by the French as the moſt precious liberty that can be enjoyed on earth.

If I were King of France, ſaid the Huron, this

is

is the miniſter, in the war department, that I would chuſe: I would have a man of very high birth; becauſe he ſhould give his orders with dignity. I would have him an officer, and one who has paſſed through the ſeveral ranks, and had at leaſt arrived to the poſt of Lieutenant-general, and worthy to be a Marſhal of France; for it is neceſſary, that he ſhould have ſerved himſelf, in order to be the better acquainted with the ſeveral details abſolutely requiſite to the Service; and would not the officers, with far greater alacrity, obey a Soldier, who had, like them, ſignalized his courage, than a man bred a miniſter, who, however extenſive his genius might be, could only be acquainted in theory with the operations of a campaign. I ſhould not be angry with my miniſter for being generous, though ſometimes my treaſure might be a little embarraſſed. I ſhould love that he had a faculty in diſpatching affairs, and that he was diſtinguiſhed by that livelineſs of imagination, which generally appertains to men ſuperior to buſineſs, which is ſo pleaſing to the nation, and which renders every duty leſs irkſome. He was deſirous, that a miniſter ſhould be of this character; becauſe he had always obſerved, that gaiety and cruelty were incompatible.

M. Louvois

M. Louvois would not, perhaps, have been greatly ſatisfied with the Huron's choice; for his merit was of a very different kind.

But while they were thus converſing at table, the unfortunate girl's diſtemper took a very fatal turn: her blood was enflamed: ſhe was ſeized with a violent fever; but ſhe ſuffered without complaining, for fear of making the company unhappy.

Her brother, knowing ſhe was not aſleep, went to her bed-ſide. He was ſurprized at the condition in which he found her: they all ran into her apartment, and her lover followed her brother. He was doubtleſs the moſt alarmed, and moſt affected of them all; but he had learned to join diſcretion to the many happy gifts, which Nature had laviſhed on him, and a ready Sentiment of decorum began to operate very powerfully in him.

They ſent immediately for a neighbouring phyſician. He was one of thoſe itinerant doctors, who confound the caſe of thoſe they come from laſt with the preſent, who make uſe of a blind practice in a Science, which all the maturity of a ſound judgment and deep reflection cannot diveſt of its uncertainty and danger.

danger. He redoubled the malady by a preſcription which was then very much in faſhion.

Is there a faſhion then in phyſic? This phrenzy was too common in Paris, as well as in all the polite parts of Europe.

The ſorrowful St. Ives contributed herſelf, as much as her phyſician, to render her illneſs dangerous. Her mind deſtroyed her body: the croud of thoughts, with which ſhe was agitated, conveyed a more deadly poiſon thro' her veins, than could be expected from the moſt violent fever, that ever tortured the human frame.

CHAP. XX.

The beautiful St. Ives expires, and what happened afterwards.

THEY called in another phyſician, who, inſtead of leaving Nature, which in a young perſon is very ſtrong, to its own operations, and only aſſiſting it, which was all that was neceſſary, (for every organ would lend its aid

aid in recalling life) he buſied himſelf in counteracting the preſcriptions of his brother doctor.

The diſeaſe in two days became mortal: The brain, which is believed to be the Seat of the judgment, was as violently affected as the heart, which is ſaid to be the Seat of the paſſions.

What incomprehenſible mechaniſm has ſubmitted the organs to ſentiment and thought! How one painful idea alters the courſe of the blood! And how comes it, that the blood in its turn carries its irregularities to the human mind? What is that unknown fluid, of which the exiſtence is certain, which is quicker and more active than the light, and flies in the twinkling of an eye through all the channels of life; produces memory, ſorrow or joy, reaſon or frenzy; recals with horror what one would wiſh to forget, and makes, of a thinking animal, an object of admiration, or a Subject of pity and tears?

This was what the good Gordon ſaid; and this natural reflection, which men very ſeldom make, did not prevent his feeling a tender concern; for he was not one of thoſe wretched philoſophers,

philoſophers, who conſtrain themſelves to be inſenſible.

He was as much touched with the fate of this young girl, as a father would be at the ſight of a favourite child dying a lingering death. The Abbot of St. Ives was driven to deſpair: the Prior and his ſiſter ſhed a torrent of tears; but who can deſcribe the ſituation of her lover? No language can expreſs the contending tumults, which raged in his boſom: all languages are too imperfect.

The aunt, almoſt deprived of life, held the head of the expiring St. Ives with her feeble hands. Her brother was upon his knees at the foot of the bed. Her lover preſſed her hand, which he bathed with his tears, and then broke forth into ſighs: he called her his benefactreſs, his hopes, his life, the half of himſelf, his miſtreſs, his ſpouſe.

At this word Spouſe ſhe ſighed, and looked at him with inexpreſſible tenderneſs: then gave a cry of horror. Afterwards, in one of her intervals, when grief, the oppreſſion of her Senſes, and her excruciating tortures, were ſo far abated, as to leave her Soul liberty and ſtrength, ſhe exclaimed, I your Spouſe! Ah, my

my dear lover, that name, that happineſs, that prize, is no longer deſigned for me! I die, and juſtly. O God of my heart! O you, of whom I have made a ſacrifice to infernal demons, it is done! I am puniſhed; but may you live happily!

They were not able to comprehend the meaning of theſe terrible yet tender words: they filled their hearts with horror and compaſſion. She had the courage to explain them. At every word they all ſhuddered with aſtoniſhment, grief and pity. They all joined in deteſtation of this great man, who had repaired a horrid act of injuſtice by a more ſhocking crime, and forced the moſt reſpectable and innocent perſon to bear a part of the load of his guilt.

What, you culpable! ſaid her lover. No, you are not: crimes ſpring only from the heart, and yours was devoted to virtue and me!

He confirmed this Sentiment by words, that ſeemed to recal St. Ives to life: ſhe found herſelf conſoled, and was amazed to find ſhe was ſtill beloved.

Old Gordon would have condemned her, had he been ſtill a Janſeniſt; but being become wiſer,

wiſer, he eſteemed her, and wept for her misfortune.

In the midſt of ſo much horror and tears, whilſt the danger of this dear girl filled all their hearts with grief, and whilſt they were in the utmoſt conſternation, they were informed that a courier was arrived from court.

A courier! and from whom? for what? It was from the King's Confeſſor to the Prior of the Hill; but it was not Father la Chaiſe who wrote, it was Brother Vadbled, his Valet de Chambre, who was a man of great importance at that time: he it was, who uſed to ſend the reverend Father's orders to Archbiſhops, he who gave audiences, he who promiſed benefices, he who ſometimes cauſed *lettres de cachet* to be diſpatched. He wrote to the Abbot of the Hill, "that his Reverence had been informed "of his nephew's adventures; that his impri- "ſonment was occaſioned by a miſtake; that "ſuch little diſgraces frequently happened; "that he ought not to mind it; and, in ſhort, "that it would be proper for the Prior to come "and preſent his nephew the next day; that "he ſhould bring with him the good man "Gordon; that he, Brother Vadbled, would

" introduce them to his Eminence, and to M. " Louvois, who would ſpeak a word to them " in his anti-chamber."

He added, " that the Huron's hiſtory, and " his engagement with the Engliſh, had been " related to the King, and that his Majeſty " would certainly condeſcend to take notice of " him when he went through the gallery, and " perhaps even nod his head at him."

The letter concluded with giving him the moſt flattering hopes, " that all the ladies of the " court would invite his nephew to their toil- " ets; that ſeveral amongſt them would ſay, " *Good morrow to you, Mr. Huron!* and aſ- " ſuring him, that he would be ſpoken of at " the King's Supper." The letter was ſigned, Your affectionate Brother Vadbled, Jeſuit.

The Prior having read the letter aloud, his nephew, though in the utmoſt rage, commanded his paſſion for a moment, and ſaid nothing to the bearer; but turning to the companion of his misfortunes, aſked him what he thought of this ſtile. Gordon anſwered him, Is it thus they treat men? Like apes they beat them, and then expect them to dance.

The

The Huron reſumed his natural character, which always returned on any great emotion of his mind: he tore the letter in pieces, and threw them in the courier's face. There is my anſwer, ſaid he.

His uncle was frightened out of his wits: he thought he heard a thunder-clap, and twenty *lettres de cachet* fall on him at once. He ran in an inſtant to write, and to excuſe, as well as he could, what he conſidered as the violence of a young man, but which proceeded from a greatneſs of Soul.

More diſmal cares now took poſſeſſion of every heart. The beautiful and unfortunate St. Ives began to be ſenſible of her approaching end. She was calm; but it was that frightful calm of Nature ſinking under the diſtemper, not having any longer power to combat it.

Oh, my dear lover! ſaid ſhe, in a faltering voice, Death will puniſh me for my weakneſs; but I expire with the conſolation of knowing you are at liberty. I adored you, while I betrayed you, and I now adore you, while I bid you eternally adieu.

She did not put on an oſtentatious bravery: ſhe

ſhe had not any idea of that miſerable vanity, of having it ſaid ſhe died with courage. Who, at twenty, can bear to loſe her lover, her life, and what is called her honour, without regret and the utmoſt reluctance? She felt all the horrors of her condition, and ſhe made it known by her words and dying looks, which ſpoke in the moſt forcible manner: at laſt ſhe cried, as moſt people do in ſuch a ſituation, in thoſe moments when they have power to cry.

Let others endeavour to praiſe the vain-glorious deaths of thoſe, who enter into oblivion with inſenſibility: it is the way of all animals. We do not die like them, but when age or ſickneſs has rendered us like them, by the ſtupefaction of our organs. Whoever ſuſtains a great loſs, muſt have great regret: if he ſtifles it, it is becauſe he carries his vanity even into the arms of death.

When the fatal moment was arrived, all the aſſiſtants burſt forth in cries and tears: the Huron ſwooned away. Great ſouls have more violent ſenſations than others, when they proceed from tenderneſs. The good Gordon knew this too well, not to fear his making ſome attempt on his life, when he ſhould come to himſelf:

ſelf: they ſecured every weapon. The unfortunate young man perceived it: he ſaid to Gordon and his relations, without a ſigh, tear, or the leaſt emotion, Do you think then, that any one on earth is able, or has any right, to hinder me from putting a period to my life?

Gordon took care, not to make uſe of thoſe tireſome and common-place arguments, by which they ſtrive to prove, that it is not permitted any one to make uſe of his liberty to ceaſe to exiſt, when his being becomes miſerable; that he muſt not go out of his houſe, when it is impoſſible to ſtay any longer in it; that a man is in this world, like a ſoldier on his poſt, as if it was of any conſequence to the Supreme Being of all beings, whether a little aſſemblage of ſome particles of matter was in one place or in another: weak reaſons, which a fixed and determined deſpair diſdains to hear, and to which Cato made anſwer by the ſtroke of a poinard.

The ſullen and terrible ſilence of the Huron, the gloomy caſt of his eyes, his quivering lips, and trembling body, ſtruck all who beheld him with a mixture of compaſſion and dread, which took from them every faculty of their

their Souls, and rendered them almoſt ſpeechleſs. The miſtreſs of the houſe and her family came into the room: they ſhook at the ſight of his deſpair, they kept him in view, and watched all his motions. Then the cold corpſe of the late beautiful St. Ives was carried into a lower room, far from the eyes of her lover, which ſeemed ſtill to ſearch for her, though he was incapable of ſeeing any thing.

In the midſt of this ſpectacle of death, while the corpſe was expoſed at the door of the houſe, and two prieſts were ſprinkling it with holy water, and reciting prayers with a diſtracted air; while ſome people as they paſſed ſprinkled it out of idleneſs, and others walked on with indifference; while her relations cried and mourned for her, and her lover did not think it poſſible to ſurvive her, St. Pouange arrived with his friend from Verſailles.

His tranſient appetite, having only been once ſatisfied, was become love: the refuſal of his favours had piqued him. Father la Chaiſe would never have thought of coming to this houſe, had not St. Pouange, who every inſtant had the image of the beautiful St. Ives before his eyes, burnt to ſatiate a paſſion, which, by a ſingle

a ſingle enjoyment, had only been enflamed: he therefore determined to come himſelf in ſearch of her, who, perhaps, he would not have ſeen three times, had ſhe viſited him through her own inclination.

When he alighted from his coach, the firſt object that ſtruck him was a bier. He turned away his eyes, with that common diſtaſte of men brought up in luxury and pleaſure, who think that no object, which might bring them to contemplate the miſery of human nature, ought to preſent itſelf to them. He was going up the ſtair-caſe, when the old woman from Verſailles aſked, out of curioſity, who they were going to bury. They anſwered Miſs St. Ives.

At this name ſhe grew pale, and gave a piercing ſhriek. St. Pouange returned, and ſurprize and grief took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. The good Gordon was there, with his eyes drowned in tears. He interrupted his ſorrowful prayers, to inform the courtier of the whole of this horrible cataſtrophe: he ſpoke to him with that ſuperiority, which grief and virtue always give.

St.

St. Pouange was not naturally bad: the torrent of affairs and amuſements, in which he had been immerſed, had carried him away, ſo that he was as yet unacquainted with himſelf; nor was he arrived at that advanced age, which generally hardens the hearts of miniſters. He heard Gordon with downcaſt eyes, and dried up ſome tears, which he was aſtoniſhed at ſhedding: he began for the firſt time to feel remorſe.

I muſt ſee, ſaid he, this extraordinary man you have mentioned to me: He moves me almoſt as much as this innocent victim, whoſe death I have occaſioned.

Gordon followed him to the chamber, where the Prior, Miſs Kerkabon, the Abbot of St. Ives, and ſome neighbours, had juſt recovered the young man from a ſecond ſwoon.

I have been the cauſe of your misfortune, ſaid the under-miniſter, and I will employ the reſt of my life to repair it. The firſt idea that occurred to the Huron, was to kill him and then himſelf: nothing could be more natural; but he was without arms, and narrowly watched.

St.

St. Pouange was not repulſed with a refuſal, accompanied with all the reproaches, terror and diſdain, which he had merited, and which they did not ſpare him.

Time ſoftens all things: M. Louvois was enabled at laſt to make an excellent officer of the Huron, who appeared at Paris and in the army under another name, with the approbation of every worthy perſon, being at once a philoſopher and an intrepid warrior.

He could never ſpeak of this adventure without grief; and yet his chief conſolation was to talk of it: he cheriſhed the memory of his tender St. Ives to the laſt moment of his life. The Abbot of St. Ives and the Prior had each a good benefice: the good Kerkabon was better pleaſed to ſee her nephew advanced in a military way, than as a Sub-deacon. The devout lady of Verſailles kept the diamond earrings, and received alſo a handſome preſent. Father Tout-a-tous had ſome pounds of chocolate, coffee, ſugar-candy, citrons, confectionary, the Meditations of the reverend Father Croiſet, and the Flower of Saints bound in Morocco. The good Gordon lived with the Huron, in the ſtricteſt friendſhip, to his death.

He had a benefice too, and entirely forgot his ſpecial grace, and the concomitant concourſe. He took for his motto, *Misfortunes are good for ſomething.* How many honeſt people are there in the world, who may ſay, *Misfortunes are good for nothing.*

THE END.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLTAIRE's

PUPIL OF NATURE.

Chap.

I. HOW *the Prior of Our Lady of the Hill, and the young Lady his Sister, meet a Huron,* Page 3

II. *The Huron discovered by his Relations,* 15

III. *The Huron converted,* - - 22

IV. *The Huron baptized,* - - 27

V. *The Huron in Love,* - - 32

VI. *The Huron runs to his Mistress, and becomes furious,* - - - 38

VII. *The Huron defeats the English,* - 43

VIII. *The Huron goes to Court. Sups on the Road with Huguenots,* - - 48

IX. *The Huron arrives at Versailles. His Reception at Court,* - - 52

X. *The Huron shut up in the Bastile with a Jansenist,* - - - 57

Chap.

CONTENTS.

Chap.		Page.
XI.	*The Huron discovers his Genius,*	66
XII.	*The Huron's Opinion on Theatrical Pieces,*	71
XIII.	*The beautiful St. Ives goes to Versailles,*	74
XIV.	*The Progress of the Huron's Genius,*	83
XV.	*The beautiful St. Ives resists some delicate Propositions,*	87
XVI.	*She consults the Jesuit,*	92
XVII.	*She yields through Virtue,*	95
XVIII.	*She delivers her Lover and a Jansenist,*	99
XIX.	*The beautiful St. Ives and her Relations meet,*	105
XX.	*The beautiful St. Ives expires, and what happened afterwards,*	117

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED from the FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D. and T. FRANCKLIN, A. M.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED by ROBERT BELL, in THIRD-STREET.
M.DCC.LXXVIII.

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON.

SECTION I.

THE aged Belus, king of Babylon, thought himſelf the firſt man upon earth, for all his courtiers told him ſo, and his hiſtoriographers proved it. What might excuſe this ridiculous vanity in him was, that, in fact, his predeceſſors had built Babylon upwards of 30,000 years before him, and he had embelliſhed it. We know that his palace and his park, ſituated at a few paraſangs from Babylon, extended between the Euphrates and the Tiger, which waſhed thoſe enchanted banks. His vaſt houſe, three thouſand feet in front, almoſt reached the clouds. The platform was ſurrounded with a baluſtrade of white marble, fifty feet high, which ſupported coloſſal ſtatues of all the kings and great men of the empire. This platform, compoſed of two rows of bricks, covered with a thick ſurface of lead from one extremity to the other, bore twelve feet of earth; and upon this

earth

earth were raiſed groves of olive, orange, citron, palm, cocoa, and cinnamon trees, and ſtock gilliflowers, which formed alleys that the rays of the ſun could not penetrate.

The waters of the Euphrates running, by the aſſiſtance of pumps, in a hundred canals into the vaſt marble baſons in this garden, and afterwards falling by other canals, formed caſcades of ſix thouſand feet in length in the park, and a hundred thouſand *jets d'eau*, whoſe height was ſcarce perceptible; they afterwards returned into the Euphrates, of which they were part. The gardens of Semiramis, which aſtoniſhed Aſia ſeveral ages after, were only a feeble imitation of theſe ancient prodigies; for in the time of Semiramis, every thing began to degenerate amongſt men and women.

But what was more admirable in Babylon, and eclipſed every thing elſe, was the only daughter of the king, named Formoſanta. It was from her pictures and ſtatues that in ſucceeding times Praxiteles ſculptured his Aphrodita, and the Venus of Medicis. Heavens! what a difference between the original and the copies! ſo that Belus was prouder of his daughter than his kingdom. She was eighteen years old; it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould have a huſband worthy

worthy of her: but where was he to be found? An ancient oracle had ordained, that Formoſanta could not belong to any but him who could bend the bow of Nembrod.

This Nembrod, the ſtrong hunter before the Lord, had left a bow ſeventeen Babylonian feet in length, made of ebony harder than the iron of mount Caucaſus, which is wrought in the forges of Derbent; and no mortal ſince Nembrod could bend this aſtoniſhing bow.

It was again ſaid, that the arm which ſhould bend this bow, would kill the moſt terrible and ferocious lion that ſhould be let looſe in the Circus of Babylon. This was not all; the bender of the bow, and the conqueror of the lion, ſhould overthrow all his rivals; but he was above all things to be very ſagacious, the moſt magnificent and moſt virtuous of men, and poſſeſs the greateſt curioſity in the whole univerſe.

Three kings appeared, who were bold enough to claim Formoſanta; Pharoah of Egypt, the Shah of India, and the great Khan of the Scythians. Belus appointed the day and place of combat, which was to be at the extremity of his park, in the vaſt extent ſurrounded by the joint waters of the Euphrates and the Tiger. Round

the

the lists a marble amphitheatre was erected, which might contain five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the amphitheatre was placed the king's throne; he was to appear with Formosanta, accompanied by the whole court; and on the right and left between the throne and the amphitheatre, there were other thrones and seats for the three kings, and for all the other sovereigns who were desirous to be present at this august ceremony.

The king of Egypt arrived the first, mounted upon the bull Apis, and holding in his hand the cithren of Isis. He was followed by two thousand priests clad in linen vestments, whiter than snow, two thousand eunuchs, two thousand magicians, and two thousand warriors.

The king of India came soon after in a car drawn by twelve elephants. He had a train still more numerous and more brilliant than Pharaoh of Egypt.

The last who appeared was the king of the Scythians. He had none with him but chosen warriors, armed with bows and arrows. He was mounted upon a superb tyger, which he had tamed, and which was as tall as any of the finest Persian horses. The majestic and im-

portant

portant mein of this king effaced the appearance of his rivals; his naked arms, as nervous as they were white, ſeemed already to bend the bow of Nembrod.

The three princes immediately proſtrated themſelves before Belus and Formoſanta. The king of Egypt preſented the princeſs with two of the fineſt crocodiles of the Nile, two ſea-horſes, two zebras, two Egyptian rats, and two mummies, with the books of the great Hermes, which he judged to be the ſcarceſt things upon earth.

The king of India offered her a hundred elephants, each bearing a wooden gilt tower, and laid at her feet the Vedam wrote by the hand of Xaca himſelf.

The king of the Scythians, who could neither write nor read, preſented a hundred warlike horſes with black fox ſkin houſſings.

The princeſs appeared with a downcaſt-look before her lovers, and reclined herſelf with ſuch a grace as was at once modeſt and noble.

Belus ordered the kings to be conducted to the thrones, that were prepared for them. Would I had three daughters, ſaid he to them, I ſhould make ſix people this day happy! He then

then made the competitors caſt lots which ſhould try Nembrod's bow firſt. Their names inſcribed were put into a golden calque. That of the Egyptian king came out firſt; then the name of the king of India appeared. The king of Scythia viewing the bow and his rivals, did not complain at being the third.

Whilſt theſe brilliant trials were preparing, twenty thouſand pages and twenty thouſand youthful maidens diſtributed, without any diſorder, refreſhments to the ſpectators between the rows of the ſeats. Every one acknowledged that the gods had inſtituted kings for no other cauſe than every day to give feſtivals, upon condition they ſhould be diverſified; that life is too ſhort to be made any other uſe of; that law-ſuits, intrigues, wars, the altercations of theologiſts, which conſume human life, are horrible and abſurd; that man is born only for happineſs; that he would not paſſionately and inceſſantly purſue pleaſure, were he not deſigned for it; that the eſſence of human nature is to enjoy ourſelves, and all the reſt is folly. This excellent moral was never controverted but by facts.

Whilſt preparations were making for determining the fate of Formoſanta, a young ſtranger,

ger, mounted upon an unicorn, accompanied by his valet, mounted on a like animal, and bearing upon his hand a large bird, appeared at the barrier. The guards were ſurpriſed to obſerve in this equipage a figure that had an air of divinity. He had, as hath been ſince related, the face of Adonis upon the body of Hercules; it was majeſty accompanied by the graces. His black eye-brows and flowing fair treſſes wore a mixture of beauty unknown at Babylon, and charmed all obſervers. The whole amphitheatre roſe up, the better to view the ſtranger: all the ladies of the court viewed him with looks of aſtoniſhment. Formoſanta herſelf, who had hitherto kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, raiſed them and bluſhed; the three kings turned pale; all the ſpectators, in comparing Formoſanta with the ſtranger, cried out, There is no other in the world but this young man who can be ſo handſome as the princeſs.

The uſhers, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, aſked him if he was a king? The ſtranger replied, that he had not that honour, but that he had come very diſtant, excited by curioſity, to ſee if there were any king worthy of Formoſanta. He was introduced into the firſt row of the amphitheatre, with his valet, his two unicorns,

and his bird. He ſaluted with great reſpect Belus, his daughter, the three kings, and all the aſſembly. He then took his ſeat, not without bluſhing. His two unicorns lay down at his feet, his bird perched upon his ſhoulder; and his valet, who carried a little bag, placed himſelf by his ſide.

The trials began. The bow of Nembrod was taken out of its golden caſe. The firſt maſter of the ceremonies, followed by fifty pages, and preceded by twenty trumpets, preſented it to the king of Egypt, who made his prieſts bleſs it; and ſupporting it upon the head of the bull Apis, he did not queſtion his gaining this firſt victory. He diſmounted, and came into the middle of the Circus; he tries, exerts all his ſtrength, and makes ſuch ridiculous contortions, that the whole amphitheatre re-echoes with laughter, and Formoſanta herſelf cannot help ſmiling.

His high almoner approached him: Let your majeſty give up this idle honour, which depends ſolely upon the nerves and muſcles; you will triumph in every thing elſe. You will conquer the lion, as you are poſſeſſed of the ſabre of Oſiris. The princeſs of Babylon is to belong to the prince who is moſt ſagacious,

ous, and you have ſolved ænigmas. She is to wed the moſt virtuous: you are ſuch, as you have been educated by the prieſts of Egypt. The moſt generous is to carry her, and you have preſented her with two of the handſomeſt crocodiles, and two of the fineſt rats in all Delta. You are poſſeſſed of the bull Apis and the books of Hermes, which are the ſcarceſt things in the univerſe. No one can diſpute Formoſanta with you. You are in the right, ſaid the king of Egypt, and reſumed his throne.

The bow was then put into the hands of the king of India. It bliſtered his hands for a fortnight; but he conſoled himſelf in preſuming that the Scythian king would not be more fortunate than himſelf.

The Scythian handled the bow in his turn. He united ſkill with ſtrength: the bow ſeemed to have ſome elaſticity in his hands; he bent it a little, but he could never bring it any thing near a curve. The ſpectators who had been prejudiced in his favour by his agreeable aſpect, lamented his ill ſucceſs, and concluded that the beautiful princeſs would never be married.

The unknown youth leaped into the area, and addreſſing himſelf to the king of Scythia, ſaid,

ſaid, Your Majeſty need not be ſurpriſed at not having entirely ſucceeded. Theſe ebony bows are made in my country; there is only one peculiar twiſt to give them. Your merit is greater in having bent it, than if I were to curve it. He then took an arrow, and placing it upon the ſtring, bent the bow of Nembrod, and made the arrow fly beyond the gates. A million of hands at once applauded the prodigy. Babylon re-echoed with acclamations, and all the women agreed how happy it was for ſo handſome a youth to be ſo ſtrong.

He then took out of his pocket a ſmall ivory tablet, and wrote upon it with a golden pencil, fixed the tablet to the bow, and preſented it all together to the princeſs with ſuch a grace as charmed every ſpectator. He then modeſtly returned to his place between his bird and his valet. All Babylon was in aſtoniſhment, the three kings were confounded, whilſt the ſtranger did not ſeem to pay the leaſt attention to what had happened.

Formoſanta was ſtill more ſurpriſed to read upon the ivory tablet tied to the bow, theſe verſes written in good Chaldean:

L'arc de Nembrod eſt celui de la guerre;
L'arc de l' amour eſt celui du bonheur;

Vous

Vous le portez. Par vous ce Dieu vainqueur
Eſt devenu le maître de la terre.
Trois Rois puiſſants, trois rivaux aujourd'hui
Oſent prétendre à l'honneur de vous plaire.
Je ne ſais pas qui votre cœur préfére,
Mais l'univers ſera jaloux de lui.*

This little madrigal did not diſpleaſe the princeſs. It was criticiſed by ſome of the lords of the ancient court, who ſaid that formerly in good times, Belus would have been compared to the ſun, and Formoſanta to the moon; her neck to a tower, and her breaſt to a buſhel of wheat. They ſaid the ſtranger had no ſort of imagination, and that he had loſt ſight of the rules of true poetry; but all the ladies thought the verſes very gallant. They were aſtoniſhed that a man who handled a bow ſo well, ſhould have ſo much wit. The lady of honour to the princeſs ſaid to her, Madam, what numerous talents are here entirely loſt! What benefit will this young man derive from his wit and Belus's bow? Being admired, ſaid Formoſanta. Ah! ſaid the lady, one more madigral, and he might very well be beloved!

Nevertheleſs,

* *Nembrod's is the warlike bow:—The bow of love is that of happineſs:—This you bear. Through you the victorious god is become maſter of the earth. Three powerful kings, rivals of the day, have dared pretend to the honour of pleaſing you. I know not which your heart prefers, but the whole univerſe muſt be jealous of him.*

Nevertheleſs, Belus having conſulted his ſages, declared, that though neither of theſe kings could bend the bow of Nembrod, his daughter was, nevertheleſs, to be married, and that ſhe ſhould belong to him who could conquer the great lion, which was purpoſely in training in his great menagerie. The king of Egypt, upon whoſe education all the wiſdom of Egypt had been exhauſted, judged it very ridiculous to expoſe a king to the ferocity of wild beaſts in order to be married. He acknowledged, he conſidered the poſſeſſion of Formoſanta of ineſtimable value; but he imagined, that if the lion ſhould ſtrangle him, he could never wed this fair Babylonian. The king of India was of the ſame way of thinking with the Egyptian; they both concluded that the king of Babylon was laughing at them, and that they ſhould ſend for armies to puniſh him; that they had many ſubjects, who would think themſelves highly honoured to die in the ſervice of their maſters, without its coſting them a ſingle hair of their ſacred heads; that they could eaſily dethrone the king of Babylon, and then they would draw lots for the fair Formoſanta.

THIS agreement being made, the two kings ſent

ſent each an expreſs into his reſpective country, with orders to aſſemble three hundred thouſand men to carry off Formoſanta.

HOWEVER, the king of Scythia deſcended alone into the area with his ſcymetar in hand. He was not diſtractedly enamoured with Formoſanta's charms, glory till then had been his only paſſion, and it had led him to Babylon. He was willing to ſhew, that if the kings of India and Egypt were ſo prudent as not to tilt with lions, he was courageous enough not to decline the combat, and he would repair the honour of diadems. His uncommon valour would not even allow him to avail himſelf of the aſſiſtance of his tyger. He advanced ſingly, ſlightly armed with a ſhell caſque ornamented with gold, ſhaded with three horſes tails as white as ſnow.

ONE of the moſt enormous and ferocious lions ever fed upon the Antilibanian mountains, was let looſe upon him. His tremendous talons appeared capable of tearing the three kings to pieces at once, and his gulls to devour them. The two proud champions flew with the utmoſt precipitancy and in the moſt rapid manner at each other. The courageous Scythian plunged his ſword into the lion's throat; but the

point

point meeting with one of thoſe thick teeth that nothing can penetrate, was broke to ſhatters; and the monſter of the woods, more furious from his wound, had already impreſſed his bleeding claws into the monarch's ſides.

The unknown youth, touched with the peril of ſo brave a prince, leapt into the area ſwift as lightning; when he cut off the lion's head with as much dexterity as we have lately ſeen, in our carouſals, youthful knights knock off the heads of black images.

THEN drawing out a ſmall box, he preſented it to the Scythian king, ſaying to him, Your majeſty will there find the genuine dittany, which grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be healed in a moment. Accident alone prevented your triumph over the lion; your valour is not the leſs to be admired.

THE Scythian king, animated more with gratitude than jealouſy, thanked his benefactor; and after having tenderly embraced him, returned to his ſeat to apply the dittany to his wounds.

The ſtranger gave the lion's head to his valet, who having waſhed it at the great fountain which was beneath the amphitheatre, and drained all the blood, took an iron inſtrument

out

out of his little bag, with which having drawn the lion's forty teeth, he ſupplied their place with forty diamonds of equal ſize.

His maſter, with his uſual modeſty, returned to his place; he gave the lion's head to his bird: Beauteous bird, ſaid he, carry this ſmall homage and lay it at the feet of Formoſanta. The bird winged his way with the dreadful triumph in one of his pounces, and préſented it to the princeſs, bending, with humility, his neck, and crouching before her. The ſparkling diamonds dazzled the eyes of every beholder. Such magnificence was unknown even in ſuperb Babylon; the emerald, the topaz, the ſaphire, and the pyrope, were as yet conſidered as the moſt precious ornaments. Belus and the whole court were ſtruck with admiration. The bird which preſented this preſent ſurpriſed them ſtill more. It was of the ſize of an eagle, but its eyes were as ſoft and tender, as thoſe of the eagle are fierce and threatening. Its bill was roſe-colour, and ſeemed ſomewhat to reſemble Formoſanta's handſome mouth. Its neck repreſented all the colours of Iris, but ſtill more lively and brilliant; gold, in a thouſand ſhades, glittered upon its plumage; its feet reſembled a mixture of ſilver and purple; and the tails of thoſe beautiful birds which have ſince drawn

Juno's carr, did not come up to the ſplendor of this bird's.

THE attention, curioſity, aſtoniſhment, and extacy of the whole court, were divided between the jewels and the bird. He had perched upon the baluſtrade between Belus and his daughter Formoſanta; ſhe flattered it, careſſed it, and kiſſed it. It ſeemed to receive her embraces with a mixture of pleaſure and reſpect. When the princeſs gave the bird a kiſs, it returned the embrace, and then looked upon her with languiſhing eyes. She gave it biſcuits and piſtachoes, which it received in its purple-ſilvered paw, and carried them to its bill with inexpreſſible grace.

BELUS, who had attentively conſidered the diamonds, concluded, that ſcarce any one of his provinces could repay ſo valuable a preſent. He ordered that more magnificent gifts ſhould be prepared for the ſtranger than thoſe that were deſtined for the three monarchs. This young man, ſaid he, is doubtleſs ſon to the king of China, or of that part of the world called Europe, which I have heard ſpoken of; or of Africa, which, it is ſaid, is in the neighbourhood of the kingdom of Egypt.

He directly ſent his firſt equerry to compli-

ment

ment the ſtranger, and aſk him, whether he was himſelf the ſovereign or ſon to the ſovereign of one of thoſe empires; and why, being poſſeſſed of ſuch ſurpriſing treaſures, he had come with nothing but a valet and a little bag?

WHILST the equerry advanced towards the amphitheatre to execute his commiſſion, another valet arrived upon an unicorn. This valet addreſſing himſelf to the young man, ſaid, Ormar, your father is approaching the end of his life: I am come to acquaint you with it. The ſtranger raiſed his eyes to heaven, whilſt tears ſtreamed from them, and anſwered only by ſaying, *Let us depart*.

The equerry, after having paid Belus's compliments to the conqueror of the lion, to the giver of the forty diamonds, and to the maſter of the beautiful bird, aſked the valet, of what kingdom was the father of this young hero ſovereign? The valet replied, his father is an old ſhepherd, who is much beloved in the diſtrict.

During this converſation, the ſtranger had already mounted his unicorn. He ſaid to the equerry, My lord, vouchſafe to proſtrate me at the feet of Belus and his daughter. I muſt entreat her to take particular care of the bird I leave with her, as it is a nonpareil like herſelf.

In

In uttering theſe laſt words he ſet off, and flew like lightning: the two valets followed him, and he was in an inſtant out of ſight.

Formoſanta could not refrain from ſhrieking. The bird turning towards the amphitheatre, where his maſter had been ſeated, ſeemed greatly afflicted to find him gone: then viewing ſtedfaſtly the princeſs, and gently rubbing her beautiful hand with his bill, he ſeemed to betroth himſelf to her ſervice.

BELUS, more aſtoniſhed than ever, hearing that this very extraordinary young man was the ſon of a ſhepherd, could not believe it. He diſpatched meſſengers after him; but they ſoon returned with advice, that the three unicorns, upon which theſe men were mounted, could not be come up with; and that according to the rate they went, they muſt go a hundred leagues a day.

SECTION II.

EVERY one reaſoned upon this ſtrange adventure, and wearied themſelves with conjectures. How can the ſon of a ſhepherd make a preſent of forty large diamonds? How comes it that he is mounted upon an unicorn? This bewildered them, and Formoſanta, whilſt ſhe careſſed

careſſed her bird, was ſunk into a profound reverie.

PRINCESS Aldea, her couſin-german, who was very well ſhaped, and almoſt as handſome as Formoſanta, ſaid to her, Couſin, I know not whether this demigod be the ſon of a ſhepherd; but methinks he has fulfilled all the conditions ſtipulated for your marriage. He has bent Nembrod's bow, he has conquered the lion, he has a great ſhare of ſenſe, having wrote for you a very pretty extempore: and after having preſented you with forty large diamonds, you cannot deny that he is the moſt generous of men. In his bird he poſſeſſed the moſt curious thing upon earth. His virtue cannot be equalled, ſince though he might have ſtaid with you, he departed without heſitation, as ſoon as he heard his father was ill. The oracle is fulfilled in every particular, except that wherein he is to overcome his rivals; but he has done more, he has ſaved the life of the only competitor he had to fear; and when the object is beating the other two, I believe you cannot doubt that he will eaſily ſucceed.

ALL that you ſay is very true, replied Formoſanta. But is it poſſible, that the greateſt of men, and perhaps the moſt amiable too, ſhould be the ſon of a ſhepherd?

THE

THE lady of honour joining in the converſation, ſaid, that the title of ſhepherd was frequently given to kings; that they were called ſhepherds, becauſe they attended very cloſely their flocks; that this was doubtleſs a piece of ill-timed pleaſantry in his valet; that this young hero had not come ſo badly equipped, but to ſhew how much his perſonal merit alone was above the faſtidious parade of kings. The princeſs made no anſwer but in giving her bird a thouſand tender kiſſes.

A GREAT feſtival was, nevertheleſs, prepared for the three kings, and for all the princes who were come to the feaſt. The king's daughter and niece were to do the honours. The king received preſents worthy the magnificence of Babylon. Belus, during the time the repaſt was ſerving up, aſſembled his council upon the marriage of the beautiful Formoſanta, and this is the way he delivered himſelf as a great politician:

I AM old: I know not what longer to do with my daughter, or upon whom to beſtow her. He who deſerved her is nothing but a mean ſhepherd; the kings of India and Egypt are cowards; the king of the Scythians would

be

be very agreeable to me, but he has not performed any one of the conditions impoſed. I will again conſult the oracle. In the mean while deliberate among you, and we will conclude agreeable to what the oracle ſays; for a king ſhould follow nothing but the dictates of the immortal gods.

He then repaired to the temple; the oracle anſwered in a few words according to cuſtom, *Thy daughter ſhall not be married till ſhe has traverſed the globe.* Belus returned in aſtoniſhment to the council, and related this anſwer.

All the miniſters had a profound reſpect for oracles; they therefore all agreed, or at leaſt appeared to agree, that they were the foundation of religion; that reaſon ſhould be mute before them; that it was by their means that kings reigned over their people; that without oracles there would be neither virtue nor repoſe upon earth.

At length, after having teſtified the moſt profound veneration for them, they almoſt all concluded that this oracle was impertinent, and that he ſhould not be obeyed; that nothing could be more indecent for a young woman, and particularly the daughter of the great king

of

of Babylon, than to run about, without any particular deſtination; that this was the moſt certain method to prevent her being married, or elſe engage her in a clandeſtine, ſhameful, and ridiculous one; that in a word, this oracle had not common ſenſe.

The youngeſt of the miniſters, named Onadaſe, who had more ſenſe than the reſt, ſaid, that the oracle doubtleſs meant ſome pilgrimage of devotion; and offered to be the princeſs's guide. The council approved of his opinion, but every one was for being her equerry. The king determined that the princeſs might go three hundred paraſangs upon the road to Arabia, to the temple whoſe ſaint had the reputation of procuring young women happy marriages, and that the dean of the council ſhould accompany her. After this determination they went to ſupper.

SECTION III.

IN the center of the gardens, between two caſcades, was erected an oval ſaloon, three hundred feet in diameter, whoſe azure roof, interſected with golden ſtars, repreſented all the conſtellations and planets, each in its proper ſtation; and this cieling turned about, as well as the

the canopy, machines as inviſible as thoſe which direct the celeſtial motions. A hundred thouſand flambeaux incloſed in rich cryſtal cylinders, illuminated the out and inſide of the dining-hall. A buffet with ſteps contained thouſand vaſes and golden diſhes; and oppoſite the buffet, upon other ſteps, were ſeated a great number of muſicians.——Two other amphitheatres were decked out, the one with the fruits of each ſeaſon, the other with cryſtal decanters, in which ſparkled every kind of wine upon earth.

THE gueſts took their ſeats round a table divided into compartments, which reſembled flowers and fruits, all in precious ſtones. The beautiful Formoſanta was placed between the kings of India and Egypt; the amiable Aldea next the king of Scythia. There were about thirty princes, and each was ſeated next one of the handſomeſt ladies of the court. The king of Babylon, who was in the middle, oppoſite his daughter, ſeemed divided between the chagrin of being yet unable to marry her, and the pleaſure of ſtill beholding her. Formoſanta aſked leave to place her bird upon the table next her; the king approved of it.

THE muſic, which played, furniſhed every

prince with an opportunity of converſing with his female neighbour. The feſtival was as agreeable as it was magnificent. A ragout was ſerved before Formoſanta, which her father was very fond of. The princeſs ſaid it ſhould be carried to his Majeſty; the bird immediately took hold of it, and carried it in a miraculous manner to the king. Never was any thing more aſtoniſhing at ſupper. Belus careſſed it as much as his daughter had done. The bird afterwards took its flight to return to her. It diſplayed in flying ſo fine a tail, and its extended wings ſet forth ſuch a variety of brilliant colours, the gold of its plumage made ſuch a dazzling eclat, that all eyes were fixed upon him. All the muſicians were ſtruck motionleſs, and their inſtruments afforded harmony no longer. None eat, no one ſpoke, nothing but a buzzing of admiration was to be heard. The princeſs of Babylon kiſſed it during the whole ſupper, without conſidering whether there were any kings in the world. Thoſe of India and Egypt felt their ſpite and indignation rekindled with double force, and they reſolved ſpeedily to ſet their three hundred thouſand men in motion to obtain revenge.

As for the king of Scythia, he was engaged in

in entertaining the beautiful Aldea: his haughty ſoul deſpiſing, without malice, Formoſanta's inattention, had conceived for her more indifference than reſentment. She is handſome, ſaid he, I acknowledge; but ſhe appears to me one of thoſe women who are entirely taken up with their own beauty, and who fancy that mankind are greatly obliged to them when they deign to appear in public. I ſhould prefer an ugly complaiſant woman that teſtified ſome regard to that beautiful ſtatue. You have, Madam, as many charms as ſhe poſſeſſes, and you condeſcend to converſe, at leaſt, with ſtrangers. I acknowledge to you with the ſincerity of a Scythian, that I prefer you to your couſin. He was however miſtaken in regard to the character of Formoſanta; ſhe was not ſo diſdainful as ſhe appeared; but his compliments were very well received by the princeſs Aldea. Their converſation became very intereſting; they were very well contented, and already certain of one another before they left table.

AFTER ſupper the gueſts walked in the groves. The king of Scythia and Aldea did not fail ſeeking for a place of retreat. Aldea, who was ſincerity itſelf, thus declared herſelf to the prince:

I DO not hate my couſin though ſhe be handſomer than myſelf, and is deſtined for the throne of Babylon; the honour of pleaſing you may very well ſtand in the ſtead of charms. I prefer Scythia with you to the crown of Babylon without you. But this crown belongs to me by right, if there be any right in the world; for I am the elder branch of Nembrod, and Formoſanta is only of the younger. Her grandfather dethroned mine, and put him to death.

SUCH, then, is the force of blood in the houſe of Babylon! ſaid the Scythian. What was your grandfather's name? He was called Aldea like me; my father bore the ſame name; he was baniſhed to the extremity of the empire with my mother; and Belus after their death having nothing to fear from me, was willing to bring me up with his daughter. But he has reſolved that I ſhall never marry.

I WILL avenge the cauſe of your father, of your grandfather, and your cauſe, ſaid the king of Scythia. I am reſponſible for your being married: I will carry you off the day after to-morrow by day-break; for we muſt dine to-morrow with the king of Babylon; and I will return and ſupport your rights with three hun-

dred

dred thouſand men. I agree to it, ſaid the beauteous Aldea; and after having exchanged their words of honour, they ſeparated.

THE incomparable Formoſanta had been for a long time retired to reſt. She had ordered a little orange tree, in a ſilver caſe, to be placed by the ſide of her bed, that her bird might perch upon it. Her curtains were drawn, but ſhe was not the leaſt diſpoſed to ſleep: her heart and imagination were too much awake. The charming ſtranger was ever before her ſight; ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw him ſhooting an arrow with Nembrod's bow; ſhe contemplated him in the action of cutting off the lion's head; ſhe repeated his madrigal; at length, ſhe ſaw him retiring from the crowd upon his unicorn:—tears, ſighs, and lamentations, overwhelmed her at this reflection.—At intervals ſhe cried out, Shall I then never ſee him more? Will he never return?

He will return, Madam, replied the bird from the top of the orange-tree. Can one once have ſeen you, and not deſire to ſee you again?

Heavens! eternal powers! my bird ſpeaks the pureſt Chaldean. In uttering theſe words ſhe drew back the curtain, put out her hand to him,

and

and knelt upon her bed, ſaying, Art thou a god deſcended upon earth? Art thou the great Oroſmade concealed under this beautiful plumage? If thou art, reſtore me this charming young man.

I AM nothing but a winged animal, replied the bird; but I was born at the time when all animals ſtill ſpoke; when birds, ſerpents, aſſes, horſes, and griffins, converſed familiarly with man. I would not ſpeak before company, leſt your ladies of honour ſhould have taken me for a ſorcerer; I would not diſcover myſelf to any but you.

FORMOSANTA was ſpeechleſs, bewildered, and intoxicated with ſo many wonders: deſirous of putting a hundred queſtions to him at once, ſhe at length aſked him how old he was? Twenty-ſeven thouſand nine hundred years and ſix months, Madam; I date my age from the little revolution of heaven which your magi call the preceſſion of the equinoxes, and which is accompliſhed in about twenty-eight thouſand of your years. There are revolutions of a much greater extent, ſo are there beings much older than me. It is twenty-two thouſand years ſince I learnt Chaldean in one of my travels. I have always had a very great taſte for the Chaldean language;

language ; but my brethren the other animals, have renounced ſpeaking in your climate. And why ſo, my divine bird ? Alas ! becauſe men have accuſtomed themſelves to eat us, inſtead of converſing and inſtructing themſelves with us. Barbarians ! ſhould they not have been convinced, that having the ſame organs with them, the ſame ſentiments, the ſame wants, the ſame deſires, we had what is called a ſoul, the ſame as them ; that we were their brothers, and that none ſhould be dreſſed and eat but the wicked ? We are ſo far your brothers, that the Supreme Being, the Omnipotent and Eternal Being, having made a compact with men, expreſly comprehended us in the treaty. He forbad you to nouriſh yourſelves with our blood, and we to ſuck yours.*

THE fables of your ancient Locman, tranſlated into ſo many languages, will be a teſtimony eternally ſubſiſting of the happy commerce you formerly carried on with us. They all begin with theſe words : *In the time when beaſts ſpoke.* It is true, there are many females among you who keep up an inceſſant converſation with their dogs ; but they have reſolved not to anſwer, ſince they have been compelled by whip-

ping

* *See chapter* ix *of Geneſis, and chapter* iii, xviii *and* xix *of Eccleſiaſt.*

ping to go a hunting, and become accomplices in the murder of our ancient and common friends, ſtags, deers, hares and partriges.

You have ſtill ſome ancient poems in which horſes ſpeak, and your coachmen daily addreſs them in words; but in ſo barbarous a manner, and in uttering ſuch infamous expreſſions, that horſes which formerly entertained ſo great a kindneſs for you, now deteſt you.

THE country which is the reſidence of your charming ſtranger, the moſt perfect of men, is the only one in which your ſpecies has continued to love ours, to converſe with us; and this is the only country of the world where men are juſt.

AND where is this country of my dear incognito? what is the name of his empire? for I will no more believe he is a ſhepherd, than that you are a bat.

HIS country, madam, is that of the Gangarids, a virtuous and invincible people, who inhabit the eaſtern ſhore of the Ganges. The name of my friend is Amazan. He is no king; and I know not whether he would ſo much humble himſelf as to be one: he has too great a love for his fellow-countrymen; he is a

ſhepherd

ſhepherd like them. But do not imagine that thoſe ſhepherds reſemble yours, who covered with rags and tatters watch their ſheep, far better clad than themſelves; who groan under the burthen of poverty, and who pay to an extortioner half the miſerable ſtipend of wages which they receive from their maſters. The Gangaridian ſhepherds are all born equal, are the maſters of innumerable herds, which cover their fields in conſtant verdure. They are never killed; it is a horrid crime towards the Ganges to kill and eat one's fellow-creature. Their wool is finer and more brilliant than the fineſt ſilk, and conſtitutes the greateſt traffick of the Eaſt. Beſides, the land of the Gangarids produces all that can flatter the deſires of man. Thoſe large diamonds which Amazan had the honour of preſenting you with, are from a mine which belongs to him. An unicorn, on which you ſaw him mounted, is the uſual animal the Gangarids ride upon. It is the fineſt, the proudeſt, moſt terrible, and at the ſame time moſt gentle animal that ornaments the earth. A hundred Gangarids, with as many unicorns, would be ſufficient to diſperſe innumerable armies. About two centuries ago, a king of India was mad enough to want to conquer this nation: he appeared, followed by ten thouſand ele-

phants and a million of warriors. The unicorns pierced the elephants, juſt as I have ſeen upon your table beads pierced in golden brochets. The warriors fell under the ſabres of the Gangarids, like crops of rice mowed by the people of the Eaſt. The king was taken priſoner, with upwards of ſix thouſand men. He was bathed in the ſalutary water of the Ganges, followed the regimen of the country, which conſiſts only of vegetables, and in which nature there hath been amazingly liberal to nouriſh every breathing creature. Men who are fed with carnivorous aliments, and drenched with ſpirituous liquors, have a ſharp aduſt blood, which turns their brains a hundred different ways. Their chief rage is a fury to ſpill their brother's blood and laying waſte fertile plains to reign over church yards. Six full months were taken up in curing the king of India of his diſorder; when the phyſicians judged that his pulſe was in a greater ſtate of tranquillity, they certified this to the council of the Gangarids. The council having followed the advice of the unicorns, humanely ſent back the king of India, his ſilly court, and impotent warriors, to their own country. This leſſon made them wiſe, and from that time the Indians reſpected the Gangarids, as ignorant men willing to be inſtructed,

inſtructed, revere the Chaldean philoſophers they cannot equal. Apropos, my dear bird, ſaid the princeſs to him, do the Gangarids profeſs any religion? have they one? Madam, we meet to return thanks to God on the days of the full moon: the men in a great temple made of cedar, and the women in another, to prevent their devotion being diverted: all the birds aſſemble in a grove, and the quadrupeds on a fine down. We thank God for all the benefits he has beſtowed upon us. We have in particular ſome parrots that preach wonderfully well.

SUCH is the country of my dear Amazan; there I reſide: my friendſhip for him is as great as the love with which he has inſpired you. If you will credit me, we will ſet out together, and you ſhall pay him a viſit.

REALLY, my dear bird, this is a very pretty profeſſion of yours, replied the princeſs ſmiling, and who flamed with deſire to undertake the journey, but did not dare to ſay ſo. I ſerve my friend, ſaid the bird; and after the happineſs of loving you, the greateſt is to be an aſſiſtant in your amours.

FORMOSANTA was quite faſcinated; ſhe fancied herſelf tranſported from earth. All ſhe had ſeen that day, all ſhe then ſaw, all ſhe heard,

heard, and particularly what ſhe felt in her heart, ſo raviſhed her, as far to ſurpaſs what thoſe fortunate Muſſulmen now feel, who, diſencumbered from their terreſtrial ties, find themſelves in the ninth heaven in the arms of their Houris, ſurrounded and penetrated with glory and celeſtial felicity.

SECTION IV.

SHE paſſed the whole night in ſpeaking of Amazan. She no longer called him any thing but her ſhepherd; and from this time it was that the names of Shepherd and Lover were indiſcriminately uſed throughout every nation.

SOMETIMES ſhe aſked the bird whether Amazan had any other miſtreſſes. He anſwered no, and ſhe was at the ſummit of felicity. Sometimes ſhe aſked how he paſſed his life; and ſhe, with tranſport, learnt, that it was employed in doing good, in cultivating arts, in penetrating into the ſecrets of nature, and improving himſelf. She at times wanted to know if the ſoul of her lover was of the ſame nature as that of her bird; how it happened that he had lived twenty-thouſand years, when her lover was not above eighteen or nineteen. She

put

put a hundred ſuch queſtions, to which the bird replied with ſuch diſcretion as excited her curioſity. At length ſleep cloſed their eyes, and yielded up Formoſanta to the ſweet deluſion of dreams ſent by the gods, which ſometimes ſurpaſs reality itſelf, and which all the philoſophy of the Chaldeans can ſcarce explain.

FORMOSANTA did not wake till very late. The day was far advanced, when the king her father entered her chamber. The bird received his majeſty with reſpectful politeneſs, went before him, fluttered his wings, ſtretched his neck, and then replaced himſelf upon his orange tree. The king ſeated himſelf upon his daughter's bed, whoſe dreams had made her ſtill more beautiful. His large beard approached her lovely face, and after having twice embraced her, he ſpoke to her in theſe words:

MY dear daughter, you could not yeſterday find a huſband agreeable to my wiſhes, you nevertheleſs muſt marry; the proſperity of my empire requires it. I have conſulted the oracle, which you know never errs, and which directs all my conduct. His commands are, that you ſhould traverſe the globe: You muſt therefore begin your journey.——Ah! doubtleſs, to the Gangarids, ſaid the princeſs; and in uttering

theſe words, which eſcaped her, ſhe was ſenſible of her indiſcretion. The king, who was utterly ignorant of geography, aſked her what ſhe meant by the Gangarids? She eaſily diverted the queſtion. The king told her ſhe muſt go upon a pilgrimage; that he had appointed the perſons who were to attend her, the dean of the counſellors of ſtate, the high almoner, a lady of honour, a phyſician, an apothecary, her bird, and all neceſſary domeſtics.

FORMOSANTA, who had never been out of her father's palace; and who till the arrival of the three kings and Amazan, had led a very inſipid life, according to the *etiquette* of rank and the parade of pleaſure, was charmed at ſetting out upon a pilgrimage. Who knows, ſaid ſhe, whiſpering to her heart, if the gods may not inſpire Amazan with the like deſire of going to the ſame chapel, and I may have the happineſs of again ſeeing the pilgrim? She affectionately thanked her father, ſaying ſhe had always entertained a ſecret devotion for the ſaint ſhe was going to viſit.

BELUS gave an excellent dinner to his gueſts, who were all men. They formed a very ill aſſorted company; kings, princes, miniſters, pontiffs, all jealous of each other; all weighing

their

their words, and equally embarraſſed with their neighbours and themſelves. The repaſt was very gloomy, though they drank pretty freely. The princeſſes remained in their apartments, each meditating upon their reſpective journey. They dined at their little cover. Formoſanta afterwards walked in the gardens with her dear bird, who, to amuſe her, flew from tree to tree, diſplaying his ſuperb tail and divine plumage.

The king of Egypt, who was heated with wine, not to ſay drunk, aſked one of his pages for a bow and arrow. This prince was, in truth, the moſt unſkilful archer in his whole kingdom. When he aimed at a mark, the place of the greateſt ſafety was generally the ſpot he hit. But the beautiful bird flying as ſwiftly as the arrow, ſeemed to court it and fell bleeding in the arms of Formoſanta. The Egyptian, burſting into a fooliſh laugh, retired to his place. The princeſs rent the ſkies with her moans, melted into tears, tore her hair and beat her breaſt. The dying bird ſaid to her, in a low voice, Burn me, and fail not to carry my aſhes to the eaſt of the ancient city of Aden or Eden, and expoſe them to the ſun upon a little pile of cloves and cinnamon: after having uttered theſe words, he expired. Formoſanta

was

was for a long time in a ſwoon, and ſaw the light again only to burſt in ſighs and groans. Her father partaking of her grief, and imprecating the king of Egypt, did not doubt but this accident foretold ſome fatal event. He went haſtily to conſult the oracle of his chapel. The oracle replied, *A mixture of every thing, life and death, infidelity and conſtancy, loſs and gain, calamities and good fortune.* Neither he nor his council could comprehend any meaning in this reply; but, at length, he was ſatisfied with having fulfilled the duties of devotion.

His daughter was bathed in tears, whilſt he conſulted the oracle; ſhe paid the funeral obſequies to the bird, which he had directed, and reſolved to carry its remains into Arabia at the riſk of her life. He was burnt in incombuſtible flax, with the orange-tree on which he uſed to perch. She gathered up the aſhes in a little golden vaſe, ſet with rubies and the diamonds taken from the lion's mouth. Oh! that ſhe could, inſtead of fulfilling this melancholy duty, have burnt alive the deteſtable king of Egypt! This was her ſole wiſh. She, in ſpite, put to death the two crocodiles, his two ſea-horſes, his two zebras, his two rats, and had his two mummies thrown into the Euphrates. Had

ſhe

ſhe been poſſeſſed of his bull Apis, ſhe would not have ſpared him.

The king of Egypt, enraged at this affront, ſet out immediately to forward his three hundred thouſand men. The king of India ſeeing his ally depart, ſet off alſo upon his return the ſame day, with a firm intention of joining his three hundred thouſand Indians to the Egyptian army. The king of Scythia decamped in the night with the princeſs Aldea, fully reſolved to fight for her at the head of three hundred thouſand Scythians, and to reſtore her the inheritance of Babylon, which was her right, as ſhe was deſcended from the elder branch.

As to the beautiful Formoſanta, ſhe ſet out at three in the morning with her caravan of pilgrims, flattering herſelf that ſhe might go into Arabia, and execute the laſt will of her bird; and that the juſtice of the gods would reſtore her the dear Amazan, without whom life was become inſupportable.

When the king of Babylon awoke, he found all his company gone. How mighty feſtivals terminate, ſaid he; and what a ſurpriſing vacuum they leave in the ſoul, when the hurry is over! But he was tranſported with a rage truly royal, when he found that princeſs Aldea was

carried off. He ordered all his miniſters to be called up, and the council to be convened. Whilſt they were dreſſing, he failed not to conſult the oracle; but he could never get from it any other than theſe words, ſo celebrated ſince throughout the univerſe. *When girls are not married by their relations, they marry themſelves.*

ORDERS were immediately iſſued to march three hundred thouſand men againſt the king of Scythia. Thus was the torch of the moſt dreadful war lighted up, which was produced by the amuſements of the fineſt feſtival ever given upon earth. Aſia was on the point of being over-run by four armies, of three hundred thouſand men each. It is plain, that the war of Troy, which aſtoniſhed the world ſome ages after, was mere childrens play in compariſon to this; but it ſhould alſo be conſidered, that in the Trojans quarrel, the object was nothing more than a very libidinous old woman, who had contrived to be twice run away with; whereas, in this caſe, the cauſe was tripartite —two girls and a bird.

THE king of India went to meet his army upon the large fine road which then led ſtraight to Babylon, at Cachemir. The king of Scythia

flew

ſlew with Aldea by the fine road which led to mount Immaus. All theſe fine roads have diſappeared in a ſeries of time, by reaſon of bad government. The king of Egypt had marched to the weſt, along the coaſt of the little Mediterranean ſea, which the ignorant Hebrews have ſince called the Great Sea.

As to the charming Formoſanta, ſhe purſued the road of Baſſora, planted with lofty palm trees, which furniſhed a perpetual ſhade, and fruits at all ſeaſons. The temple in which ſhe was to perform her pilgrimage, was in Baſſora itſelf. The ſaint to whom this temple had been dedicated, was pretty nearly in the ſtyle of him who was afterwards adored at Lampſacus. He not only procured young women huſbands, but he often ſupplied the huſband's place. He was the holieſt ſaint in all Aſia.

Formosanta had no ſort of inclination for the ſaint of Baſſora; ſhe only invoked her dear Gangaridian ſhepherd, her charming Amazan. She propoſed embarking at Baſſora, and landing in Arabia Felix, to perform what her deceaſed bird had commanded.

At the third ſtage, ſcarce had ſhe entered into a fine inn, where her harbingers had made all the neceſſary preparations for her, when ſhe

learnt

learnt that the king of Egypt was arrived there alſo. Informed by his emiſſaries of the princeſs's route, he immediately altered his courſe, followed by a numerous eſcort. Having alighted, he placed centinels at all the doors; then repaired to the beautiful Formoſanta's apartment, when he addreſſed her by ſaying, Miſs, you are the lady I was in queſt of; you paid me very little attention when I was at Babylon; it is juſt to puniſh ſcornful capricious women: you will, if you pleaſe, be kind enough to ſup with me to-night; you will have no other bed than mine, and I ſhall behave to you according as I am ſatisfied with you.

FORMOSANTA ſaw very well that ſhe was not the ſtrongeſt; ſhe judged that good ſenſe conſiſted in knowing how to conform to one's ſituation; ſhe reſolved to get rid of the king of Egypt by an innocent ſtratagem: ſhe looked to him through the corners of her eyes, which after ages has called ogling; and thus ſhe ſpoke to him, with a modeſty, grace, and ſweetneſs, a confuſion, and a thouſand other charms, which would have made the wiſeſt man a fool, and deceived the moſt diſcerning:

I acknowledge, Sir, I always appeared with a downcaſt look, when you did the king my father

ther the honour of viſiting him. I had ſome apprehenſions for my heart, I dreaded my too great ſimplicity; I trembled leſt my father and your rivals ſhould obſerve the preference I gave you, and which you ſo highly deſerved. I can now declare my ſentiments. I ſwear by the bull Apis, which after you is the thing I reſpect the moſt in the world, that your propoſals have enchanted me. I have already ſupped with you at my father's, and I will ſup again here with you, without his being of the party; all that I requeſt of you is, that your high almoner ſhould drink with us: he appeared to me at Babylon to be an excellent gueſt; I have ſome Chiras wine remarkably good, I will make you both taſte it. As to your ſecond propoſition it is very engaging; but a girl well brought up ſhould not dwell upon it; ſatisfy yourſelf with being informed, that I conſider you as the greateſt of kings, and the moſt amiable of men.

This diſcourſe turned the king of Egypt's head; he agreed to have the almoner's company. I have another favour to aſk you, ſaid the princeſs, which is to allow me to ſpeak to my apothecary; women have always ſome little ails that require attention, ſuch as vapours in the head, palpitations of the heart, colics, and the like, which at particular times require ſome

aſſiſtance;

assistance; in a word, I at present stand in need of my apothecary, and I hope you will not refuse me this slight testimony of love.

MISS, replied the king of Egypt, though the designs of an apothecary are directly opposite to mine, and the objects of his art are directly contrary to those of mine, I know life too well to refuse you so just a demand; I will order him to attend you whilst supper is preparing. I imagine you must be somewhat fatigued by the journey; you will also have occasion for a chamber maid, you may order her you like best to attend you; I will afterwards wait your commands and conveniency. He retired, and the apothecary and chamber-maid, named Irla, entered. The princess had an entire confidence in her; she ordered her to bring six bottles of Chiras wine for supper, and to make all the centinels, who had her officers under arrest, drink the same; then she recommended her apothecary to infuse in all the bottles certain pharmaceutic drugs, which made those who took them, sleep twenty-four hours, and with which he was always provided. She was punctually obeyed. The king returned with his high almoner in about half an hour's time; the conversation at supper was very gay; the

king

king and the prieſt emptied the ſix bottles, and acknowledged there was no ſuch good wine in Egypt: the chamber-maid was attentive to make the ſervants in waiting drink. As for the princeſs, ſhe took great care not to drink any herſelf, ſaying, That ſhe was ordered by her phyſician a particular regimen. They were all preſently aſleep.

THE king of Egypt's almoner had one of the fineſt beards that a man of his rank could wear. Formoſanta lopt it off very ſkilfully; then ſewing it to a ribbon, ſhe put it on her own chin. She then dreſſed herſelf in the prieſt's robes, and decked herſelf in all the marks of his dignity, and her waiting-maid clad herſelf like the ſacriſtan of the goddeſs Iſis; at length having furniſhed herſelf with his urn and jewels, ſhe ſet out from the inn amidſt the centinels, who were aſleep like their maſter. Her attendant had taken care to have two horſes ready at the door. The princeſs could not take with her any of the officers of her train; they would have been ſtopt by the great guards.

FORMOSANTA and Irla paſſed through ſeveral ranks of ſoldiers, who taking the princeſs for the high prieſt, called her, My moſt Reverend Father in God, and aſked his bleſſing.

The

The two fugitives arrived in twenty-four hours at Baſſora, before the king awoke. They then threw off their diſguiſe, which might have created ſome ſuſpicion. They fitted out with all poſſible expedition a ſhip, which carried them by the ſtreights of Ormus, to the beautiful banks of Eden in Arabia Felix. This was that Eden whoſe gardens were ſo famous, that they have ſince been the reſidence of the juſteſt of mankind; they were the model of the Elyſian fields, the gardens of the Heſperides, and thoſe of the Fortunate Iſlands; for in thoſe warm climates men imagined there could be no greater felicity than ſhades and murmuring brooks. To live eternally in heaven with the Supreme Being, or to walk in the garden of paradiſe, was the ſame thing to thoſe who inceſſantly ſpoke without underſtanding one another, and who could ſcarce have any diſtinct ideas or juſt expreſſions.

As ſoon as the princeſs found herſelf in this land, her firſt care was to pay her dear bird the funeral obſequies he had required of her. Her beautiful hands prepared a ſmall pile of cloves and cinnamon. What was her ſurprize, when having ſpread the aſhes of the bird upon this pile, ſhe ſaw it blaze of itſelf. They were all preſently

preſently conſumed. In the place of the aſhes there appeared nothing but a large egg, from whence ſhe ſaw her bird iſſue more brilliant than ever. This was one of the moſt happy moments the princeſs had ever experienced in her whole life; there was but another that could ever be dearer to her; it was the object of her wiſhes, but almoſt beyond her hopes.

I PLAINLY ſee, ſaid ſhe to the bird, you are the phænix which I have heard ſo much ſpoken of. I am almoſt ready to expire with joy and aſtoniſhment. I did not believe in your reſurrection, but it is my good fortune to be convinced of it. Reſurrection, Madam, ſaid the phænix to her, is one of the moſt ſimple things in the world. There is nothing more aſtoniſhing in being born twice than once. Every thing in this world is the effect of reſurrection; caterpillers are regenerated into butterflies; a kernel put into the earth is regenerated into a tree. All animals buried in the earth regenerate into vegetations, herbs and plants, and nouriſh other animals, of which they ſpeedily compoſe part of the ſubſtance: all particles which compoſed bodies, are transformed into different beings. It is true, that I am the only one to whom Oroſmade has granted the favour of regenerating in my own form.

FORMOSANTA, who from the moment ſhe firſt ſaw Amazan and the phænix, had paſſed all her time in a round of aſtoniſhment, ſaid to him, I can eaſily conceive that the Supreme Being may form out of your aſhes a phænix nearly reſembling yourſelf; but that you ſhould be preciſely the ſame perſon, that you ſhould have the ſame ſoul, is a thing, I acknowledge, I cannot very clearly comprehend. What became of your ſoul, when I carried you in my pocket after your death?

GOOD heavens, Madam! is it not as eaſy for the great Oroſmade to continue action upon a ſingle atom of my being, as to begin afreſh this action? He had before granted me ſenſation, memory, and thought; he grants them to me again; whether he united this favour to an atom of elementary fire latent within me, or the aſſemblage of my organs, is, in reality, of no conſequence; men, as well as phænixes, are equally ignorant how things come to paſs; but the greateſt favour the Supreme Being has beſtowed upon me, is to regenerate me for you. Oh! that I may paſs the twenty-eight thouſand years which I have ſtill to live before my next reſurrection, with you and my dear Amazan!

My dear phænix, remember what you firſt told me at Babylon, which I ſhall never forget, and which flattered me with the hope of again ſeeing my dear ſhepherd, whom I idolize; we muſt abſolutely pay the Gangarids a viſit together, and I muſt carry him back with me to Babylon. This is preciſely my deſign, ſaid the phænix; there is not a moment to loſe. We muſt go in ſearch of Amazan by the ſhorteſt road, that is through the air. There are in Arabia Felix two griffins, who are my particular friends, who live only a hundred and fifty thouſand leagues from hence; I am going to write to them by the pidgeons poſt, and they will be here before night. We ſhall have time to work you a little convenient canopy with drawers, in which you may place your proviſions. You will be quite at your eaſe in this vehicle, with your maid. Theſe two griffins are the moſt vigorous of their kind; each of them will ſupport one of the poles of the canopy between their claws. But, once for all, time is very precious. He immediately went with Formoſanta to order the canopy at an upholſterer's of his acquaintance. It was made complete in four hours. In the drawers were placed ſmall fine loaves, biſcuits ſuperior to

thoſe of Babylon, large lemons, pine-apples, cocoa and piſtacho nuts, Eden wine, which is as ſuperior to that of Chiras, as Chiras is to that of Surinam.

THE canopy was as light as it was commodious and ſolid. The two griffins arrived at Eden by the appointed time. Formoſanta and Irla placed themſelves in the vehicle. The two griffins carried it off like a feather. The phænix ſometimes flew after it, and ſometimes perched upon its back. The two griffins winged their way towards the Ganges with the velocity of an arrow which rends the air. They never ſtopt but a moment at night, for the travellers to take ſome refreſhment, and the carriers to take a draught of water.

THEY at length reached the country of the Gangarids. The princeſs's heart palpitated with hope, love, and joy. The phænix ſtopt the vehicle before the Amazan's houſe; he deſired to ſpeak with him; but he had been abſent from home three hours, without any one knowing whither he was gone.

THERE are no words, even in the Gangaridian language, that could expreſs Formoſanta's extreme deſpair. Alas! this is what I dreaded, ſaid the phænix: the three hours which you

paſſed

paſſed at the inn upon the road to Baſſora with that wretched king of Egypt, have perhaps been at the price of the happineſs of your whole life; I very much fear we have loſt Amazan, without the poſſibility of recovering him.

He then aſked the ſervants, if they could ſalute the lady his mother? She anſwered, her huſband had died only two days before, and ſhe could ſpeak to no one. The phœnix, who was not without influence in the houſe, introduced the princeſs of Babylon into a ſaloon, the walls of which were covered with orange-tree wood inlaid with ivory. The inferior ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, who were dreſſed in long white garments with gold-coloured trimmings, ſerved her up in a hundred plain porcelain baſkets, a hundred various delicious meats, amongſt which no diſguiſed carcaſſes were to be ſeen; they conſiſted of rice, ſago, vermicelli, macaroni, omelets, milk-eggs, cream, cheeſe, paſtry of every kind, vegetables, fruit peculiarly odoriferous and grateful to the taſte, of which no idea can be formed in other climates; and they were accompanied with a profuſion of refreſhing liquors, ſuperior to the fineſt wine.

Whilst the princeſs regaled herſelf, ſeated upon a bed of roſes, four peacocks, who were luckily

luckily mute, fanned her with their brilliant wings; two hundred birds, one hundred ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, warbled a concert in two different choirs; the nightingales, thiſtle-finches, linnets, chaffinches, ſung the higher notes with the ſhepherdeſſes, and the ſhepherds ſung the tenor and the baſs. The princeſs acknowledged, that if there was more magnificence at Babylon, nature was infinitely more agreeable among the Gangarids: but whilſt this conſolatory and voluptuous muſic was playing, tears flowed from her eyes, whilſt ſhe ſaid to the damſel Irla, Theſe ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, theſe nightingales, theſe linnets, are making love; and for my part, I am deprived of the Gangaridian hero, the worthy object of my moſt tender and impatient deſires.

Whilſt ſhe was taking this collation, and tears and admiration kept pace with each other, the phænix addreſſed himſelf to Amazan's mother, ſaying, Madam, you cannot avoid ſeeing the princeſs of Babylon; you know——I know every thing, ſaid ſhe, even her adventure at the inn upon the road to Baſſora; a black-bird related the whole to me this morning; and this cruel black-bird is the cauſe of my ſon's going mad, and leaving his paternal abode.—

You

You do not know, then, that the princeſs regenerated me?—No, my dear child, the blackbird told me that you were dead, and this made me inconſolable. I was ſo afflicted at this loſs, the death of my huſband, and the precipitate flight of my ſon, that I ordered my door to be ſhut to every one. But ſince the princeſs of Babylon has done me the honour of paying me a viſit, I beg ſhe may be immediately introduced; I have matters of the laſt importance to acquaint her with, and I chuſe you ſhould be preſent. She then went to meet the princeſs in another ſaloon. She could not walk very well; this lady was about three hundred years old; but ſhe had ſtill ſome agreeable veſtiges of beauty: it might be diſcovered, that about her two hundred and thirtieth, or two hundred and fortieth year, ſhe muſt have been a moſt charming woman. She received Formoſanta with a reſpectful nobleneſs, blended with an air of intereſt and chagrin, which made a very lively impreſſion upon the princeſs.

FORMOSANTA immediately paid her the compliments of condolence upon her huſband's death. Alas! ſaid the widow, you have more reaſon to lament his death than you imagine. I am, doubtleſs, greatly afflicted, ſaid Formoſanta, he was father to —— here a flood of

tears

tears prevented her from going on. For his ſake only I undertook this journey, amidſt many perils, and narrowly eſcaped many dangers. For him I left my father, and the moſt ſplendid court in the univerſe. I was detained by a king of Egypt whom I deteſt. Having eſcaped from this raviſher, I have traverſed the air, in ſearch of the only man I love. When I arrive, he flies from me!—Here ſighs and tears ſtopt her farther harangue.

HIS mother then ſaid to her, Madam, when the king of Egypt raviſhed you, when you ſupped with him at an inn upon the road to Baſſora, when your beautiful hands filled him bumpers of Chiras wine, did you obſerve a black-bird that flew about the room? Yes, really, ſaid the princeſs, I do now recollect there was ſuch a bird, though I did not then pay it any kind of attention; but in collecting my ideas, I now remember well, that at the inſtant when the king of Egypt got up from table to give me a kiſs, the black-bird flew out at the window, in giving a loud cry, and never appeared after.

ALAS! Madam, reſumed Amazan's mother, this is preciſely the cauſe of all our misfortunes: my ſon had diſpatched this black-bird

to

to gain intelligence of your health, and all that paſſed at Babylon. He propoſed ſpeedily to return, throw himſelf at your feet, and conſecrate to you the remainder of his life. You know not to what a pitch he adores you. All the Gangarids are both amorous and faithful; but my ſon is the moſt paſſionate and conſtant of them all. The black-bird found you at an inn, drinking very chearfully with the king of Egypt and a vile prieſt; he afterwards ſaw you give this monarch, who had killed the phænix, a fond embrace;——the man my ſon holds in utter deteſtation. The black-bird, at the ſight of this, was ſeized with a juſt indignation; he flew away imprecating your fatal amours: he returned this day, and has related every thing; but, juſt heaven, at what a juncture! at the very time that my ſon was deploring with me the loſs of his father, and that of the phænix! at the very inſtant I had informed him he was your couſin-german!

Oh heavens! my couſin, Madam, is it poſſible? how can this be? And am I ſo happy as to be thus allied! and yet ſo miſerable as to have offended him!

My ſon is, I tell you, ſaid his mother, your couſin, and I ſhall preſently convince you of it;

but in becoming my relation, you rob me of my ſon; he cannot ſurvive the grief which the embrace you gave to the king of Egypt has occaſioned him.

AH! my dear aunt, cried the beautiful Formoſanta, I ſwear by him and the all-powerful Oroſmade, that this embrace, ſo far from being criminal, was the ſtrongeſt proof of love your ſon could receive from me. I diſobeyed my father for his ſake. For him I went from the Euphrates to the Ganges. Fallen into the hands of the worthleſs Pharaoh of Egypt, I could not eſcape his clutches but by artifice. I call the aſhes and ſoul of the phænix, which were then in my pocket, to witneſs; he can do me juſtice. But how can your ſon, born upon the banks of the Ganges, be my couſin? I, whoſe family have reigned upon the banks of the Euphrates for ſo many centuries?

You know, ſaid the venerable Gangaridian lady to her, that your grand-uncle, Aldea, was king of Babylon, and that he was dethron'd by Belus's father?—Yes, Madam.——You know that this Aldea had in marriage a ~~daughter~~ ſon named Aldea, brought up in your court. It was this prince, who, being perſecuted by your father, took refuge in our happy country under another

another name: he married me; by him I bore young prince Aldea Amazan, the moſt beautiful, the moſt courageous, the ſtrongeſt, and moſt virtuous of mortals;——and at this hour the maddeſt. He went to the Babylonian feſtival upon the credit of your beauty; ſince that time he idolizes you, and, perhaps, I ſhall never again ſet eyes upon my dear ſon.

She then diſplayed to the princeſs all the titles of the houſe of the Aldeas. Formoſanta ſcarce deigned to look at them. Ah! Madam, do we examine what is the object of our deſire? My heart ſufficiently believes you. But where is Aldea Amazan? where is my kinſman, my lover, my king? where is my life? what road has he taken? I will ſeek for him in every ſphere the Eternal Being has framed, and of which he is the greateſt ornament. I will go into the ſtar Canope, into Shcath, into Aldebaran; I will go and convince him of my love and my innocence.

The phænix juſtified the princeſs with regard to the crime that was imputed to her by the black-bird, fondly embracing the king of Egypt; but it was neceſſary to undeceive Amazan and recal him. Birds are diſpatched on every ſide, unicorns ſet forward on every road;

news

news at length arrives that Amazan took that towards China. Well then, ſaid the princeſs, let us ſet out for China; the journey is not long, and I hope I ſhall bring you back your ſon in a fortnight at fartheſt. At theſe words the tears of affection ſtreamed from his mother's eyes and thoſe of the princeſs;——they moſt tenderly embraced in the great effuſion of their hearts.

THE phænix immediately ordered a coach with ſix unicorns. Amazan's mother furniſhed two thouſand horſemen, and made the princeſs her niece a preſent of ſome thouſands of the fineſt diamonds of her country. The phænix, afflicted at the evil occaſioned by the black-bird's indiſcretion, ordered all the black-birds to quit the country; and from that time none have been met with upon the banks of the Ganges.

SECTION V.

THE unicorns, in leſs than eight days, carried Formoſanta, Irla, and the Phænix, to Cambalu, the capital of China. This city was larger than that of Babylon, and its magnificence very different. Theſe freſh objects, theſe new

new manners, would have amuſed Formoſanta, could any thing but Amazan have engaged her.

As ſoon as the emperor of China learnt that the princeſs of Babylon was at one of the city gates, he diſpatched to her four thouſand Mandarins in ceremonial robes: they all proſtrated themſelves before her, and preſented her with a compliment written in golden letters upon a ſheet of purple ſilk. Formoſanta told them, that if ſhe were poſſeſſed of four thouſand tongues, ſhe would not omit replying immediately to every Mandarin; but that having only one, ſhe hoped they would be ſatisfied with her general thanks. They conducted her, in a reſpectful manner, to the emperor.

He was the moſt juſt, the politeſt, and wiſeſt monarch upon earth. It was he who firſt tilled a ſmall field with his own imperial hands, to make agriculture reſpectable to his people. He firſt allotted premiums to virtue: laws in all other countries were ſhamefully confined to the puniſhment of crimes. This emperor had juſt baniſhed from his dominions a gang of foreign Bonzes, who had come from the extremities of the Weſt, with the frantic hope of compelling all China to think like themſelves; and who, under pretence of teaching truths,

had

had already acquired honours and riches. In expelling them he delivered himſelf in theſe words, which are recorded in the annals of the empire.

" You may here do as much harm as you have elſewhere: you are come to preach dogmas of intolerance, in the moſt tolerating nation upon earth. I ſend you back, that I may never be compelled to puniſh you. You will be honourably conducted to my frontiers; you will be furniſhed with every thing neceſſary to return to the confines of the hemiſphere from whence you came. Depart in peace, if you can be in peace, and never return."

The princeſs of Babylon learnt with pleaſure this ſpeech and determination; ſhe was the more certain of being well received at court, as ſhe was very far from entertaining any dogmas of intolerance. The emperor of China, in dining with her *tête-à-tête*, had the politeneſs to baniſh all diſagreeable *etiquettes*: ſhe preſented the phœnix to him, who was greatly careſſed by the emperor, and who perched upon his chair. Formoſanta, towards the end of the repaſt, ingenuouſly acquainted him with the cauſe of her journey, and intreated him to ſearch for the beautiful Amazan in the city of Cambalu;

Cambalu; and in the mean while ſhe acquainted the emperor with her adventures, without concealing the fatal paſſion with which her heart burnt for this youthful hero. Who do you mention him to? ſaid the emperor of China; he did me the pleaſure of coming to my court: I was enchanted with this amiable Amazan. It is true, that he is deeply afflicted; but his graces are thereby the more affecting. No one of my favourites has more wit than him, there is not a gown Mandarin who has more knowledge, nor a military one who has a more martial or heroic air. His extreme youth adds an additional value to all his talents. If I were ſo unfortunate, ſo abandoned by the Tien and Changti, as to deſire being a conqueror, I would deſire Amazan to put himſelf at the head of my armies, and I ſhould be ſure of conquering the whole univerſe. It is a great pity that his melancholy ſometimes diſconcerts him.

Ah! Sir, ſaid Formoſanta, with much agitation and grief, blended with an air of reproach, why did you not make me dine with him? This is a mortal ſtroke you have given me!—ſend for him immediately. Madam, replied the emperor, he ſet out this very morning, without acquainting me with his deſtination. Formoſanta, turning towards the phænix, ſaid

to

to him, Did you ever know ſo unfortunate a damſel as myſelf? But, reſuming, ſhe ſaid, Sir, how came he to quit ſo polite a court, and in which, methinks, one might paſs one's life, in ſo abrupt a manner.

THIS was the caſe, Madam, ſaid he: One of the moſt amiable of the princeſſes of the blood, falling deſperately in love with him, fixed a rendezvous to meet him at noon; he ſet out at day-break, leaving this billet for my kinſwoman whom it hath coſt a deluge of tears:

" Beautiful princeſs of the blood of China, you are deſerving of a heart that was never offered up to any other altar: I have ſworn to the immortal gods, never to love any other than Formoſanta princeſs of Babylon, and to teach her how to conquer one's deſires in travelling. She has had the misfortune to yield to a worthleſs king of Egypt: I am the moſt unfortunate of men; I have loſt my father and the phænix, and the hope of being loved by Formoſanta. I left my mother in affliction, and my country, unable to live a moment in that ſpot, where I learnt that Formoſanta loved another than me; I ſwore to traverſe the earth, and be faithful. You would deſpiſe me, and the gods puniſh me, if I violated my oath: chuſe another lover, Madam, and be as faithful as I am."

AH!

AH! give me that miraculous letter, ſaid the beautiful Formoſanta, it will afford me ſome conſolation: I am happy in the midſt of my misfortunes. Amazan loves me; Amazan for me renounces the embraces of princeſſes of China; there is no one upon earth but himſelf endowed with ſo much fortitude; he ſets me a moſt brilliant example; the phænix knows I did not ſtand in need of it: how cruel it is to be deprived of one's lover for the moſt innocent embrace given through pure fidelity! But, in fine, whither is he gone? what road has he taken? Deign to inform me, and I will ſet out.

THE emperor of China told her, that according to the reports he had received, her lover had taken the road towards Scythia. The unicorns were immediately harneſſed, and the princeſs, after the moſt tender compliments, took leave of the emperor, with the phænix, her chamber-maid Irla, and all her train.

AS ſoon as ſhe arrived in Scythia, ſhe was more convinced than ever how much men and governments differed, and would differ, till ſuch time as ſome more enlightened people ſhould by degrees remove that cloud of darkneſs which had covered the earth for ſo many ages; and

till there ſhould be found in barbarous climates, heroic ſouls, who would have ſtrength and perſeverance enough to transform brutes into men. There are no cities in Scythia, conſequently no agreeable arts; nothing was to be ſeen but extenſive fields, and whole nations, whoſe ſole habitations were tents and chars. Such an appearance ſtruck her with terror. Formoſanta enquired in what tent or char the king was lodged? She was informed that he had ſet out eight days before with three hundred thouſand cavalry to attack the king of Babylon, whoſe niece, the beautiful princeſs Aldea, he had carried off.

WHAT hath he run away with my couſin, cried Formoſanta? I could not have imagined ſuch an incident. What is my couſin, who was too happy in paying her court to me, become a queen, and I am not yet married! She was immediately conducted by her deſire, to the queen's tent.

THEIR unexpected meeting in ſuch diſtant climes; the uncommon occurrences they mutually had to impart to each other, gave ſuch charms to this interview, as made them forget they never loved one another; they ſaw each other with tranſport; and a ſoft illuſion ſupplied the

the place of real tenderneſs: they embraced with tears; and there was a cordiality and frankneſs on each ſide, that could not have taken place in a palace.

ALDEA remembered the phænix and the waiting-maid Irla. She preſented her couſin with zibelin ſkins, who in return gave her diamonds. The war between the two kings was ſpoken of. They deplored the ſtate of men, the victims of the caprice of princes, when two honeſt men might ſettle the difference, without a ſingle throat being cut, in leſs than an hour: but the principal topic was the handſome ſtranger, who had conquered lions, given the largeſt diamonds in the univerſe, the writer of madrigals, now become the moſt miſerable of men from the intelligence of a blackbird. He is my dear brother, ſaid Aldea. He is my lover, cried Formoſanta: you have, doubtleſs, ſeen him; is he ſtill here? for, couſin, he knows he is your brother; he cannot have left you ſo abruptly as he did the king of China.

HAVE I ſeen him, good heaven! yes, he paſſed four whole days with me. Ah! couſin, how much my brother is to blame! A falſe report has abſolutely turned his brain; he roams about the world, without knowing whi-

ther

ther he is deſtined. Image to yourſelf, that his phrenſy is ſo great, that he has refuſed the favours of the handſomeſt Scythian Lady in all Scythia. He ſet out yeſterday, after writing her a letter which has thrown her into deſpair. As for him, he is gone to viſit the Cimmerians. God be thanked! cried Formoſanta; another refuſal in my favour! My good fortune is beyond my hope, as my misfortunes ſurpaſſed my greateſt apprehenſions. Procure me this charming letter, that I may ſet out and follow him, loaded with his ſacrifices. Farewel, couſin! Amazan is among the Cimmerians, and I fly to meet him.

ALDEA judged that the princeſs her couſin was ſtill more frantic than her brother Amazan. But as ſhe had herſelf been ſenſible of the effects of this epidemic contagion, having given up the delights and magnificence of Babylon for a king of Scythia; and as the women always excuſe thoſe follies that are the effects of love; ſhe felt for Formoſanta's affliction, wiſhed her a happy journey, and promiſed to be her advocate with her brother, if ever ſhe was ſo fortunate as to ſee him again.

SECTION

SECTION VI.

FROM Scythia the princeſs of Babylon with her phœnix, arrived ſoon at the empire of the Cimmerians, a country indeed much leſs populous than Scythia, but of far greater extent.

AFTER a few days journey, ſhe entered a very large city, which has of late been greatly improved by the reigning empreſs: ſhe herſelf was not there at that time, but was making a progreſs through her dominions, on the frontiers of Europe and Aſia, in order to judge of their ſtate and condition with her own eyes, to enquire into their grievances, and to provide the proper remedies for them.

THE principal magiſtrate of that ancient capital, as ſoon as he was informed of the arrival of the Babylonian lady and the phœnix, loſt no time in paying her all the honours of the country; being certain that his miſtreſs, the moſt polite and generous princeſs in the world, would be extremely well pleaſed to find that he had received ſo illuſtrious a lady with all that reſpect which ſhe herſelf, if on the ſpot, would have ſhewed her.

THE princeſs was lodged in the palace, and entertained with great ſplendor and elegance.

The

The Cimmerian lord, who was an excellent natural philoſopher, diverted himſelf in converſing with the phænix, at ſuch times as the princeſs choſe to retire to her own apartment. The phænix told him, that he had formerly travelled among the Cimmerians, but that he ſhould not have known the country again. How comes it, ſaid he, that ſuch prodigious changes have been brought about in ſo ſhort a time? Formerly, when I was here, about three hundred years ago, I ſaw nothing but ſavage nature in all her horrors; at preſent I perceive induſtry, arts, ſplendor, and politeneſs. This mighty revolution, replied the Cimmerian, was begun by one man, and is now carried to perfection by one woman; a woman who is a greater legiſlator than the Iſis of the Egyptians, or the Ceres of the Greeks. Moſt lawgivers have been unhappy in a narrow genius and an arbitrary diſpoſition, which confined their views to the countries they governed: each of them looked upon his own, as the only people exiſting upon the earth, or as if they ought to be at enmity with all the reſt: they have formed inſtitutions, introduced cuſtoms, and eſtabliſhed a religion for them alone. Thus the Egyptians, ſo famous for thoſe heaps of ſtones called pyramids,

mids, have dishonoured and besotted themselves with their barbarous superstitions. They despise all other nations as profane; refuse all manner of intercourse with them; and, excepting those conversant in the court, who now and then rise above the prejudices of the vulgar, there is not an Egyptian who will eat off a plate that had ever been used by a stranger. Their priests are equally cruel and absurd. It were better to have no laws at all, and to follow those notions of right and wrong engraven on our hearts by nature, than to subject society to institutions so inhospitable.

Our empress has adopted a quite different system; she considers her vast dominions, under which all the meridians on the globe are united, as under an obligation of correspondence with all the nations dwelling under those Meridians. The first and most fundamental of her laws, is an universal toleration of all religions, and an unbounded compassion for every error. Her penetrating genius perceives, that though the modes of religious worship differ, yet morality is every where the same: by this principle, she has united her people to all the nations on earth, and the Cimmerians will soon consider the Scandinavians and Chinese as their brethren.

Not

Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe has reſolved to eſtabliſh this invaluable toleration, the ſtrongeſt link of ſociety among her neighbours: by theſe means ſhe has obtained the title of the parent of her country; and, if ſhe perſeveres, will acquire that of the benefactreſs of mankind.

BEFORE her time, the men, who were unhappily poſſeſſed of power, ſent out legions of murderers to ravage unknown countries, and to water with the blood of the children the inheritance of their fathers. Thoſe aſſaſſins were called heroes, and their robberies accounted glorious atchievements. But our ſovereign courts another ſort of glory; ſhe has ſent forth her armies to be the meſſengers of peace; not only to prevent men from being the deſtroyers, but to oblige them to be the benefactors of one another. Her ſtandards are the enſigns of public tranquility.

THE phænix was quite charmed with what he heard from this nobleman; he told him that though he had lived twenty ſeven thouſand nine hundred years and ſeven months in this world, he had never ſeen any thing like it. He then enquired after his friend Amazan. The Cimmerian gave the ſame account of him that the princeſs had already heard from the Chineſe and the

the Scythians. It was Amazan's conſtant practice to run away from all the courts he viſited, the inſtant any lady made him an aſſignation, apprehending he might be prevailed upon to give ſome proofs of human frailty. The phænix ſoon acquainted Formoſanta with this freſh inſtance of Amazan's fidelity; a fidelity ſo much the more ſurpriſing, ſince he could not imagine his princeſs would ever hear of it.

AMAZAN had ſet out for Scandinavia, where he was entertained with ſights ſtill more ſurpriſing. In this place, he beheld monarchy and liberty ſubſiſting together in a manner thought incompatible in other ſtates; the labourers of the ground ſhared in the legiſlature with the grandees of the realm. In another place he ſaw what was ſtill more extraordinary; a prince equally remarkable for his extreme youth and uprightneſs, who poſſeſſed a ſovereign authority over his country, acquired by a ſolemn contract with his people.

AMAZAN beheld a philoſopher on the throne of Sarmatia, who might be called a king of Anarchy; for he was the chief of a hundred thouſand petty kings, one of whom with his ſingle voice could render ineffectual the reſolutions of all the reſt. Æolus had not more dif-

ficulty to keep the warring winds within their proper bounds, than this monarch to reconcile the tumultuous diſcordant ſpirits of his ſubjects. He was the maſter of a ſhip ſurrounded with eternal ſtorms; but the veſſel did not founder, for he was an excellent pilot.

IN traverſing thoſe various countries, ſo different from his own, Amazan perſevered in rejecting all the favourable advances made to him by the ladies, though inceſſantly diſtracted with the embrace given by Formoſanta to the king of Egypt, being reſolved to ſet Formoſanta an amazing example of an unſhaken and unparalleled fidelity.

THE princeſs of Babylon was conſtantly cloſe at his heels, and ſcarce ever miſſed of him but by a day or two; without the one being tired of roaming, or the other loſing a moment in purſuing him.

THUS he traverſed the immenſe continent of Germany, where he beheld with wonder, the progreſs which reaſon and philoſophy had made in the North; even their princes were enlightened, and were become the patrons of freedom of thought. Their education had not been truſted to men who had an intereſt in deceiving them,

them, or who were themſelves deceived; they were brought up in the knowledge of univerſal morality, and in the contempt of ſuperſtition: they had baniſhed from all their eſtates a ſenſeleſs cuſtom which had enervated and depopulated the ſouthern countries; this was to bury alive in immenſe dungeons, infinite numbers of both ſexes who were eternally ſeparated from one another, and ſworn to have no communication together. This madneſs had contributed more than the moſt cruel wars to lay waſte and ravage the earth.

THE princes of the North had at laſt found out, that if they wanted a good breed of horſes, they muſt not ſeparate the fineſt ſtallions from the mares. They had likewiſe exploded other errors equally abſurd and pernicious; in ſhort, men had at laſt ventured to make uſe of their reaſon in thoſe immenſe regions; whereas it was ſtill believed almoſt every where elſe, that they could not be governed but in proportion to their ignorance.

SECTION VII.

FROM Germany, Amazan arrived at Batavia; where his perpetual chagrin was in a good meaſure alleviated, by perceiving among the

the inhabitants a faint reſemblance of his happy countrymen the Gangarids. There he ſaw liberty, property, equality, plenty, with toleration in religion; but the ladies were ſo indifferent, that not one made him any amorous advances; a thing he had never met with before. 'Tis true, had he been inclined to addreſs them, they would all have yielded one after another; though, at the ſame time, not one would have been the leaſt in love; but he was far from any thoughts of making conqueſts.

FORMOSANTA had nearly caught him in this inſipid nation: he had ſet out but a moment before her arrival.

AMAZAN had heard ſo much among the Batavians, in praiſe of a certain iſland called Albion, that he was led by curioſity to embark with his unicorns on board a ſhip, which, with a favourable eaſterly wind, carried him in four hours to that celebrated country, more famous than Tyre, or the Atlantic iſland.

THE beautiful Formoſanta, who had followed him, as it were on the ſcent, to the banks of the Wolga, the Viſtula, the Elbe, and the Weſer, and had never been above a day or two behind him, arrived ſoon after at the mouths

of

of the Rhine, where it diſembogues its waters into the German Ocean.

HERE ſhe learned that her beloved Amazan had juſt ſet ſail for Albion. She thought ſhe ſaw the veſſel on board of which he was, and could not help crying out for joy; at which the Batavian ladies were greatly ſurpriſed, not imagining that a young man could poſſibly occaſion ſo violent a tranſport. They took, indeed, but little notice of the phænix, as they reckoned his feathers would not fetch near ſo good a price as thoſe of their own ducks, and other water-fowl. The princeſs of Babylon hired two veſſels to carry herſelf and her retinue to that happy iſland, which was ſoon to poſſeſs the only object of her deſires, the ſoul of her life, and the god of her heart.

AN unpropitious wind from the weſt aroſe of a ſudden, juſt as the faithful and unhappy Amazan landed on the Albion ſhore, and detained the ſhips of the Babylonian princeſs, juſt as they were going to put to ſea. Seized with a deep melancholy, ſhe betook herſelf to bed, determined to remain there till the wind ſhould change; but it blew for the ſpace of eight days with an unremitting violence. The princeſs, during this age of eight days, employed her

maid

maid of honour Irla in reading romances; which were not indeed written by the Batavians, but as they are the factors of the univerſe, they traffick in the wit as well as commodities of other nations.—The princeſs purchaſed of Mark Michael Rey, the bookſeller, all the novels which had been written by the Auſonians and the Welches, the ſale of which had been wiſely prohibited among thoſe nations, to enrich their neighbours the Batavians. She expected to find in thoſe hiſtories, ſome adventure ſimilar to her own, which might alleviate her grief.—The maid of honour read, the phænix gave his advice, and the princeſs finding nothing in the Fortunate Country Maid, in Tanſai, or in the Sopha, that had the leaſt reſemblance to her own affairs, interrupted the reader every moment, by aſking how the wind ſtood.

SECTION VIII.

IN the mean time Amazan was on the road to the capital of Albion, in his coach and ſix unicorns, all his thoughts employed on his dear princeſs: at a ſmall diſtance he perceived a carriage overturned in a ditch; the ſervants had gone different ways in queſt of aſſiſtance, but the owner kept his ſeat, ſmoaking his pipe with

with great tranquility, without teſtifying the ſmalleſt impatience; his name was My Lord What-then, in the language from which I tranſlate theſe memoirs.

AMAZAN made all the haſte poſſible to help him, and with his ſingle arm ſet the carriage to rights, ſo much was his ſtrength ſuperior to that of other men. My Lord What-then took no other notice of him, than ſaying, a ſtout fellow by G—d! In the mean time the country people came up, flew into a great paſſion at being called out to no purpoſe, and fell upon the ſtranger. They abuſed him, called him outlandiſh dog, and challenged him to ſtrip and box.

AMAZAN ſeized a brace of them in each hand, and threw them twenty paces from him; the reſt ſeeing this, pulled off their hats, and bowing with great reſpect, aſked his honour for ſomething to drink. His honour gave them more money than they had ever ſeen in their lives before. My Lord What-then now expreſſed great eſteem for him, and aſked him to dinner at his country-houſe, about three miles off. His invitation being accepted, he went into Amazan's coach, his own being out of order by the accident.

After

After a quarter of an hour's ſilence, My Lord What-then looking upon Amazan for a moment, ſaid, How d'ye do? which, by the way, is a phraſe without any meaning; adding, You have got ſix fine unicorns there. After which he fell a ſmoaking as uſual.

THE traveller told him his unicorns were at his ſervice, and that he had brought them from the country of the Gangarids, from thence he took occaſion to inform him of his affair with the princeſs of Babylon, and the unlucky kiſs ſhe had given the king of Egypt; to which the other made no reply, being very indifferent whether there were any ſuch people in the world, as a king of Egypt or a princeſs of Babylon. He remained dumb for another quarter of an hour; after which he aſked his companion a ſecond time how he did, and whether they had any good roaſt beef among the Gangarids. Amazan anſwered with his wonted politeneſs, that they did not eat their brethren on the banks of the Ganges; he then explained to him that ſyſtem which many ages afterwards was ſurnamed the Pythagorean philoſophy. But My Lord fell aſleep in the mean time, and made but one nap of it till he came to his own houſe.

HE

He was married to a young and charming woman, on whom nature had beſtowed a ſoul as lively and ſenſible as her huſband's was dull and ſtupid. Several gentlemen of Albion had that day come to dine with her; among whom there were characters of all ſorts; for that country having been almoſt always under the government of foreigners, the families that had come over with theſe princes had imported their different manners. There were in this company ſome perſons of a very amiable diſpoſition, others of a ſuperior genius, and a few of very profound learning.

The miſtreſs of the houſe had none of that aukward affected ſtiffneſs, that falſe modeſty, with which the young Albion ladies were then reproached; ſhe did not conceal, by a ſcornful look and an affected taciturnity, her deficiency of ideas, and the embarraſſing humility of having nothing to ſay. Never was a woman more engaging. She received Amazan with a grace and politeneſs that were quite natural to her. The extreme beauty of this young ſtranger, and the ſudden compariſon ſhe could not help making between him and her huſband, immediately ſtruck her in a moſt ſenſible manner.

DINNER being ſerved, ſhe placed Amazan at her ſide, and helped him to all ſorts of puddings, having learned from himſelf, that the Gangarids never fed upon any thing which had received from the gods the celeſtial gift of life. His beauty and ſtrength, the manners of the Gangarids, the progreſs of arts, religion, and government, were the ſubjects of a converſation equally agreeable and inſtructive all the time of the entertainment, which laſted till night: during which, My Lord What-then did nothing but puſh the bottle about, and call for the toaſt.

AFTER dinner, while my lady was pouring out the tea, ſtill feeding her eyes on the young ſtranger, he entered into a long converſation with a member of parliament; for every one knows that there was, even then, a parliament called Wittenagemot, or the aſſembly of wiſe men. Amazan enquired into the conſtitution, laws, manners, cuſtoms, forces, and arts, which made this country ſo reſpectable; and the member anſwered him in the following manner:

FOR a long time we went ſtark naked, tho' our climate is none of the hotteſt. We were likewiſe for a long time enſlaved by a people come

come from the ancient country of Saturn, watered by the Tiber. But the miſchiefs we have done one another, have greatly exceeded all that we ever ſuffered from our firſt conquerors. One of our princes carried his daſtardlineſs to ſuch a pitch, as to declare himſelf the ſubject of a prieſt, who dwells alſo on the banks of the Tiber, and is called the Old Man of the Seven Mountains; it has been the fate of theſe ſeven mountains to domineer over the greateſt part of Europe, then inhabited by brutes in human ſhape.

To thoſe times of infamy and debaſement, ſucceeded the ages of barbarity and confuſion. Our country, more tempeſtuous than the ſurrounding ocean, has been ravaged and drenched in blood by our civil diſcords; many of our crowned heads have periſhed by a violent death: above a hundred princes of the royal blood have ended their days on the ſcaffold, whilſt the hearts of their adherents have been torn from their breaſts, and thrown in their faces. In ſhort, it is the province of the hangman to write the hiſtory of our iſland, ſeeing this perſonage has finally determined all our affairs of moment.

But to crown thoſe horrors, it is not very long

long ſince ſome fellows wearing black mantles, and others who caſt white ſhirts over their jackets, having been bitten by mad dogs, communicated their madneſs to the whole nation. Our country was then divided into two parties, the murderers and the murdered, the executioners and the ſufferers, plunderers and ſlaves; and all in the name of God, and whilſt they were ſeeking the Lord.

WHO would have imagined that from this horrible abyſs, this chaos of diſſention, cruelty, ignorance, and fanaticiſm, a government ſhould at laſt ſpring up, the moſt perfect, it may be ſaid, now in the world; yet ſuch has been the event. A prince, honoured and wealthy, all-powerful to do good, without any power to do evil, is at the head of a free, warlike, commercial, and enlightened nation. The nobles on one hand, and the repreſentatives of the people on the other, ſhare the legiſlature with the monarch.

WE have ſeen, by a ſingular fatality of events, diſorder, civil wars, anarchy, and wretchedneſs, lay waſte the country, when our kings aimed at arbitrary power; whereas tranquility, riches, and univerſal happineſs, have only reigned among us, when the prince has remained ſatisfied

fied with a limited authority. All order has been ſubverted whilſt we were diſputing about myſteries; but was re-eſtabliſhed the moment we grew wiſe enough to deſpiſe them. Our victorious fleets carry our glory over all the ocean; our laws place our lives and fortunes in ſecurity; no judge can explain them in an arbitrary manner, and no deciſion is ever given without the reaſons aſſigned for it. We ſhould puniſh a judge as an aſſaſſin, who ſhould condemn a citizen to death without declaring the evidence which accuſed him, and the law upon which he was convicted.

It is true, there are always two parties among us, who are continually writing and intriguing againſt each other; but they conſtantly re-unite, whenever it is needful to arm in defence of liberty and our country. Theſe two parties watch over one another, and mutually prevent the violation of the ſacred *depoſit* of the laws: they hate one another, but they love the ſtate; they are like thoſe jealous lovers, who pay court to the ſame miſtreſs with a ſpirit of emulation.

From the ſame fund of genius by which we diſcovered and ſupported the natural rights of mankind, we have carried the ſciences to the higheſt

higheſt pitch to which they can attain among men. Your Egyptians, who paſs for ſuch great mechanics; your Indians, who are believed to be ſuch great philoſophers; your Babylonians, who boaſt of having obſerved the ſtars for the courſe of four hundred and thirty thouſand years; the Greeks, who have written ſo much, and ſaid ſo little; know in reality nothing, in compariſon of our ſhalloweſt ſcholars, who have ſtudied the diſcoveries of our great maſters. We have raviſhed more ſecrets from Nature, in the ſpace of an hundred years, than the human ſpecies has been able to diſcover in as many ages.

THIS is a true account of our preſent ſtate. I have concealed from you neither the good nor the bad; neither our ſhame nor our glory; and I have exaggerated nothing.

AT this diſcourſe Amazan felt a ſtrong deſire to be inſtructed in thoſe ſublime ſciences his friend ſpoke of; and if his paſſion for the princeſs of Babylon; his filial duty to his mother, whom he had quitted; and his love for his native country, had not made ſtrong remonſtrances to his diſtempered heart, he would willingly have ſpent the remainder of his life in Albion. But that unfortunate kiſs his princeſs

had

had given the king of Egypt, did not leave his mind at ſufficient eaſe to ſtudy the abſtruſe ſciences.

I CONFESS, ſaid he, having made a ſolemn vow to roam about the world, and to eſcape from myſelf, I have a curioſity to ſee that ancient land of Saturn, that people of the Tiber and of the Seven Mountains, who have been heretofore their maſters; they muſt undoubtedly be the firſt people on earth. I adviſe you by all means, anſwered the member, to take that journey, if you have the ſmalleſt taſte for muſic or painting. Even we ourſelves frequently carry our ſpleen and melancholy to the Seven Mountains. But you will be greatly ſurprized when you ſee the deſcendants of our conquerors.

THIS was a long converſation, and Amazan was a little touched in the head. He ſpoke in ſo agreeable a manner, his voice was ſo charming, his whole behaviour ſo noble and engaging, that the miſtreſs of the houſe could not reſiſt the pleaſure of having a little private chat with him in her turn. She tenderly ſqueezed his hand as ſhe ſpoke, and darted ſuch looks at him, from her watry and ſparkling eyes, that they ſhot deſire through every movement of the

ſoul.

ſoul. She kept him to ſupper, and to ſleep there that night. Every moment, every word, every look, inflamed her paſſion. When all were retired to reſt, ſhe ſent him a little billet-doux, not doubting he would come to entertain her in bed, whilſt My Lord What-then was aſleep in his. Amazan had once more the courage to reſiſt; ſuch marvellous effects does a grain of folly produce in an exalted and deeply wounded mind!

AMAZAN, according to cuſtom, wrote the lady an anſwer full of reſpect, repreſenting to her the ſacredneſs of his oath, and the ſtrict obligation he was under to teach the princeſs of Babylon to conquer her paſſions by his example; after which he harneſſed his unicorns, and departed for Batavia, leaving all the company in deep admiration of him, and the lady in profound deſpair. In the agonies of her grief ſhe dropt Amazan's letter. My Lord What-then read it next morning: Damn it, ſaid he, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, what ſtuff and nonſenſe have we got here? and then rode out a fox hunting with ſome of his drunken neighbours.

AMAZAN was already ſailing upon the ſea, poſſeſſed of a geographical chart, with which he

he had been presented by the learned Albion he had conversed with at Lord What-then's. He was extremely astonished to find the greatest part of the earth upon a single sheet of paper.

His eyes and imagination wandered over this little space; he observed the Rhine, the Danube, the Alps of Tyrol there specified under different names, and all the countries through which he was to pass before he arrived at the city of the Seven Mountains; but he more particularly fixed his eyes upon the country of the Gangarids, upon Babylon, where he had seen his dear princess, and upon the fatal country of Bassora, where she had given a fatal kiss to the king of Egypt. He sighed, and tears streamed from his eyes; but he agreed with the Albion who had presented him with the universe in epitome, when he averred that the inhabitants of the banks of the Thames were a thousand times better instructed than those upon the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges.

As he returned into Batavia, Formosanta flew towards Albion with her two ships that went at full sail. Amazan's ship and the princess's crossed one another, and almost touched;

the two lovers were close to each other, which they could not doubt of.—Ah! had they but known it! but tyrannic destiny would not allow it.

SECTION IX.

NO sooner had Amazan landed on the flat muddy shore of Batavia, than he flew like lightning towards the city of the Seven Mountains. He was obliged to traverse the southern part of Germany. At every four miles he met with a prince and princess, maids of honour and beggars. He was astonished every where at the coquetries of these ladies and maids of honour, which they displayed with German good faith; and he only answered with modest refusals. After having cleared the Alps, he embarked upon the sea of Dalmatia, and landed in a city that had no resemblance to any thing he had heretofore seen. The sea formed the streets, and the houses were erected in the water. The few public places with which this city was ornamented, were filled with men and women with double faces; that which nature had bestowed upon them, and a pasteboard one, ill painted, with which they covered their natural visage; so that this people seemed composed of spectres.

ſpectres. Upon the arrival of ſtrangers in this country, they immediately purchaſe theſe viſages, in the ſame manner as people elſewhere furniſh themſelves with hats and ſhoes. Amazan deſpiſed a faſhion ſo contrary to nature; he appeared juſt as he was. There were in the city twelve thouſand girls regiſtered in the great book of the Republic; theſe girls were uſeful to the ſtate, being appointed to carry on the moſt advantageous and agreeable trade that ever enriched a nation. Common traders uſually ſend, at great riſk and expence, merchandizes of various kinds to the Eaſt; but theſe beautiful merchants carried on a conſtant traffic without riſk, which conſtantly ſprung from their charms. They all came to preſent themſelves to the handſome Amazan, and offer him his choice. He fled with the utmoſt precipitancy, in uttering the name of the incomparable princeſs of Babylon, and ſwearing by the immortal gods, that ſhe was far handſomer than all the twelve thouſand Venetian girls. Sublime traitreſs, he cried in his tranſports, I will teach you to be faithful!

Now the yellow ſurges of the Tiber, peſtiferous fens, a few pale emaciated inhabitants, clothed in tatters which diſplayed their dry tanned

tanned hides, appeared to his ſight, and beſpoke his arrival at the gate of the city of the Seven Mountains, that city of heroes and legiſlators, who conquered and poliſhed a great part of the globe.

HE expected to have ſeen at the triumphal gate, five hundred battalions commanded by heroes, and in the ſenate an aſſembly of demi-gods giving laws to the earth; but the only army he found conſiſted of about thirty tatterdemalions, mounting guard with umbrellas for fear of the ſun. Being arrived at a temple which appeared to him very fine, but not ſo magnificent as that of Babylon, he was greatly aſtoniſhed to hear a concert performed by men with female voices.

THIS, ſaid he, is a mighty pleaſant country, which was formerly the land of Saturn. I have been in a city where no one ſhewed his own face; here is another where men nave neither their own voices nor beards. He was told that theſe ſingers were no longer men; that they had been diveſted of their virility, that they might ſing the more agreeably the praiſes of a great number of perſons of merit. Amazan could not comprehend the meaning of this. Theſe gentlemen deſired him to ſing; he ſung

a Gangaridian air with his uſual grace. His voice was a fine *counter-tenor*. Ah! Signior, ſaid they, what a delightful *ſoprano* you would have, if ——If what, ſaid he; what do you mean?—Ah! Signior, if you were—If I were what?—If—you were—without a beard! they then explained to him very pleaſantly, and with the moſt comic geſticulations, according to the cuſtom of their country, the point in queſtion. Amazan was quite confounded. I have travelled a great way, ſaid he, but I never before heard of ſuch a whim.

AFTER they had ſung a good while, the Old Man of the Seven Mountains went with great ceremony to the gate of the temple; he cut the air in four parts with his thumb raiſed, two fingers extended and two bent, in uttering theſe words in a language no longer ſpoken: *To the city and to the univerſe.** The Gangarid could not comprehend how two fingers could extend ſo far.

HE preſently ſaw the whole court of the maſter of the world file off. This court conſiſted of grave perſonages, ſome in ſcarlet and others in violet robes: they almoſt all eyed the handſome Amazan with a tender look; they bowed

* *Urbi & Orbi.*

bowed to him, and ſaid to one another, *San Martino, che bel' ragazzo! San Pancratio, che bel' fanciullo!*

THE zealots, whoſe vocation was to ſhew the curioſities of the city to ſtrangers, very eagerly offered to conduct him to ſeveral ruins, in which a muleteer would not chuſe to paſs a night, but which were formerly worthy monuments of the grandeur of a royal people. He moreover ſaw pictures of two hundred years ſtanding, and ſtatues that had remained twenty ages, which appeared to him maſter-pieces in their kind. Can you ſtill produce ſuch works? No, your Excellency, replied one of the zealots; but we deſpiſe the reſt of the earth, becauſe we preſerve their rarities. We are a kind of old-cloaths men, who derive our glory from the caſt-off garbs in our warehouſes.

AMAZAN was willing to ſee the prince's palace, and he was accordingly conducted thither. He ſaw men dreſſed in violet-coloured robes, who were reckoning the money of the revenues of the domains of lands ſituated ſome upon the Danube, ſome upon the Loire, others upon the Guadalquivir, or the Viſtula. Oh! oh! ſaid Amazan, after having conſulted his geographical map, your maſter then poſſeſſes all Europe,

like

like thoſe ancient heroes of the Seven Mountains! He ſhould poſſeſs the whole univerſe by divine right, replied a violet livery-man; and there was even a time when his predeceſſors nearly compaſſed univerſal monarchy; but their ſucceſſors are ſo good as to content themſelves at preſent with ſome monies which the kings their ſubjects pay to them in the form of a tribute.

YOUR maſter is, then, in fact, the king of kings; is that his title? ſaid Amazan. No, your Excellency, his title is *the ſervant of ſervants*; he was originally a fiſherman and porter, wherefore the emblems of his dignity conſiſts of keys and nets; but he at preſent iſſues orders to every king in Chriſtendom. It is not a long while ſince he ſent one hundred and one mandates to a king of the Celtes, and the king obeyed.

YOUR fiſherman muſt, then, have ſent five or ſix hundred thouſand men to put theſe orders in execution?

NOT at all, your Excellency; our holy maſter is not rich enough to keep ten thouſand ſoldiers on foot; but he has five or ſix hundred thouſand divine prophets diſperſed in other countries.

countries. Thoſe prophets of various colours, are, as they ought to be, ſupported at the expence of the people they proclaim from heaven that my maſter may, with his keys, open and ſhut all locks, and particularly thoſe of ſtrong boxes. A Norman prieſt, who held the poſt of confidant of this king's thoughts, convinced him he ought to obey, without replying, the hundred and one thoughts of my maſter; for you muſt know that one of the prerogatives of the Old Man of the Seven Mountains, is never to err, whether he deigns to ſpeak or deigns to write.

In faith, ſaid Amazan, this is a very ſingular man; I ſhould be curious to dine with him. Were your Excellency even a king, you could not eat at his table; all that he could do for you would be to allow you to have one ſerved by the ſide of his, but ſmaller and lower. But if you are inclined to the honour of ſpeaking to him, I will aſk an audience for you, on condition of the *buona mancia*, which you will be kind enough to give me. Very readily, ſaid the Gangarid. The violet livery-man bowed. I will introduce you to-morrow, ſaid he; you muſt make three very low bows, and you muſt kiſs the Old Man of the Seven Mountains feet.

At

At this information Amazan burſt into ſo violent a fit of laughing, that he was almoſt choaked; which, however, he ſurmounted, holding his ſides, whilſt the violent emotions of the riſible muſcles forced the tears down his cheeks, till he reached the inn, where the fit ſtill continued upon him.

At dinner, twenty beardleſs men and twenty violins produced a concert. He received the compliments of the greateſt lords of the city during the remainder of the day; theſe made him propoſals ſtill more extravagant than that of kiſſing the Old Man of the Seven Mountains feet. As he was extremely polite, he at firſt imagined that theſe gentlemen took him for a lady, and informed them of their miſtake with great decency and circumſpection. But being ſomewhat cloſely preſſed by two or three of thoſe violet-coloured gentry, who were the moſt forward, he threw them out of the window, without fancying he had made any great ſacrifice to the beautiful Formoſanta. He left with the greateſt precipitation this city of the maſters of the world, where he found himſelf neceſſitated to kiſs an old man's toe, as if his cheek were at the end of his foot; and where young men were accoſted in a ſtill more whimſical manner.

SECTION X.

IN all the provinces through which he paſſed, having conſtantly repulſed every amorous overture of every ſpecies, being ever faithful to the princeſs of Babylon, though inceſſantly enraged at the king of Egypt; this model of conſtancy at length arrived at the new capital of the Gauls. This city, like many others, had alternately ſubmitted to barbarity, ignorance, folly, and miſery. The firſt name it bore was Dirt and Mire; it then took that of Iſis, from the worſhip of Iſis, which had reached even here. Its firſt ſenate conſiſted of a company of watermen. It had long been in bondage, and ſubmitted to the ravages of the heroes of the Seven Mountains; and ſome ages after, ſome other heroic thieves, who came from the farther banks of the Rhine, had ſeized upon its little lands.

TIME, which changes all things, had formed it into a city, half of which was very noble and very agreeable, the other half ſomewhat barbarous and ridiculous: this was the emblem of its inhabitants. There were within its walls at leaſt a hundred thouſand people, who had no other employment than play and diverſion.

Theſe

Theſe idlers were the judges of thoſe arts which th others cultivated. They were ignorant of a that paſt at court; though they were only four ſhort miles diſtant from it:—but it ſeemed to be at leaſt ſix hundred thouſand miles off. Agreeableneſs in company, gaiety and frivolity, formed the important and ſole conſiderations of their lives: they were governed like children, who are extravagantly ſupplied with gewgaws to prevent their crying. If the horrors which had two centuries before laid waſte their country, or thoſe dreadful periods when one half of the nation maſſacred the other for ſophiſms, came upon the carpet, they, indeed, ſaid, This was not well done; then they fell a-laughing, or ſinging of catches.

In proportion as the idlers were poliſhed, agreeable and amiable, it was obſerved there was a greater and more ſhocking contraſt between them and thoſe who were engaged in buſineſs.

Among the latter, or ſuch as pretended ſo to be, there was a gang of melancholy fanatics, whoſe abſurdity and knavery divided their character, whoſe appearance alone diffuſed miſery, and who would have overturned the world, had they been able to gain a little credit. But the nation of Idlers, by dancing and ſinging, forced them

them into obſcurity in their caverns, as the warbling birds drive the creaking bats back to their holes and ruins.

A SMALLER number of thoſe who were occupied, were the preſervers of ancient barbarous cuſtoms, againſt which, nature terrified, loudly exclaimed; they conſulted nothing but their worm-eaten regiſters. If they there diſcovered a fooliſh horrid cuſtom, they conſidered it as a ſacred law. It was from this vile practice of not daring to think for themſelves, but extracting their ideas from the ruins of thoſe times when no one thought at all, that in the metropolis of pleaſure there ſtill remained ſome ſhocking manners. Hence it was, that there was no proportion between crimes and puniſhments. A thouſand deaths were ſometimes inflicted upon an innocent victim, to make him acknowledge a crime he had not committed.

THE extravagancies of youth were puniſhed with the ſame ſeverity as murder or parricide. The Idlers ſcreamed loudly at theſe exhibitions, and the next day thought no more about them, but were buried in the contemplation of ſome new faſhion.

THIS people ſaw a whole age elapſe, in which the fine arts attained a degree of perfec-

tion

tion that far ſurpaſſed the moſt ſanguine hopes: foreigners then repaired thither, as they did to Babylon, to admire the great monuments of architecture, the wonders of gardening, the ſublime efforts of ſculpture and painting. They were charmed with a ſpecies of muſic that reached the heart without aſtoniſhing the ears.

TRUE poetry, that is to ſay, ſuch as is natural and harmonious, that which addreſſes the heart as well as the mind, was unknown to this nation before this happy period. New kinds of eloquence diſplayed ſublime beauties. The theatres in particular re-echoed with maſterpieces that no other nation ever approached. In a word, a good taſte prevailed in every profeſſion to that degree, that there were even good writers among the Druids.

So many laurels, that had branched even to the ſkies, ſoon withered in an exhauſted ſoil. There remained but a very ſmall number, whoſe leaves were of a pale dying verdure. This decay was occaſioned by the facility of producing, lazineſs preventing good productions, and by a ſatiety of the brilliant, and a taſte for the whimſical. Vanity protected arts that brought back times of barbarity; and this ſame vanity, in perſecuting real talents, forced them

to

to quit their country; the hornets baniſhed the bees.

THERE was ſcarce any real arts, ſcarce any more genius; merit now conſiſted in reaſoning right or wrong upon the merit of the laſt age. The dauber of a ſign-poſt criticiſed with an air of ſagacity the works of the greateſt painters; and the blotters of paper diſfigured the works of the greateſt writers. Ignorance and a bad taſte had other daubers in their pay; the ſame things were repeated in a hundred volumes, under different titles. Every work was either a dictionary or a pamphlet. A Druid gazetteer wrote twice a week the obſcure annals of ſome unknown people poſſeſſed with the devil, and of celeſtial prodigies operated in garrets by little beggars of both ſexes; other Ex-Druids, dreſſed in black, ready to die with rage and hunger, ſet forth their complaints in a hundred different writings, that they were no longer allowed to cheat mankind, this privilege being conferred on ſome goats clad in grey; and ſome Arch-Druids were employed in printing defamatory libels.

AMAZAN was quite ignorant of all this; and even if he had been acquainted with it, he would have given himſelf very little concern about

about it, having his head filled with nothing but the princeſs of Babylon, the king of Egypt, and the inviolable vow he had made to deſpiſe all female coquetry, in whatever country his deſpair ſhould drive him.

THE gaping ignorant mob, whoſe curioſity exceeds all the bounds of nature and reaſon, for a long time thronged about his unicorns, the more ſenſible women forced open the doors of his *hotel* to contemplate his perſon.

HE at firſt teſtified ſome deſire of viſiting the court; but ſome of the Idlers who conſtituted good company, and caſually went thither, informed him that it was quite out of faſhion, that times were greatly changed, and that all amuſements were confined to the city. He was invited that very night to ſup with a lady, whoſe ſenſe and talents had reached foreign climes, and who had travelled in ſome countries through which Amazan had paſſed. This lady gave him great pleaſure, as well as the ſociety he met at her houſe. Here reigned a decent liberty, gaiety without tumult, ſilence without pedantry, and wit without aſperity. He found that *good company* was not quite ideal, though the title was frequently uſurped by pretenders. The next day he dined in a ſociety far leſs amiable,

able, but much more voluptuous. The more he was ſatisfied with the gueſts, the more they were pleaſed with him. He found his ſoul ſoften and diſſolve, like the aromatics of his country, which gradually melt in a moderate heat, and exhale in delicious perfumes.

AFTER dinner he was conducted to a place of public entertainment which was leſs enchanting, condemned, however, by the Druids, becauſe it deprived them of their auditors, which the moſt excited their jealouſy. The repreſentation here conſiſted of agreeable verſes, delightful ſongs, dances which expreſſed the movements of the ſoul, and perſpectives that charmed the eye in deceiving it. This kind of paſtime, which included ſo many kinds, was known only under a foreign name; it was called an *Opera*, which formerly ſignified, in the language of the Seven Mountains, work, care, occupation, induſtry, enterprize, buſineſs. This buſineſs enchanted him. A female ſinger, in particular, charmed him by her melodious voice, and the graces that accompanied her: this girl of *buſineſs*, after the performance, was introduced to him by his new friends. He preſented her with a handful of diamonds; for which ſhe was ſo grateful, that ſhe could not leave

leave him all the reſt of the day. He ſupped with her, and during the repaſt he forgot his ſobriety; and after the repaſt he alſo forgot his vow of being ever inſenſible to beauty, and all the blandiſhments of coquetry! What an inſtance of human frailty!

THE beautiful princeſs of Babylon arrived at this juncture, with her phænix, her chambermaid Irla, and her two hundred Gangaridian cavaliers mounted on their unicorns. It was a long while before the gates were opened. She immediately aſked, If the handſomeſt, the moſt courageous, the moſt ſenſible, and the moſt faithful of men was ſtill in that city? The magiſtrates readily concluded that ſhe meant Amazan. She was conducted to his *hotel*.—— How great was the palpitation of her heart! the powerful operations of the tender paſſion, her whole ſoul was penetrated with inexpreſſible joy, to ſee once more in her lover the model of conſtancy. Nothing could prevent her entering his chamber; the curtains were open; and ſhe ſaw the beautiful Amazan ſleeping in the arms of a handſome *brunette*. They both ſtood in great need of reſt.

FORMOSANTA expreſſed her grief with ſuch ſcreams as made the houſe echo, but which

could neither wake her couſin or the girl of *buſineſs*. She ſwooned into the arms of Irla. As ſoon as ſhe had recovered her ſenſes, ſhe retired from this fatal chamber with grief blended with rage. Irla gained intelligence of the young lady who paſſed ſuch ſweet hours with the handſome Amazan. Irla was told ſhe was a girl of *buſineſs*, very complaiſant, who united to her other talents that of ſinging very gracefully. Oh! juſt heaven, oh powerful Oroſmade! cried the beautiful princeſs of Babylon bathed in tears, by whom, and for whom am I thus betrayed? He that could reject for my ſake ſo many princeſſes, to abandon me for a ſtrolling Gaul! No—I can never ſurvive this affront.

MADAM, ſaid Irla to her, this is the diſpoſition of all young people, from one end of the world to the other; were they enamoured with a beauty deſcended from heaven, they would at certain moments be unfaithful to her for the ſake of an ale-houſe girl.

IT is done, ſaid the princeſs. I will never ſee him again whilſt I live: let us depart this inſtant, and let the unicorns be harneſſed. The phænix conjured her to ſtay at leaſt till Amazan awoke, and he might ſpeak to him.

He

He does not deſerve it, ſaid the princeſs; you would cruelly offend me; he would think that I had deſired you to reproach him, and that I am willing to be reconciled to him: if you love me, do not add this injury to the inſult he has offered me. The phænix, who after all owed his life to the daughter of the king of Babylon, could not diſobey her. She ſet out with all her attendants. Whither are you going, Madam? ſaid Irla to her. I do not know, replied the princeſs; we will take the firſt road we find; provided I fly from Amazan for ever, I am contented. The phænix, who was wiſer than Formoſanta, becauſe he was diveſted of paſſion, conſoled her upon the road. He gently remonſtrated to her, that it was ſhocking to puniſh one ſelf for the faults of another; that Amazan had given her proofs ſufficiently ſtriking and numerous of his fidelity, ſo that ſhe ſhould forgive him for having forgot himſelf for one moment; that this was the only one, in which he had been wanting of the grace of Oroſmade; that it would render him only the more conſtant in love and virtue for the future; that the deſire of expiating his fault would raiſe him beyond himſelf; that it would be the means of encreaſing her happineſs; that many great princeſſes before her had given ſuch ſlips, and had

no

no reaſon to be ſorry afterwards: and he was ſo thoroughly poſſeſſed of the art of perſuaſion, that Formoſanta's mind grew more calm and peaceable; ſhe was now ſorry ſhe had ſet out ſo ſoon; ſhe thought her unicorns went too faſt, but ſhe did not dare to return; great was the conflict between her deſire of forgiving and that of ſhewing her rage, between her love and vanity.——However, her unicorns purſued their pace; and ſhe traverſed the world, according to the prediction of her father's oracle.

WHEN Amazan awoke, he was informed of the arrival and departure of Formoſanta and the phænix: he was informed of the rage and diſtraction of the princeſs; that ſhe had ſworn never to forgive him. Then, ſaid he, there is nothing left for me to do, but follow her, and kill myſelf at her feet.

THE report of this adventure drew together his feſtive companions, who all remonſtrated to him, that he had much better ſtay with them; that nothing could equal the pleaſant life they led in the center of arts and peaceable delicate voluptuouſneſs; that many ſtrangers, and even kings, had preferred ſuch an agreeable enchanting repoſe, to their country and their thrones; moreover, his vehicle was broke, and that another

ther was making for him according to the newest fashion; that the best taylor of the whole city had already cut out for him a dozen suits in the last taste; that the most vivacious and most amiable ladies in the whole city, at whose houses dramatic performances were represented, had each appointed a day to give him a regale. The girl of *business* was in the mean while drinking her chocolate at her toilet, laughing, singing, and ogling the beautiful Amazan, who by this time perceived she had no more sense than a goose.

As sincerity, cordiality, and frankness, as well as magnanimity and courage, constituted the character of this great prince, he related his travels and misfortunes to his friends. They knew that he was cousin german to the princess; they were informed of the fatal kiss she had given the king of Egypt. Such little tricks, said they, are forgiven between relations, otherwise one's whole life would pass in perpetual uneasiness. Nothing could shake his design of pursuing Formosanta; but his carriage was not ready, and he was compelled to remain three days among the Idlers, in feasting and pastimes: he, at length took his leave of them, in embracing them, and making them accept of

the diamonds of his country that were the beſt mounted, and recommending to them a conſtant purſuit of frivolity and pleaſure, ſince they were thereby more agreeable and happy. The Germans, ſaid he, are the grey-heads of Europe; the people of Albion are men formed; the inhabitants of Gaul are the children, and I love to play with children.

SECTION XI.

HIS guides had no difficulty in following the route the princeſs had taken; there was nothing elſe talked of but her and her large bird. All the inhabitants were ſtill in a ſtate of faſcination. The people of Dalmatia and the Mark of Ancona were lately ſurpriſed in a manner leſs agreeable, when they ſaw a houſe fly in the air; the banks of the Loire, of the Dordogne, the Garonne, and the Gironde, ſtill echoed with acclamations.

WHEN Amazan reached the foot of the Pyrenees, the magiſtrates and Druids of the country made him dance, whether he would or not, a *Tambourin*; but as ſoon as he cleared the Pyrenees, nothing preſented itſelf that was either gay or joyous. If he here and there heard a peaſant ſing, it was a doleful ditty: the inhabi-

tants

tants ſtalked with much gravity, having a few ſtrung beads and a girted poinard. The nation, cloathed in black, appeared to be in mourning. If Amazan's ſervants aſked paſſengers any queſtions, they were anſwered by ſigns; if they went into an inn, the hoſt acquainted his gueſts in three words, that there was nothing in the houſe; but that the things they ſo preſſingly wanted, might be fetched a few miles off.

When theſe votaries to taciturnity were aſked if they had ſeen the beautiful princeſs of Babylon paſs, they anſwered with leſs brevity than uſual, We have ſeen her, ſhe is not ſo handſome; there are no beauties that are not tawny, ſhe diſplays a boſom of alabaſter, which is the moſt diſguſting thing in the world, and which is ſcarce known in our climate.

Amazan advanced towards the province watered by the Betis. The Tyrians had not diſcovered this country above twelve thouſand years, about the time they diſcovered the great Atlantine Iſle, inundated for ſo many centuries after. The Tyrians cultivated Betica, which the natives of the country had never done, being of opinion that it was not their place to meddle with any thing, and that their neighbours the Gauls ſhould come and cultivate their lands.

lands. The Tyrians had brought with them ſome Paleſtines, who, from that time, wandered through every clime where money was to be got. The Paleſtines, by extraordinary uſury, at fifty per cent. had poſſeſſed themſelves of almoſt all the riches of the country. This made the people of Betica imagine the Paleſtines were ſorcerers; and all thoſe who were accuſed of witchcraft were burnt without mercy by a company of Druids, who were called the Inquiſitors, or the *Antropokaies*. Theſe prieſts immediately put them on a maſquerade habit, ſeized upon their effects, and devoutly repeated the Paleſtines own prayers, whilſt they were baking by a ſlow fire, *por l' amor de Dios*.

THE princeſs of Babylon alighted in that city which has ſince been called Seville. Her deſign was to embark upon the Betis to return by Tyre to Babylon, and ſee again king Belus her father, and forget, if poſſible, her perfidious lover, or at leaſt aſk him in marriage. She ſent for two Paleſtines who tranſacted all the buſineſs of the court. They were to furniſh her with three ſhips. The phænix made all the neceſſary contracts with them, and ſettled the price after ſome little diſpute.

THE hoſteſs was a great devotee, and her huſband,

huſband, who was not leſs religious, was a Familiar; that is to ſay, a ſpy of the Druid Inquiſitors *Antropokaies*. He failed not to inform them, that in his houſe was a Sorcereſs and two Paleſtines, who were entering into a compact with the devil, diſguiſed like a large gilt bird. The Inquiſitors having learnt that the lady was poſſeſſed of a large quantity of diamonds, ſwore point blank that ſhe was a Sorcereſs: they waited till night to impriſon the two hundred cavaliers and the unicorns, which ſlept in very extenſive ſtables; for the Inquiſitors are cowards.

HAVING ſtrongly barricaded the gates, they ſeized the princeſs and Irla; but they could not catch the phœnix, who flew away with great ſwiftneſs; he did not doubt of meeting with Amazan upon the road from Gaul to Sevilla.

HE met him upon the frontiers of Betica, and acquainted him with the diſaſter that had befallen the princeſs. Amazan was ſtruck ſpeechleſs with rage; he armed himſelf with a ſteel cuiraſs damaſquined with gold, a lance twelve feet long, two javelins, and an edged ſword called the Thunderer, which at one ſingle ſtroke would rend trees, rocks, and Druids: he covered his beautiful head with a golden caſque,

ſhaded with heron and oſtrich feathers.—This was the ancient armour of Magog, which his ſiſter Aldea gave him when upon his journey in Scythia. The few attendants he had with him all mounted their unicorns.

AMAZAN, in embracing his dear phœnix, uttered only theſe melancholy expreſſions: I am guilty! Had I not ſlept with a girl of *buſineſs* in the city of the Idlers, the princeſs of Babylon would not have been in this alarming ſituation; let us fly to the *Antropokaies*. He preſently entered Sevilla. Fifteen hundred Alguazils guarded the gates of the incloſure in which the two hundred Gangarids and their unicorns were ſhut up, without being allowed any thing to eat: all the neceſſary preparations were making for the ſacrifice of the princeſs of Babylon, her chamber-maid Irla, and the two rich Paleſtines.

THE high *Antropokaie*, ſurrounded by his ſubaltern *Antropokaies*, was already ſeated upon his ſacred tribunal; a crowd of Sevillians, wearing ſtrung beads at their girdles, joined their own hands without uttering a ſyllable; when the beautiful princeſs, Irla, and the two Paleſtines, were brought forth with their hands tied behind

behind their backs, and dreſſed in maſquerade habits.

THE phænix entered the priſon by a dormer window, whilſt the Gangarids had begun to break open the doors. The invincible Amazan ſhattered them without. They ſallied forth all armed upon their unicorns, and Amazan put himſelf at their head. He had no difficulty in overthrowing the Alguazils, the Familiars, or the prieſts called *Antropokaies*; each unicorn pierced dozens at a time. The thundering Amazan cut to pieces all he met; the people flew away in black cloaks and dirty frize, always keeping faſt hold of their bleſt beads *por l' amor de Dios*.

AMAZAN collared the high Inquiſitor upon his tribunal, and threw him upon the pile, which was prepared about forty paces diſtant; and he alſo caſt upon it the other Inquiſitors, one after the other. He then proſtrated himſelf at Formoſanta's feet. Ah! how amiable are you, ſaid ſhe; and how I ſhould adore you, if you had not been faithleſs to me with a girl of *buſineſs*.

WHILST Amazan was making his peace with the princeſs, whilſt his Gangarids caſt upon the pile the bodies of all the *Antropokaies*, and

and the flames aſcended to the clouds, Amazan ſaw an army that approached him at a diſtance. An aged monarch with a crown upon his head, advanced upon a car, drawn by eight mules, harneſſed with ropes; an hundred other cars followed. They were accompanied by grave looking men in black cloaks or frize, mounted upon very fine horſes; a multitude of people with greaſy hair, followed ſilently on foot.

AMAZAN immediately drew up his Gangarids about him, and advanced with his lance couched. As ſoon as the king perceived him, he took off his crown, alighted from his car, and embraced Amazan's ſtirrup, ſaying to him: Man ſent by the gods, you are the avenger of human kind, the deliverer of my country. Theſe ſacred monſters, of which you have purged the earth, were my maſters, in the name of the Old Man of the Seven Mountains: I was forced to ſuffer their criminal power. My people would have deſerted me, if I had only been inclined to moderate their abominable crimes. From this moment I breathe, I reign, and am indebted to you for it.

HE afterwards reſpectfully kiſſed Formoſanta's hand, and entreated her to get into his coach (drawn by ſix mules) with Amazan, Irla, and

and the phænix. The two Paleſtine bankers, who ſtill remained proſtrate on the ground through fear and acknowledgment, now raiſed their heads; and the troop of unicorns followed the king of Betica into his palace.

As the dignity of a king who reigned over a people of characteriſtic gravity, required that his mules ſhould go at a very ſlow pace, Amazan and Formoſanta had time to relate to him their adventures. He alſo converſed with the phænix, admiring and frequently embracing him. He eaſily comprehended how brutal and barbarous the people of the Weſt ſhould be conſidered, who eat animals, and did not underſtand their language; that the Gangarids alone had preſerved the nature and dignity of primitive man; but he particularly agreed, that the moſt barbarous of mortals were the *Antropokaies*, of whom Amazan had juſt purged the earth. He inceſſantly bleſſed and thanked him. The beautiful Formoſanta had already forgot the adventure of the girl of *buſineſs*, and had her ſoul filled with nothing but the valour of the hero who had preſerved her life. Amazan being acquainted with the innocence of the embrace ſhe had given the king of Egypt, and the reſurrection of the phænix, taſted the pureſt

joy,

joy, and was intoxicated with the moſt violent love.

THEY dined at the palace, but had a very indifferent repaſt. The cooks of Betica were the worſt in Europe. Amazan adviſed the king to ſend for ſome from Gaul. The king's muſicians performed during the repaſt, that celebrated air which has ſince been called *the Follies of Spain*. After dinner matters of buſineſs came upon the carpet.

THE king enquired of the handſome Amazan, the beautiful Formoſanta, and the charming phænix, what they propoſed doing. For my part, ſaid Amazan, my intention is to return to Babylon, of which I am the preſumptive heir, and to requeſt of my uncle Belus, my couſin-german, the incomparable Formoſanta, unleſs ſhe would rather chuſe to live with me among the Gangarids.

MY deſign certainly is, ſaid the princeſs, never to ſeparate from my couſin-german. But I imagine he will agree with me, that I ſhould return firſt to my father, becauſe he only gave me leave to go upon a pilgrimage to Baſſora, and I have wandered all over the world. For my part, ſaid the phænix, I will every where follow theſe two tender generous lovers.

You are in the right, ſaid the king of Betica; but your return to Babylon is not ſo eaſy as you may imagine. I receive daily intelligence from that country by Tyrian ſhips, and my Paleſtine bankers, who keep a correſpondence with all the people of the earth. The people are all in arms towards the Euphrates and the Nile. The king of Scythia claims the inheritance of his wife, at the head of three hundred thouſand warriors on horſeback. The kings of Egypt and India are alſo laying waſte the banks of the Tyger and the Euphrates, each at the head of three hundred thouſand men, to avenge themſelves at being laughed at. Whilſt the king of Egypt is abſent from his country, his foe the king of Ethiopia is ravaging Egypt with three hundred thouſand men; and the king of Babylon has as yet only ſix hundred thouſand men to defend himſelf.

I acknowledge to you, continued the king, when I hear of thoſe prodigious armies which are diſembogued from the Eaſt, and their aſtoniſhing magnificence, when I compare them to our trifling bodies of twenty or thirty thouſand ſoldiers, which it is ſo difficult to cloath and nouriſh; I am inclined to think the Eaſtern

ſubſiſted long before the Weſtern hemiſphere. It ſhould ſeem that we ſprung only yeſterday from chaos and barbarity.

SIRE, ſaid Amazan, the laſt comers frequently outſtrip thoſe who firſt began the career. It is thought in my country that man was firſt created in India; but this I am not certain of.

AND, ſaid the king of Betica to the phænix, what do you think? Sire, replied the phænix, I am as yet too young to have any knowledge concerning antiquity. I have lived only about twenty-ſeven thouſand years; but my father, who had lived five times that age, told me he had learnt from his father, that the countries of the Eaſt had always been more populous and richer than the others. It had been tranſmitted to him from his anceſtors, that the generation of all animals had begun upon the banks of the Ganges. For my part, ſaid he, I have not the vanity to be of this opinion. I cannot believe that the foxes of Albion, the marmots of the Alps, and the wolves of Gaul, are deſcended from my country: in the like manner, I do not believe that the firs and oaks of your country deſcended from the palm and cocoa-trees of India.

BUT

But whence are we deſcended, then? ſaid the king. I do not know, ſaid the phœnix; all I want to know is, whither the beautiful princeſs of Babylon and my dear Amazan may repair. I very much queſtion, ſaid the king, whether with his two hundred unicorns he will be able to deſtroy ſo many armies of three hundred thouſand men each. Why not? ſaid Amazan.

The king of Betica felt the force of this ſublime queſtion, Why not? but he imagined ſublimity alone was not ſufficient againſt innumerable armies. I adviſe you, ſaid he, to ſeek the king of Ethiopia: I am related to that black prince, through my Paleſtines. I will give you recommendatory letters to him, as he is at enmity with the king of Egypt, he will be but too happy to be ſtrengthened by your alliance. I can aſſiſt you with two thouſand ſober brave men; and it will depend upon yourſelf to engage as many more of the people who reſide, or rather ſkip about the foot of the Pyrenees, and who are called Vaſcques or Vaſcons. Send one of your warriors upon an unicorn with a few diamonds, there is not a Vaſcon that will not quit the caſtle, that is, the thatched cottage of his father to ſerve you. They are indefatigable, courageous and agreeable; and whilſt you

wait their arrival, we will give you feſtivals, and prepare your ſhips. I cannot too much acknowledge the ſervice you have done me.

AMAZAN enjoyed the happineſs of having recovered Formoſanta, and taſted in tranquility her converſation, and all the charms of reconciled love, which are almoſt equal to a growing paſſion.

A troop of proud joyous Vaſcons ſoon arrived, dancing a tambourin. The other haughty grave troop of Beticans were ready. The old ſun-burnt king tenderly embraced the two lovers; he ſent great quantities of arms, beds, cheſts, boards, black cloaths, onions, ſheep, fowls, flour, and particularly garlick, on board the ſhips, in wiſhing them a happy voyage, invariable love, and many victories.

THE fleet approached the ſhore where it is ſaid that many ages after the Phænician lady Dido, ſiſter to one Pygmalion, and wife to one Sicheus, having left the city of Tyre, came and founded the ſuperb city of Carthage, in cutting a bulls hide into thongs, according to the teſtimony of the graveſt authors of antiquity, who never related fables, and according to the profeſſors who have written for young boys; tho', after all, there never was a perſon at Tyre named

named Pygmalion, Dido, or Sicheus, which names are entirely Greek; and though, in fine, there was no king of Tyre in thoſe times.

PROUD Carthage was not then a ſea-port; there were at that time only a few Numidians there, who dried fiſh in the ſun. They coaſted along Bizacenes, the Syrthes, the fertile banks where ſince aroſe Cyrene and the great Cherſoneſe.

THEY at length arrived towards the firſt flood of the ſacred Nile. It was at the extremity of this fertile land that the ſhips of all commercial nations were already received in the port of Canope, without knowing whether the god Canope had founded this port, or whether the inhabitants had manufactured the god; whether the ſtar Canope had given its name to the city, or whether the city had beſtowed it upon the ſtar: all that was known of this matter was, the city and the ſtar were both very ancient; and this is all that can be known of the origin of things, of what nature ſoever they may be.

IT was here that the king of Ethiopia, having ravaged all Egypt, ſaw the invincible Amazan and the adorable Formoſanta come on ſhore. He took one for the god of war, and the other for the goddeſs of beauty. Amazan preſented

preſented to him the letter of recommendation from the king of Spain. The king of Ethiopia immediately entertained them with ſome admirable feſtivals, according to the indiſpenſable cuſtom of heroic times. They then conferred about their expedition to exterminate the three hundred thouſand men of the king of Egypt, the three hundred thouſand of the emperor of the Indies, and the three hundred thouſand of the great Kan of the Scythians, who laid ſiege to the immenſe, proud, voluptuous city of Babylon.

THE two hundred Spaniards whom Amazan had brought with him, ſaid, that they had nothing to do with the king of Ethiopia's ſuccouring Babylon; that it was ſufficient their king had ordered them to go and deliver it; and that they were formidable enough for this expedition.

THE Vaſcons ſaid, they had performed many other exploits; that they would alone defeat the Egyptians, the Indians, and the Scythians; and that they would not march with the Spaniards unleſs theſe were in the rear-guard.

THE two hundred Gangarids could not refrain from laughing at the pretenſions of their allies, and they maintained, that with only one

hundred

hundred unicorns, they could put to flight all the kings of the earth. The beautiful Formoſanta appeaſed them by her prudence, and by her enchanting diſcourſe. Amazan preſented to the black monarch his Gangarids, his unicorns, his Spaniards, his Vaſcons, and his beautiful bird.

EVERY thing was ſoon ready to march by Memphis, Heliopolis, Arſinoe, Petra, Artemitis, Sora, and Apameus, to attack the three kings, and to proſecute this memorable war, before which all the wars ever waged by man, were nothing more than mere cock fights.

EVERY one knows how the king of Ethiopia became enamoured with the beautiful Formoſanta, and how he ſurprized her in bed, when a gentle ſleep cloſed her long eye-laſhes. We remember that Amazan, a witneſs of this ſpectacle, thought he ſaw day and night in bed together. It is no ſecret that Amazan, enraged at the inſult, drew his thundering ſword, with which he cut off the perverſe head of the inſolent negro, and drove all the Ethiopians out of Egypt.—Are not theſe prodigies written in the book of the Chronicles of Egypt? Fame has with her hundred tongues proclaimed the victories he gained over the three kings with his Spaniards, his Vaſcons, and his unicorns. He

reſtored

reſtored the beautiful Formoſanta to her father. He ſet at liberty all his miſtreſs's train, whom the king of Egypt had reduced to ſlavery. The great Kan of the Scythians declared himſelf his vaſſal; and his marriage was confirmed with princeſs Aldea. The invincible and generous Amazan acknowledged the heir of the kingdom of Babylon, entered the city in triumph with the phænix, in the preſence of a hundred tributary kings. The feſtival of his marriage far ſurpaſſed that which king Belus had given. The Bull Apis was ſerved up roaſted at table. The kings of Egypt and India were cup-bearers to the married pair; and theſe nuptials were celebrated by five hundred capital poets of Babylon.

Oh! Muſes, who are conſtantly invoked at the beginning of a work, I only implore you at the end. It is needleſs to reproach me with ſaying grace, without having ſaid *benedicite*. But, Muſes! you will not be leſs my patroneſſes. Prevent, I beſeech you, any ſupplemental ſcribblers ſpoiling, by their fables, the truths which I have taught mortals in this faithful narrative; in the manner they have falſified Candide, L'Ingenu, and the chaſte adventures of the chaſte Jane, which have been disfigured by an Ex-Capuchin, in verſes worthy

of

of Capuchins, in the Batavian editions. May they not do this injury to my typographiſt, who has a numerous family, and who is ſcarce capable to obtain types, paper and ink.

OH! Muſes, impoſe ſilence upon the deteſtable Cogé, chattering profeſſor of the college of Mazarin, who, not contented with the moral diſcourſes of Beliſarius and the emperor Juſtinian, has written vile defamatory libels againſt theſe two great men.

GAG that pedant Larcher, who, though entirely ignorant of the ancient Babylonian tongue, without ever having travelled, as I have, upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Tiber, has had the impudence to maintain, that the beautiful Formoſanta, daughter to the greateſt king in the world, and princeſs Aldea, and all the women of this reſpectable court proſtituted themſelves to the grooms of Aſia for money, in the great temple of Babylon. This college libertine, the declared foe of you and ſhame, accuſes the beautiful Egyptians of Mendes, of being enamoured with nothing but goats; ſecretly propoſing to himſelf, from this example, to make a tour to Egypt, and have ſome agreeable intrigues.

BEING as little acquainted with modern hiſtory as antiquity, he inſinuates, in order to ingratiate himſelf

himſelf with ſome old dowager, that our incomparable Ninon lay, at the age of fourſcore, with the abbé Gedouin, member of the French academy, and that of Inſcriptions and Belles Lettres. He never heard of the abbé Chateauneuf, whom he takes for the abbé Gedouin. He is as little acquainted with Ninon as he is with the ladies of Babylon.

MUSES! daughters of Heaven, your foe Larcher goes ſtill farther; he pens long eulogiums in favour of pederaſty, and has the inſolence to ſay, that all the Bambins of my country are addicted to this infamous practice. He thinks to eſcape by encreaſing the number of the guilty.

CHASTE and noble Muſes, who equally deteſt pedantry and pederaſty, protect me againſt M. Larcher!

AND you Mr. Aliboron, who call yourſelf Freron, as you formerly did a Jeſuit; you, whoſe Parnaſſus is ſometimes at the *Biſſêtre*, and ſometimes at the corner alehouſe; you, who have received ſo much juſtice upon all the ſtages of Europe, in the decent comedy of the *Ecoſſaiſe*; you, the worthy ſon of the prieſt Desfontaines, the offſpring of his amours with thoſe beautiful children who carry an iron, and are blind-folded like the ſon of Venus, and who like him fly into the air, though

though they never go beyond the tops of chimneys; my dear Aliboron, for whom I always entertained so much affection, and who made me laugh for a month inceſſantly at the time of the repreſentation of the *Ecoſſaiſe*; I recommend to you my Princeſs of Babylon: ſay every thing you can againſt it, that it may be read.

I SHALL not here forget you, Eccleſiaſtical Gazetteer, illuſtrate orator of the *Convulſionnaires*, father of the church founded by the abbé Becherand and Abraham Chaumeix; fail not to ſay in your writings, equally pious, eloquent and ſenſible, that the Princeſs of Babylon is a heretic, a deiſt, and an atheiſt. But above all, endeavour to prevail upon the Sieur Riballier to have the princeſs of Babylon condemned by the Sorbonne: you will thereby afford my bookſeller much pleaſure, to whom I have given this little hiſtory for his new year's gift.

FINIS.

ZADIG;

OR THE

BOOK OF FATE:

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED from the FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D. and T. FRANCKLIN, A. M.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED and SOLD by ROBERT BELL, in Third-ſtreet.
M.DCC.LXXVIII.

APPROBATION.

I The underwritten, who have obtained the character of a learned, and even of an ingenious man, have read this manuſcript, which, in ſpite of myſelf, I have found to be curious, entertaining, moral, philoſophical, and capable of affording pleaſure even to thoſe who hate romances. I have therefore decried it; and have aſſured the Cadi-leſquier that it is an abominable performance.

ANONYMUS.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE

SULTANA SHERAA.

BY SADI.

The 18th of the Month SCHEWAL, in the 837th Year of the HEGIRA.

DELIGHT of the eyes, torment of the heart, and light of the mind, I kiſs not the duſt of thy feet, becauſe thou never walkeſt; or walkeſt only on the carpets of Iran, or in paths ſtrewed with roſes. I offer thee the tranſlation of a book, wrote by an ancient ſage, who, having the happineſs to have nothing to do,

do, amuſed himſelf in compoſing the hiſtory of *Zadig*; a work which performs more than it promiſes. I beſeech thee to read and examine it; for, though thou art in the ſpring of life, and every pleaſure courts thee to its embrace; though thou art beautiful, and thy beauty be embelliſhed by thy admirable talents; though thou art praiſed from evening to morning, and, on all theſe accounts, haſt a right to be devoid of common ſenſe; yet thou haſt a ſound judgment, and a fine taſte, and I have heard thee reaſon with more accuracy than the old derviſes, with their long beards and pointed bonnets. Thou art diſcreet, without being diſtruſtful; gentle without weakneſs; and beneficent with diſcernment. Thou loveſt thy friends, and makeſt thyſelf no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its charms from the ſhafts of detraction; thou neither ſayeſt nor doeſt any ill, notwithſtanding that both are ſo much in thy power. In a word, thy ſoul hath always appeared to me to be as pure and unſullied as thy beauty. Beſides, thou haſt ſome little knowledge in philoſophy, which makes me believe that thou wilt take more pleaſure than others of thy ſex in peruſing the work of this venerable ſage.

It was originally written in the ancient Chaldee, a language which neither thou nor I underſtand. It was afterwards tranſlated into the Arabic, to amuſe the famous ſultan Ouloug-beg, much about the time that the Arabians and Perſians began to write the Thouſand and One Nights, the Thouſand and One Days, *&c.* Ouloug was fond of reading *Zadig*; but the ſultanas were fonder of the Thouſand and One. "How can you prefer (would the wiſe Ouloug ſay to them) thoſe ſtories which have neither ſenſe nor meaning?" "It is for that very reaſon (replied the ſultanas) that we like them."

I flatter myſelf that thou wilt not reſemble theſe thy predeceſſors; but that thou wilt be a true Ouloug. I even hope, that when thou art tired with thoſe general converſations, which differ from the Thouſand and One in nothing but in being leſs agreeable, I ſhall have the honour to entertain thee for a moment with a rational diſcourſe. Hadſt thou been Thaleſtris, in the time of Scander the ſon of Philip; hadſt thou been the queen of Sheba in the time of Solomon, theſe are the very kings that would have paid thee a viſit.

I pray the heavenly powers, that thy pleasures may be unmixed, thy beauty never fading, and thy happineſs without end.

SADI.

ZADIG.

ZADIG.*

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

The BLIND of One EYE.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of king Moabdar, a young man, named *Zadig*, of a good natural diſpoſition, ſtrengthened and improved by education. Though rich and young, he had learned to moderate his paſſions: he had nothing ſtiff or affected in his behaviour; he did not pretend to examine every action by the ſtrict rules of reaſon; but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakneſs of mankind. It was matter of ſurprize, that, notwithſtanding his ſprightly wit, he never expoſed by his raillery thoſe vague, incoherent, and noiſy diſcourſes, thoſe raſh cenſures, ignorant deciſions, coarſe jeſts, and all that empty jingle of words, which, at Babylon, went by the name of converſation. He had

* The reader will at once perceive that this piece is a diverting picture of human life, in which the author has ingeniouſly contrived to ridicule and ſtigmatize the follies and vices that abound in every ſtation.

learned, in the firſt book of Zoroaſter, that ſelf-love is a foot-ball ſwelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the moſt terrible tempeſts iſſue forth. Above all, Zadig never boaſted of his conqueſts among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair ſex. He was generous; and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful, remembering the grand precept of Zoroaſter; "When thou eateſt, give to the dogs, ſhould they even bite thee." He was as wiſe as it is poſſible for man to be; for he ſought to live with the wiſe. Inſtructed in the ſciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he underſtood the principles of natural philoſophy, ſuch as they were then ſuppoſed to be; and knew as much of metaphyſics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all. He was firmly perſuaded, notwithſtanding the new philoſophy of the times, that the year conſiſted of three hundred and ſixty-five days and ſix hours, and that the ſun was in the center of the world. But when the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his ſentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the ſtate, to believe that the ſun revolved round its own axis, and that the year

had

had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modeſty and meekneſs.*

Poſſeſſed as he was of great riches, and conſequently of many friends, bleſſed with a good conſtitution, a handſome figure, a mind juſt and moderate, and a heart noble and ſincere, he fondly imagined that he might eaſily be happy. He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the firſt match in Babylon. He had a real and virtuous affection for this lady, and ſhe loved him with the moſt paſſionate fondneſs. The happy moment was almoſt arrived, that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they ſaw ſome men approaching, armed with ſabres and arrows. Theſe were the attendants of young Orcan, the miniſter's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do every thing with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of *Z*adig; but thinking himſelf a much more

* Alluding to the ſtory of Galileo, who was impriſoned in the inquiſition at Rome under pope Urban VIII. for having taught the motion of the earth, and obliged to retract that doctrine.

more accompliſhed man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him. This jealouſy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was deſperately in love with Semira; and accordingly he reſolved to carry her off. The raviſhers ſeized her; in the violence of the outrage they wounded her; and made the blood flow from a perſon, the ſight of which would have ſoftened the tygers of mount Imaus. She pierced the heavens with her complaints. She cried out, "My dear huſband! they tear me from the man I adore." Regardleſs of her own danger, ſhe was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the mean time, defended himſelf with all the ſtrength that courage and love could inſpire. Aſſiſted only by two ſlaves, he put the raviſhers to flight, and carried home Semira, inſenſible and bloody as ſhe was. On opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, "O Zadig, (ſaid ſhe) I loved thee formerly as my intended huſband; I now love thee as the preſerver of my honour and my life." Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira. Never did a more charming mouth expreſs more moving ſentiments, in thoſe glowing words inſpired by a ſenſe of the greateſt of all favours, and by the moſt tender tranſports of a

lawful

lawful paſſion. Her wound was ſlight, and was ſoon cured. Zadig was more dangerouſly wounded; an arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a conſiderable depth. Semira wearied heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover. Her eyes were conſtantly bathed in tears; ſhe anxiouſly waited the happy moment when thoſe of Zadig ſhould be able to meet hers; but an abſceſs growing on the wounded eye, gave every thing to fear. A meſſenger was immediately diſpatched to Memphis, for the great Phyſician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He viſited the patient, and declared that he would loſe his eye. He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. "Had it been the right eye, (ſaid he) I could eaſily have cured it; but the wounds of the left eye are incureable." All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. In two days the abſceſs broke of its own accord; and Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it: but, as ſoon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a viſit to her in whom all his hopes of happineſs were centered, and for whoſe ſake alone he wiſhed to have eyes. Semira had been

in

in the country for three days paſt. He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that ſhe had an unconquerable averſion to one-eyed men, had, the night before, given her hand to Orcan. At this news he fell ſpeechleſs to the ground. His ſorrows brought him almoſt to the brink of the grave. He was long indiſpoſed; but reaſon, at laſt, got the better of his affliction; and the ſeverity of his fate ſerved even to conſole him.

"Since (ſaid he) I have ſuffered ſo much from the cruel caprice of a woman educated at court, I muſt now think of marrying the daughter of a citizen." He pitched upon Azora, a lady of the greateſt prudence, and of the beſt family in town. He married her, and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the moſt tender union. He only obſerved that ſhe had a little levity; and was too apt to find that thoſe young men who had the moſt handſome perſons were likewiſe poſſeſſed of moſt wit and virtue.

The NOSE.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible paſſion, and uttering the moſt violent exclamations. "What aileth thee, (ſaid

(ſaid he) my dear ſpouſe? what is it that can thus have diſcompoſed thee?" "Alas, (ſaid ſhe) thou wouldeſt be as much enraged as I am, hadſt thou ſeen what I have juſt beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Coſrou, who, within theſe two days, hath raiſed a tomb to her young huſband, near the rivulet that waſhes the ſkirts of this meadow. She vowed to heaven, in the bitterneſs of her grief, to remain at this tomb, while the water of the rivulet ſhould continue to run near it." "Well, (ſaid *Za*dig) ſhe is an excellent woman, and loved her huſband with the moſt ſincere affection." "Ah, (replied Azora) didſt thou but know in what ſhe was employed when I went to wait upon her!" "In what, pray, beautiful Azora? was ſhe turning the courſe of the rivulet?" Azora broke out into ſuch long invectives, and loaded the young widow with ſuch bitter reproaches, that *Z*adig was far from being pleaſed with this oſtentation of virtue.

*Z*adig had a friend, named Cador, one of thoſe young men in whom his wife diſcovered more probity and merit than in others. He made him his confident, and ſecured his fidelity as much as poſſible, by a conſiderable preſent. Azora having paſſed two days with a friend in the

the country, returned home on the third. The ſervants told her, wi h tears in their eyes, that her huſb nd died ſuddenly the night before; that they were afraid to ſend her an account of this mournful event; and that they had juſt been dep ſiting his corps in the tomb of his anceſtors, at the end of the garden. She wept; ſhe tore her hair; and ſwore ſhe would follow him to the grave. In the evening, Cador begged leave to wait upon her, and joined his tears with hers. Next day they wept leſs, and dined together. Cador told her, that his friend had left him the greateſt part of his eſtate; and that he ſhould think himſelf extremely happy in ſharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a paſſi n, and at laſt became more mild and gentle. They ſat longer at ſupper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praiſed the deceaſed; but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During ſupper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his ſide. The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to ſerve him, cauſed all kinds of eſſences to be brought, with which ſhe anointed him, to try if ſ me of them might not poſſibly eaſe him of his pain. She lamented

that

that the great Hermes was not ſtill in Babylon. She even condeſcended to touch the ſide in which Cador felt ſuch exquiſite pain. "Art thou ſubject to this cruel diſorder?" ſaid ſhe to him with a compaſſionate air. "It ſometimes brings me (replied Cador) to the brink of the grave; and there is but one remedy that can give me relief; and that is, to apply to my ſide the noſe of a man who is lately dead." "A ſtrange remedy, indeed!" ſaid Azora. "Not more ſtrange (replied he) than the ſachels of Arnou againſt the apoplexy."* This reaſon, added to the great merit of the young man, at laſt determined the lady. "After all, (ſays ſhe) when my huſband ſhall croſs the bridge Tchinavar, in his journey to the other world, the angel Aſrael will not refuſe him a paſſage becauſe his noſe is a little ſhorter in the ſecond life than it was in the firſt." She then took a razor; went to her huſband's tomb; bedewed it with her tears; and drew near to cut off the noſe of *Zadig* whom ſhe found extended at full length in the tomb. *Zadig* aroſe, holding his noſe with one hand, and putting back the

* There was at that time a Babylonian named Arnou, who, according to his advertiſements in the Gazettes, cured and prevented all kinds of apoplexies, by a little bag hung about the neck.

razor with the other. "Madam, (ſaid he) don't exclaim ſo violently againſt young Coſrou: the project of cutting off my noſe is equal to that of turning the courſe of a rivulet."*

The Dog and the Horse.

ZADIG found by experience, that the firſt month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zend, is the moon of honey; and that the ſecond is the moon of wormwood. He was, ſome time after, obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleaſed; and he then ſought for happineſs in the ſtudy of nature. "No man (ſaid he) can be happier than a philoſopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he diſcovers are his own. He nouriſhes and exalts his ſoul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender ſpouſe will not come to cut off his noſe."

Poſſeſſed of theſe ideas, he retired to a country-houſe on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himſelf in calculating how many inches of water flow in a ſecond of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there

* One ſees the author had in his eye the well-known fable of the Epheſian matron.

there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouſe, more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making ſilk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly ſtudied the properties of plants and animals; and ſoon acquired a ſagacity that made him diſcover a thouſand differences, where other men ſee nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he ſaw one of the queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by ſeveral officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men diſtracted, eagerly ſearching for ſomething they had loſt of great value. "Young man, (ſaid the firſt eunuch) haſt thou ſeen the queen's dog?" "It is a bitch, (replied Zadig with great modeſty) and not a dog." "Thou art in the right," returned the firſt eunuch. "It is a very ſmall ſhe-ſpaniel, (added Zadig) ſhe has lately whelped; ſhe limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears." "Thou haſt ſeen her," ſaid the firſt eunuch, quite out of breath. "No, (replied Zadig) I have not ſeen her; nor did I ſo much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the ſame time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the fineſt horſe in the king's

king's ſtable had eſcaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntſman, and all the other officers, run after him with as much eagerneſs and anxiety as the firſt eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntſman addreſſed himſelf to Zadig, and aſked him if he had not ſeen the king's horſe paſſing by. "He is the fleeteſt horſe in the king's ſtable, (replied Zadig;) he is five feet high, with very ſmall hooſs, and a tail three feet and an half in length; the ſtuds on his bit are gold of twenty three carats, and his ſhoes are ſilver of eleven penny-weights." "What way did he take? where is he?" demand d the chief huntſman. "I have not ſeen him,* (replied Zadig) and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntſman, and the firſt eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had ſtolen the king's horſe, and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the aſſembly of the grand deſterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to ſpend the reſt of his days in Siberia.† Hardly was the ſentence paſſed,

* This, however, was a mere equivocation; for, though he had not actually ſeen the horſe, it will afterwards appear that he muſt have known what road he followed.

† Here the author ſeems to have forgot himſelf; otherwiſe he

paſſed, when the horſe and the bitch were both found. The judges were reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of reverſing their ſentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having ſaid that he had not ſeen what he had ſeen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cauſe before the council of the grand deſterham, when he ſpoke to the following effect:

"Ye ſtars of juſtice, abyſs of ſciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardneſs of iron, the ſplendour of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold; ſince I am permitted to ſpeak before this auguſt aſſembly, I ſwear to you by Oromades, that I have never ſeen the queen's reſpectable bitch, nor the ſacred horſe of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking towards the little wood, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the moſt illuſtrious chief huntſman. I obſerved on the ſand the traces of an animal, and could eaſily perceive them to be thoſe of a little dog. The light and long furrows impreſſed on little eminences of ſand between

he would never have dreamed of inflicting a Ruſſian puniſhment on a Babylonian criminal; far leſs of ſending him in exile from the banks of the Euphrates into the deſarts of Siberia.

between the marks of the paws, plainly diſcovered that it was a bitch, whoſe dugs were hanging down, and that therefore ſhe muſt have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently bruſhed the ſurface of the ſand near the marks of the fore-feet, ſhewed me that ſhe had very long ears; and, as I remarked, that there was always a ſlighter impreſſion made on the ſand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our auguſt queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expreſſion.

"With regard to the horſe of the king of kings, you will be pleaſed to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I obſerved the marks of a horſe's ſhoes, all at equal diſtances. This muſt be a horſe, ſaid I to myſelf, that gallops excellently. The duſt on the trees in a narrow road that was but ſeven feet wide was a little bruſhed off, at the diſtance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horſe, ſaid I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whiſked to the right and left, has ſwept away the duſt. I obſerved under the trees that formed an arbour five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the

horſe

horſe had touched them, and that he muſt therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it muſt be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its boſſes againſt a ſtone which I knew to be a touchſtone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his ſhoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was ſhod with ſilver eleven deniers fine." All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound diſcernment. The news of this ſpeech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the Magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a ſorcerer, the king ordered his officers to reſtore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The regiſter, the attornies and bailiffs, went to his houſe with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only retained three hundred and ninety-eight of them to defray the expences of juſtice; and their ſervants demanded their fees.

Zadig ſaw how extremely dangerous it ſometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore reſolved that on the next occaſion of the like nature, he would not tell what he had ſeen.

Such

Such an opportunity ſoon offered. A priſoner of ſtate made his eſcape, and paſſed under the windows of Zadig's houſe. Zadig was examined and made no anſwer. But it was proved that he had looked at the priſoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite cuſtom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence. "Great God! ſaid he to himſelf, what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horſe have paſſed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!"

The ENVIOUS MAN.

ZADIG reſolved to comfort himſelf by philoſophy and friendſhip, for the evils he had ſuffered from fortune. He had in the ſuburbs of Babylon a houſe elegantly furniſhed, in which he aſſembled all the arts and all the pleaſures worthy the purſuit of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to the learned. In the evening, his table was ſurrounded by good company. But he ſoon found what very dangerous gueſts theſe men of letters are. A warm diſpute aroſe on one of Zoroaſ-

ter's

ter's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin. "Why, ſaid ſome of them, prohibit the eating of a griffin, if there is no ſuch animal in nature?" "There muſt neceſſarily be ſuch an animal, (ſaid the others) ſince *Zoroaſter* forbids us to eat it." *Zadig* would fain have reconciled them by ſaying: "If there are griffins let us not eat them; if there are no griffins we cannot poſſibly eat them; and thus either way we ſhall obey *Zoroaſter*."

A learned man, who had compoſed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was beſides the chief theurgite, haſted away to accuſe *Zadig* before one of the principal magi, named Yebor, the greateſt blockhead, and therefore the greateſt fanatick among the Chaldeans. This man would have empaled *Zadig* to do honour to the ſun, and would then have recited the breviary of *Zoroaſter* with greater ſatisfaction. The friend Cador, (a friend is better than a hundred prieſts) went to Yebor, and ſaid to him, "Long live the ſun and the griffins; beware of puniſhing *Zadig*; he is a ſaint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his accuſer is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean." "Well,

(ſaid Yebor, ſhaking his bald pate) we muſt empale *Zadig* for having thought contemptuouſly of griffins, and the other for having ſpoke diſreſpectfully of rabbits." Cador huſhed up the affair by means of a maid of honour who had bore him a child, and who had great intereſt in the college of the magi. No body was empaled. This lenity occaſioned a great murmuring among ſome of the doctors, who from thence predicted the fall of Babylon.† "Upon what does happineſs depend, (ſaid *Zadig*) I am perſecuted by every thing in the world, even on account of beings that have no exiſtence." He curſed thoſe men of learning, and reſolved for the future to live with none but good company.

He aſſembled at his houſe the moſt worthy men, and the moſt beautiful ladies of Babylon. He gave them delicious ſuppers, often preceded by conſorts of muſick, and always animated by polite converſation, from which he knew how to baniſh that affectation of wit, which is the ſureſt method of preventing it entirely, and of ſpoiling the pleaſure of the moſt agreeable ſociety. Neither the choice of his friends nor that

† This is a ſevere ſatire upon thoſe cruel bigots who perſecute all ſuch as preſume to differ from eſtabliſhed opinions, though purely ſpeculative.

that of the diſhes, was made by vanity; for in every thing he preferred the ſubſtance to the ſhadow; and by theſe means he procured that real reſpect to which he did not aſpire.

Oppoſite to his houſe lived one Arimazes, a man whoſe deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his ſtill more deformed mind. His heart was a mixture of malice, pride, and envy. Having never been able to ſucceed in any of his undertakings, he revenged himſelf on all around him, by loading them with the blackeſt calumnies. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure a ſet of flatterers. The rattling of the chariots that entered *Zadig*'s court in the evening filled him with uneaſineſs; the ſound of his praiſes enraged him ſtill more. He ſometimes went to *Zadig*'s houſe, and ſat down at table without being deſired; where he ſpoiled all the pleaſure of the company, as the harpies are ſaid to infect the viands they touch. It happened that one day he took it in his head to give an entertainment to a lady, who, inſtead of accepting it, went to ſup with *Zadig*. At another time, as he was talking with Zadig in the palace, they accoſted a miniſter, who invited *Zadig* to ſupper, without inviting Arimazes. The moſt implacable hatred has ſeldom

a more ſolid foundation. This man, who in Babylon was called the *Envious*, reſolved to ruin Zadig, becauſe he was called the *Happy*. "The opportunity of doing miſchief occurs a hundred times in a day, and that of doing good but once a year," as ſayeth the wiſe Zoroaſter.

The envious man went to ſee Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he ſaid many gallant things, without any other intention than that of ſaying them. The converſation turned upon a war which the king had juſt brought to a happy concluſion againſt the prince of Hircania, his vaſſal. Zadig, who had ſignalized his courage in this ſhort war, beſtowed great praiſes on the king, but greater ſtill on the lady. He took out his pocket-book, and wrote four lines extempore, which he gave to this amiable perſon to read. His friends begged they might ſee them; but modeſty, or rather a well regulated ſelf-love, would not allow him to grant their requeſt. He knew that extemporary verſes are never approved by any but by the perſon in whoſe honour they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had wrote them, and threw both the pieces into a thicket of roſe buſhes, where the reſt of the company

company ſought for them in vain. A ſlight ſhower falling ſoon after, obliged them to return to the houſe. The envious man, who ſtaid in the garden, continued to ſearch, till at laſt he found a piece of the leaf. It had been torn in ſuch a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete ſenſe, and even a verſe of a ſhorter meaſure; but what was ſtill more ſurpriſing, theſe ſhort verſes were found to contain the moſt injurious reflections on the king; they ran thus:

Par les plus grands forfaits
Sur le trône affermi,
Dans la publique paix
C'eſt le ſeul ennemi.

By crimes of deepeſt dye
Eſtabliſh'd on the throne,
Of peace the enemy
Is he, and he alone.

The envious man was now happy for the firſt time of his life. He had it in his power to ruin a perſon of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-like joy, he found means to convey to the king the ſatire written by the hand of Zadig, who, together with the lady and his two friends, was thrown into priſon. His trial was ſoon finiſhed, without his being permitted

to

to ſpeak for himſelf. As he was going to receive his ſentence, the envious man threw himſelf in his way, and told him with a loud voice, that his verſes were good for nothing. Zadig did not value himſelf on being a good poet; but it filled him with inexpreſſible concern to find that he was condemned for high treaſon; and that the fair lady and his two friends were confined in priſon for a crime of which they were not guilty. He was not allowed to ſpeak, becauſe his writing ſpoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon, Accordingly he was conducted to the place of execution, through an immenſe crowd of ſpectators, who durſt not venture to expreſs their pity for him; but who carefully examined his countenance, to ſee if he died with a good grace. His relations alone were inconſolable; for they could not ſucceed to his eſtate. Three fourths of his wealth were confiſcated into the king's treaſury, and the other fourth was given to the envious man.

Juſt as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a roſe buſh in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket-book, to which it ſtuck.

ſtuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerneſs, and read the words, which formed no ſenſe, and ſeemed to be the endings of verſes. He loved poetry; and there is always ſome mercy to be expected from a prince of that diſpoſition. The adventure of the parrot ſet him a thinking. The queen, who remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, cauſed it to be brought. They compared the two pieces together, and found them to tally exactly: they then read the verſes as Zadig had wrote them.

Par les plus grands forfaits j'ai vû troubler la terre,
Sur le trône affermi le roi fait tout domter.
Dans la publique paix l'amour ſeul fait la guerre:
C'eſt le ſeul ennemi qui ſoit à redouter.

By crimes of deepeſt dye—the wretched world's
in thral,
Eſtabliſh'd on the throne—our monarch's pow'r
rever'd;
Of peace the enemy—Love, potent lord o'er al
Is he, and he alone,—we chiefly ought to fear

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig ſhould be brought before him, and that his two friends

friends and the lady ſhould be ſet at liberty. Zadig fell proſtrate on the ground before the king and queen; humbly begged their pardon for having made ſuch bad verſes, and ſpoke with ſo much propriety, wit, and good ſenſe, that their majeſties deſired they might ſee him again. He did himſelf that honour, and inſinuated himſelf ſtill farther into their good graces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man; but Zadig reſtored him back the whole of it; and this inſtance of generoſity gave no other pleaſure to the envious man than that of having preſerved his eſtate. The king's eſteem for Zadig encreaſed every day. He admitted him into all his parties of pleaſure, and conſulted him in all affairs of ſtate. From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderneſs, that might one day prove dangerous to herſelf, to the king her auguſt conſort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general. Zadig now began to think that happineſs was not ſo unattainable as he had formerly imagined.

The GENEROUS.

THE time was now arrived for celebrating a grand feſtival, which returned every five years. It was a cuſtom in Babylon ſolemnly to

to declare, at the end of every five years, which of the citizens had performed the moſt generous action. The grandees and the magi were the judges. The firſt ſatrape, who was charged with the government of the city, publiſhed the moſt noble actions that had paſſed under his adminiſtration. The competition was decided by votes; and the king pronounced the ſentence. People came to this ſolemnity from the extremities of the earth. The conqueror received from the monarch's hands a golden cup adorned with precious ſtones, his majeſty at the ſame time making him this compliment: "Receive this reward of thy generoſity, and may the gods grant me many ſubjects like to thee."

This memorable day being come, the king appeared on his throne, ſurrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that came to theſe games, where glory was acquired not by the ſwiftneſs of horſes, nor by ſtrength of body, but by virtue. The firſt ſatrape recited with an audible voice, ſuch actions as might intitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize. He did not mention the greatneſs of ſoul with which Zadig had reſtored the envious man his fortune, becauſe it was not judged to be an action worthy of diſputing the prize.

He firſt preſented a judge, who having made a citizen loſe a conſiderable cauſe by a miſtake, for which, after all, he was not accountable, had given him the whole of his own eſtate, which was juſt equal to what the other had loſt.

He next produced a young man, who being deſperately in love with a lady whom he was going to marry, had yielded her up to his friend, whoſe paſſion for her had almoſt brought him to the brink of the grave, and at the ſame time had given him the lady's fortune.

He afterwards produced a ſoldier, who, in the wars of Hircania, had given a ſtill more noble inſtance of generoſity. A party of the enemy having ſeized his miſtreſs, he fought in her defence with great intrepidity. At that very inſtant he was informed that another party, at the diſtance of a few paces, were carrying off his mother; he therefore left his miſtreſs with tears in his eyes, and flew to the aſſiſtance of his mother. At laſt, he returned to the dear object of his love, and found her expiring. He was juſt going to plunge his ſword in his own boſom; but his mother remonſtrating againſt ſuch a deſperate deed, and telling

him

him that he was the only ſupport of her life, he had the courage to endure to live.

The judges were inclined to give the prize to the ſoldier. But the king took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid, "The action of the ſoldier, and thoſe of the other two, are doubtleſs very great, but they have nothing in them ſurpriſing. Yeſterday Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before diſgraced Coreb, my miniſter and favourite. I complained of him in the moſt violent and bitter terms; all my courtiers aſſured me that I was too gentle, and ſeemed to vie with each other in ſpeaking ill of Coreb. I aſked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our hiſtories of many people who have atoned for an error by the ſurrender of their fortune; who have reſigned a miſtreſs; or preferred a mother to the object of their affection; but never before did I hear of a courtier who ſpoke favourably of a diſgraced miniſter, that laboured under the diſpleaſure of his ſovereign. I give to each of thoſe whoſe generous actions have been now recited, twenty thouſand pieces of gold; but the cup I give to Zadig."

"May it pleaſe your majeſty, (ſaid Zadig,) thyſelf

thyſelf alone deſerveſt the cup: thou haſt performed an action of all others the moſt uncommon and meritorious, ſince, notwithſtanding thy being a powerful king, thou waſt not offended at thy ſlave, when he preſumed to oppoſe thy paſſion." The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his eſtate to his client; the lover who had reſigned his miſtreſs to his friend; and the ſoldier who had preferred the ſafety of his mother to that of his miſtreſs, received the king's preſents, and ſaw their names inrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The day was celebrated by feaſts that laſted longer than the law enjoined; and the memory of it is ſtill preſerved in Aſia. Zadig ſaid, "Now I am happy at laſt;" but he found himſelf fatally deceived.

The MINISTER.

THE king had loſt his firſt miniſter, and choſe Zadig to ſupply his place. All the ladies in Babylon applauded the choice; for ſince the foundation of the empire there had never been ſuch a young miniſter. But all the courtiers

courtiers were filled with jealouſy and vexation. The envious man, in particular, was troubled with a ſpitting of blood, and a prodigious inflammation in his noſe. Zadig having thanked the king and queen for their goodneſs, went likewiſe to thank the parrot. "Beautiful bird, (ſaid he,) 'tis thou that haſt ſaved my life, and made me firſt minister. The queen's bitch and the king's horſe did me a great deal of mitchief; but thou haſt done me much good. Upon ſuch ſlender threads as theſe do the fates of mortals hang! but (added he) this happineſs perhaps will vaniſh very ſoon." "Soon," replied the parrot. Zadig was ſomewhat ſtartled at this word. But as he was a good natural philoſopher, and did not believe parrots to be prophets, he quickly recovered his ſpirits, and reſolved to execute his duty to the beſt of his power.

He made every one feel the ſacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan; and every vizier might give his opinion without the fear of incurring the miniſter's diſpleaſure. When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it, it was the law; the rigour of which, however, whenever it was too ſevere,

he

he always took care to ſoften; and when laws were wanting, the equity of his deciſions was ſuch as might eaſily have made them paſs for thoſe of Zoroaſter.

It is to him that the nations are indebted for this grand principle, to wit, that it is better to run the riſk of ſparing the guilty than to condemn the innocent. He imagined that laws were made as well to ſecure the people from the ſuffering of injuries as to reſtrain them from the commiſſion of crimes. His chief talent conſiſted in diſcovering the truth, which all men ſeek to obſcure. This great talent he put in practice from the very beginning of his adminiſtration. A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his eſtate equally between his two ſons, after having diſpoſed of their ſiſter in marriage, and left a preſent of thirty thouſand pieces of gold to that ſon who ſhould be found to have loved him beſt. The eldeſt raiſed a tomb to his memory; the youngeſt encreaſed his ſiſter's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Every one ſaid that the eldeſt ſon loved his father beſt, and the youngeſt his ſiſter; and that the thirty thouſand pieces belonged to the eldeſt.

Zadig ſent for both of them, the one after the

the other. To the eldeſt he ſaid, "Thy father is not dead; he is recovered of his laſt illneſs, and is returning to Babylon." "God be praiſed, (replied the young man,) but his tomb coſt me a conſiderable ſum." Zadig afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the youngeſt. "God be praiſed, (ſaid he,) I will go and reſtore to my father all that I have; but I could wiſh that he would leave my ſiſter what I have given her." "Thou ſhalt reſtore nothing, replied Zadig, and thou ſhalt have the thirty thouſand pieces; for thou art the ſon who loves his father beſt."

A young lady poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune had given a promiſe of marriage to two magi; and after having, for ſome months, received the inſtructions of both, ſhe proved with child. They were both deſirous of marrying her. "I will take for my huſband, ſaid ſhe, the man who has put me in a condition to give a ſubject to the ſtate." "I am the man that has done the work," ſaid the one. "I am the man that has done it," ſaid the other. "Well, replied the lady, I will acknowledge for the infant's father him that can give it the beſt education." The lady was delivered of a ſon. The two magi contended who ſhould bring him up, and the cauſe was carried before Zadig. Zadig ſummoned

moned the two magi to attend him. "What will you teach your pupil?" ſaid he to the firſt. "I will teach him, (ſaid the doctor) the eight parts of ſpeech, logick, aſtrology, pneumatics, what is meant by ſubſtance and accident, abſtract and concrete, the doctrine of the monades, and the pre-eſtabliſhed harmony." "For my part, (ſaid the ſecond,) I will endeavour to give him a ſenſe of juſtice, and to make him worthy the friendſhip of good men." Zadig then cried, "Whether thou art his father or not, thou ſhalt have his mother."

The DISPUTES and the AUDIENCES.

IN this manner he daily diſcovered the ſubtilty of his genius and the goodneſs of his heart. The people at once admired and loved him. He paſſed for the happieſt man in the world. The whole empire reſounded with his name. All the ladies ogled him. All the men praiſed him for his juſtice. The learned regarded him as an oracle; and even the prieſts confeſſed that he knew more than the old archmagi Yebor. They were now ſo far from proſecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible.

There

There had reigned in Babylon, for the ſpace of fifteen hundred years, a violent conteſt that had divided the empire into two ſects. The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mitra with the left foot foremoſt;* the other held this cuſtom in deteſtation, and always entered with the right foot firſt. The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the ſolemn feaſt of the ſacred fire was to be celebrated, to ſee which ſect Zadig would favour. All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in the utmoſt ſuſpence and perturbation. Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together; and afterwards proved, in an eloquent diſcourſe, that the ſovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the perſons of men, makes no diſtinction between the right and the left foot. The envious man and his wife alledged that his diſcourſe was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains to dance with ſufficient agility. "He is dry (ſaid they) and void of genius: he does not make the ſea to fly, and

* This is probably a glance at the diſputes about Janſeniſm, which, though in themſelves inſignificant, have divided France into two inveterate factions.

ſtars to fall, nor the ſun to melt like wax: he has not the true oriental ſtile." Zadig contented himſelf with having the ſtile of reaſon. All the world favoured him, not becauſe he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reaſon, or was a man of real merit, but becauſe he was prime vizier.

He terminated with the ſame happy addreſs the grand difference between the white and the black magi. The former maintained that it was the height of impiety to pray to God with the face turned towards the eaſt in winter: the latter aſſerted that God abhorred the prayers of thoſe who turned towards the weſt in ſummer. Zadig decreed that every man ſhould be allowed to turn as he pleaſed.

Thus he found out the happy ſecret of finiſhing all affairs, whether of a private or public nature, in the morning. The reſt of the day he employed in ſuperintending and promoting the embelliſhments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the ſpectators, and comedies that ſhook their ſides with laughter; a cuſtom which had long been diſuſed, and which his good taſte now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artiſts themſelves;

ſelves; he encouraged them by rewards and honours, and was never jealous of their talents. In the evening the king was highly entertained with his converſation, and the queen ſtill more. "Great miniſter!" ſaid the king. "Amiable miniſter!" ſaid the queen; and both of them added, "it would have been a great loſs to the ſtate, had ſuch a man been hanged."

Never was a man in power obliged to give ſo many audiences to the ladies. Moſt of them came to conſult him about——no buſineſs at all, that ſo they might have ſome buſineſs with him. The wife of the envious man was among the firſt. She ſwore to him by Mitra, by Zenda Veſta, and by the ſacred fire, that ſhe deteſted her huſband's conduct: ſhe then told him in confidence that he was a jealous brutal wretch; and gave him to underſtand, that heaven puniſhed him for his crimes, by refuſing him the precious effects of the ſacred fire, by which alone man can be rendered like the gods. At laſt ſhe concluded by dropping her garter. Zadig took it up with his uſual politeneſs; but did not tie it about the lady's leg; and this ſlight fault, if it may be called a fault, was the cauſe of the moſt terrible misfortunes. Zadig never thought of it more; but the lady thought of it with great attention.

Never

Never a day paſſed without ſeveral viſits from the ladies. The ſecret annals of Babylon pretend that he once yielded to the temptation; but that he was ſurpriſed to find that he enjoyed his miſtreſs without pleaſure, and embraced her without diſtraction. The lady to whom he gave, almoſt without being ſenſible of it, theſe marks of his favour, was a maid of honour to queen Aſtarte. This tender Babylonian ſaid to herſelf by way of comfort, "This man muſt have his head filled with a prodigious heap of buſineſs, ſince even in making love he cannot avoid thinking on public affairs." Zadig happened, at the very inſtant when moſt people ſay nothing at all, and others only pronounce a few ſacred words, to cry out, "The queen." The Babylonian thought that he was at laſt happily come to himſelf, and that he ſaid, "My queen." But Zadig, who was always too abſent, pronounced the name of Aſtarte. The lady, who in this happy ſituation interpreted every thing in her own favour, imagined that he meant to ſay, "Thou art more beautiful than queen Aſtarte." After receiving ſome handſome preſents, ſhe left the ſeraglio of Zadig, and went to relate her adventure to the envious woman, who was her intimate friend,

and

and who was greatly piqued at the preference given to the other. "He would not ſo much as deign, ſaid ſhe, to tie this garter about my leg, and I am therefore reſolved never to wear it more." "O ho, ſaid the happy lady to the envious one, your garters are the ſame with the queen's! do you buy them from the ſame weaver?" This hint ſet the envious lady a thinking; ſhe made no reply, but went to conſult with her envious huſband.

Mean while Zadig perceived that his thoughts were always diſtracted, as well when he gave audience, as when he ſat in judgment. He did not know to what to attribute this abſence of mind; and that was his only ſorrow.

He had a dream, in which he imagined that he laid himſelf down upon a heap of dry herbs, among which there were many prickly ones that give him great uneaſineſs, and that he afterwards repoſed himſelf on a ſoft bed of roſes, from which there ſprung a ſerpent, that wounded him to the heart with its ſharp and venomed tongue. "Alas, ſaid he, I have long lain on theſe dry and prickly herbs, I am now on the bed of roſes; but what ſhall be the ſerpent?"

JEA-

JEALOUSY.

ZADIG's calamities ſprung even from his happineſs, and eſpecially from his merit. He every day converſed with the king and Aſtarte his auguſt conſort. The charms of his converſation were greatly heightened by that deſire of pleaſing, which is to the mind what dreſs is to beauty. His youth and graceful appearance inſenſibly made an impreſſion on Aſtarte, which ſhe did not at firſt perceive. Her paſſion grew and flouriſhed in the boſom of innocence. Without fear or ſcruple, ſhe indulged the pleaſing ſatisfaction of ſeeing and hearing a man who was ſo dear to her huſband and to the empire in general. She was continually praiſing him to the king. She talked of him to her women, who were always ſure to improve on her praiſes. And thus every thing contributed to pierce her heart with a dart, of which ſhe did not ſeem to be ſenſible. She made ſeveral preſents to Zadig, which diſcovered a greater ſpirit of gallantry than ſhe imagined. She intended to ſpeak to him only as a queen ſatisfied with his ſervices; and her expreſſions were ſometimes thoſe of a woman in love.

Aſtarte was much more beautiful than that

Semira

Semira who had ſuch a ſtrong averſion to one-eyed men, or that other woman who had reſolved to cut off her huſband's noſe. Her unreſerved familiarity; her tender expreſſions, at which ſhe began to bluſh; and her eyes, which, though ſhe endeavoured to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inſpired Zadig with a paſſion that filled him with aſtoniſhment. He ſtruggled hard to get the better of it. He called to his aid the precepts of philoſophy, which had always ſtood him in ſtead; but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the diſorders of his love-ſick heart. Duty, gratitude, and violated majeſty, preſented themſelves to his mind, as ſo many avenging gods. He ſtruggled; he conquered; but this victory which he was obliged to purchaſe afreſh every moment, coſt him many ſighs and tears. He no longer dared to ſpeak to the queen with that ſweet and charming familiarity which had been ſo agreeable to them both. His countenance was covered with a cloud. His converſation was conſtrained and incoherent. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and when, in ſpite of all his endeavours to the contrary, they encountered thoſe of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of

flame.

flame. They ſeemed to ſay, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we both burn with a fire which we both condemn.

Zadig left the royal preſence full of perplexity and deſpair, and having his heart oppreſſed with a burden which he was no longer able to bear. In the violence of his perturbation he involuntarily betrayed the ſecret to his friend Cador, in the ſame manner as a man, who, having long ſupported the fits of a cruel diſeaſe, diſcovers his pain by a cry extorted from him by a more ſevere fit, and by the cold ſweat that covers his brow.

"I have already diſcovered, ſaid Cador, the ſentiments which thou wouldeſt fain conceal from thyſelf. The ſymptoms by which the paſſions ſhew themſelves are certain and infallible. Judge, my dear Zadig, ſince I have read thy heart, whether the king will not diſcover ſomething in it that may give him offence. He has no other fault but that of being the moſt jealous man in the world. Thou canſt reſiſt the violence of thy paſſion with greater fortitude than the queen, becauſe thou art a philoſopher, and becauſe thou art Zadig. Aſtarte is a woman: ſhe ſuffers her eyes to ſpeak with ſo much the more imprudence, as ſhe does not as

yet

yet think herſelf guilty. Conſcious of her own innocence, ſhe unhappily neglects thoſe external appearances which are ſo neceſſary. I ſhall tremble for her ſo long as ſhe has nothing wherewithal to reproach herſelf. Were ye both of one mind, ye might eaſily deceive the whole world. A growing paſſion which we endeavour to ſuppreſs, diſcovers itſelf in ſpite of all our efforts to the contrary; but love, when gratified, is eaſily concealed." Zadig trembled at the propoſal of betraying the king, his benefactor; and never was he more faithful to his prince, than when guilty of an involuntary crime againſt him. Mean while, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig ſo frequently, and with ſuch a bluſhing and downcaſt look; ſhe was ſometimes ſo lively, and ſometimes ſo perplexed, when ſhe ſpoke to him in the king's preſence; and was ſeized with ſuch a deep thoughtfulneſs at his going away, that the king began to be troubled. He believed all that he ſaw, and imagined all that he did not ſee. He particularly remarked, that his wife's ſhoes were blue, and that Zadig's ſhoes were blue; that his wife's ribbons were yellow; and that Zadig's bonnet was yellow; and theſe were terrible ſymptoms to a prince of ſo much

delicacy. In his jealous mind ſuſpicions were turned into certainty.

All the ſlaves of kings and queens are ſo many ſpies over their hearts. They ſoon obſerved that Aſtarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous. The envious man perſuaded his wife to ſend the king her garter, which reſembled thoſe of the queen; and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue. The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might beſt execute his vengeance. He one night reſolved to poiſon the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowſtring. The orders were given to a mercileſs eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance. There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, though dumb, was not deaf. He was allowed, on account of his inſignificance, to go wherever he pleaſed; and, as a domeſtic animal, was a witneſs of what paſſed in the moſt profound ſecrecy. This little mute was ſtrongly attached to the queen and Zadig. With equal horror and ſurprize he heard the cruel orders given. But how prevent the fatal ſentence that in a few hours was to be carried into execution? He could not write, but he could paint; and

excelled

excelled particularly in drawing a ſtriking reſemblance. He employed a part of the night in ſketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen. The piece repreſented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch; a blue bowſtring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbons; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig ſtrangled at her feet. The horizon repreſented a riſing ſun, to expreſs that this ſhocking execution was to be performed in the morning. As ſoon as he had finiſhed the picture, he ran to one of Aſtarte's women, awaked her, and made her underſtand, that ſhe muſt immediately carry it to the queen.

At midnight a meſſenger knocks at Zadig's door; awakes him; and gives him a note from the queen. He doubts whether it is not a dream; and opens the letter with a trembling hand. But how great was his ſurprize! and who can expreſs the conſternation and deſpair into which he was thrown, upon reading theſe words: "Fly, this inſtant, or thou art a dead man. Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our mutual love and my yellow ribbons. I have not been guilty; but I find that I muſt die like a criminal."

Zadig

Zadig was hardly able to ſpeak. He ſent for Cador, and, without uttering a word, gave him the note. Cador forced him to obey, and forthwith to take the road to Memphis.—"Shouldeſt thou dare (ſaid he) to go in ſearch of the queen, thou wilt haſten her death. Shouldeſt thou ſpeak to the king, thou wilt infallibly ruin her. I will take upon me the charge of her deſtiny; follow thy own. I will ſpread a report that thou haſt taken the road to India. I will ſoon follow thee, and inform thee of all that ſhall have paſſed in Babylon." At that inſtant, Cador cauſed two of the ſwifteſt dromedaries to be brought to a private gate of the palace. Upon one of theſe he mounted Zadig, whom he was obliged to carry to the door, and who was ready to expire with grief. He was accompanied by a ſingle domeſtic; and Cador, plunged in ſorrow and aſtoniſhment, ſoon loſt ſight of his friend.

This illuſtrious fugitive arriving on the ſide of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and fainted away at the ſight; nor did he recover his ſenſes but to ſhed a torrent of tears, and to wiſh for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engroſſed in lamenting

ing the unhappy fate of the loveliest woman and the greateſt queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himſelf, and cried, "What then is human life? O virtue, how haſt thou ſerved me! Two women have baſely deceived me; and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual ſource of calamity and affliction; and I have only been raiſed to the height of grandeur, to be tumbled down the moſt horrid precipice of misfortune." Filled with theſe gloomy reflections, his eyes overſpread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleneſs of death, and his ſoul plunged in an abyſs of the blackeſt deſpair he continued his journey towards Egypt.

The WOMAN Beaten.

ZADIG directed his courſe by the ſtars. The conſtellation of Orion, and the ſplendid Dog-ſtar, guided his ſteps towards the pole of Canopæa. He admired thoſe vaſt globes of light, which appear to our eyes but as ſo many little ſparks, while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as ſomething ſo grand

and

and noble. He then repreſented to himſelf the human ſpecies, as it really is, as a parcel of inſects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image ſeemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him ſenſible of the nothingneſs of his own being, and of that of Babylon. His ſoul launched out into infinity, and detached from the ſenſes, contemplated the immutable order of the univerſe. But when, afterwards, returning to himſelf, and entering into his own heart, he conſidered that Aſtarte had perhaps died for him, the univerſe vaniſhed from his ſight, and he beheld nothing in the whole compaſs of nature but Aſtarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy. While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of ſublime philoſophy and intolerable grief, he advanced towards the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful domeſtic was already in the firſt village, in ſearch of a lodging. Mean while, as Zadig was walking towards the gardens that ſkirted the village, he ſaw, at a ſmall diſtance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears, and calling heaven and earth to her aſſiſtance; and a man in a furious paſſion, purſuing her. This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithſtanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches.

proaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behaviour of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady aſked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he ſurveyed the woman more narrowly, and found her to be a lady of exquiſite beauty, and even to have a ſtrong reſemblance to the unhappy Aſtarte, he felt himſelf inſpired with compaſſion for her, and horror towards the Egyptian. "Aſſiſt me, (cried ſhe to Zadig with the deepeſt ſighs) deliver me from the hands of the moſt barbarous man in the world; ſave my life." Moved by theſe pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himſelf between her and the barbarian. As he had ſome knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addreſſed him in that tongue: "If (ſaid he) thou haſt any humanity, I conjure thee to pay ſome regard to her beauty and weakneſs. How canſt thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the maſter-pieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and has no defence but her tears?" "Ah, ah! (replied the madman) thou art likewiſe in love with her; I muſt be revenged on thee too." So ſaying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twiſted in her hair, and taking his lance, attempted to ſtab the ſtranger. Zadig, who was in cold blood, eaſily eluded the blow

aimed

aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He ſeized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian ſtrove to draw it back; Zadig to wreſt it from the Egyptian; and in the ſtruggle it was broke in two. The Egyptian draws his ſword; Zadig does the ſame. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random; the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, ſeated on a turf, re-adjuſts her head dreſs, and looks at the combatants. The Egyptian excelled in ſtrength; Zadig in addreſs. The one fought like a man whoſe arm was directed by his judgment; the other like a madman, whoſe blind rage made him deal his blows at random. Zadig cloſes with him, and diſarms him; and while the Egyptian, now become more furious, endeavours to throw himſelf upon him, he ſeizes him, preſſes him cloſe, and throws him down; and then holding his ſword to his breaſt, offers him his life. The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poinard, and wounds Zadig at the very inſtant that the conqueror was granting a pardon. Zadig, provoked at ſuch brutal behaviour, plunged his ſword in the boſom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible ſhriek and a violent ſtruggle, inſtantly expired. Zadig then approached the lady, and ſaid to her with a

gentle

gentle tone, "He hath forced me to kill him; I have avenged thy cauſe; thou art now delivered from the moſt violent man I ever ſaw; what further, madam, wouldeſt thou have me to do for thee?" "Die, villain, (replied ſhe) die; thou haſt killed my lover; O that I were able to tear out thy heart!" "Why truly, madam, (ſaid Zadig) thou hadſt a ſtrange kind of a man for a lover; he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed me, becauſe thou hadſt entreated me to give thee aſſiſtance." "I wiſh he were beating me ſtill, (replied the lady, with tears and lamentation;) I well deſerved it; for I had given him cauſe to be jealous. Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou waſt in his place." Zadig, ſtruck with ſurprize, and inflamed with a higher degree of reſentment than he had ever felt before, ſaid, "Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deſerveſt that I ſhould beat thee in my turn for thy perverſe and impertinent behaviour; but I ſhall not give myſelf the trouble." So ſaying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the town. He had proceeded but a few ſteps, when he turned back at the noiſe of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop. One of them, upon ſeeing the woman, cried, "It is the very ſame;

ſhe reſembles the deſcription that was given us." They gave themſelves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but inſtantly ſeized the lady. She called out to Zadig; "Help me once more, generous ſtranger; I aſk pardon for having complained of thy conduct; deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever." Zadig was no longer in the humour of fighting for her. "Apply to other, (ſaid he) thou ſhalt not again enſnare me by thy wiles." Beſides, he was wounded; his blood was ſtill flowing; and he himſelf had need of aſſiſtance; and the ſight of four Babylonians, probably ſent by king Moabdar, filled him with apprehenſion. He therefore haſtened towards the village, unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers ſhould come to ſeize this Egyptian woman, but ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the lady's behaviour.

SLAVERY.

AS he entered the Egyptian village, he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded by the people. Every one ſaid, "This is the man that carried off the beautiful Miſſouf, and aſſaſſinated Clitofis." "Gentlemen, (ſaid he) God preſerve me from carrying off your beautiful Miſſouf; ſhe is too capricious

capricious for me: and with regard to Clitofis, I did not aſſaſſinate him; I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavoured to kill me, becauſe I humbly interceded for the beautiful Miſſouf, whom he beat moſt unmercifully. I am a ſtranger, come to ſeek refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I ſhould begin by carrying off a woman, and aſſaſſinating a man."

The Egyptians were then juſt and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town-houſe. They firſt of all ordered his wound to be dreſſed; and then examined him and his ſervant apart, in order to diſcover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an aſſaſſin; but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a ſlave. His two camels were ſold for the benefit of the town: all the gold he had brought with him was diſtributed among the inhabitants; and his perſon, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was expoſed to ſale in the market-place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchaſe; but as the ſervant was fitter for labour than the maſter, he was ſold at a higher price. There was no compariſon between the two men. Thus Zadig became a ſlave ſubordinate

to

to his own ſervant. They were linked together by a chain faſtened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant to his houſe. By the way Zadig comforted his ſervant, and exhorted him to patience; but he could not help making, according to his uſual cuſtom, ſome reflections on human life. "I ſee (ſaid he) that the unhappineſs of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hitherto every thing has turned out to me in a moſt unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having ſeen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I ſhould once have been empaled on account of a griffin. I have been ſent to execution for having made ſome verſes in praiſe of the king. I have been upon the point of being ſtrangled, becauſe the queen had yellow ribbons; and now I am a ſlave with thee, becauſe a brutal wretch beat his miſtreſs. Come, let us keep a good heart; all this perhaps will have an end. The Arabian merchants muſt neceſſarily have ſlaves; and why not I as well as another, ſince, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel; he muſt treat his ſlaves well, if he expects any advantage from them." But while he ſpoke thus, his heart was entirely engroſſed by the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two

Two days after, the merchant Setoc ſet out for Arabia Deſerta, with his ſlaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the deſart of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc ſet a much greater value on the ſervant than the maſter, becauſe the former was more expert in loading the camels; and all the little marks of diſtinction were ſhewn to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the ſervants; and Zadig had his ſhare among the reſt. Setoc laughed to ſee all his ſlaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took the liberty to explain to him the cauſe, and to inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was aſtoniſhed, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raiſed his curioſity, encreaſed it ſtill further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce; the ſpecific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk; the properties of ſeveral uſeful animals; and the means of rendering thoſe uſeful that are not naturally ſo. At laſt Setoc began to conſider Zadig as a ſage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly ſo much eſteemed. He treated him well, and had no cauſe to repent of his kindneſs.

As ſoon as Setoc arrived among his own tribe, he demanded the payment of five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he had lent to a Jew in preſence of two witneſſes; but as the witneſſes were dead, and the debt could not be proved, the Hebrew appropriated the merchant's money to himſelf, and piouſly thanked God for putting it in his power to cheat an Arabian. Setoc imparted this troubleſome affair to Zadig, who was now become his council. "In what place (ſaid Zadig) didſt thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?" "Upon a large ſtone, (replied the merchant) that lies near mount Oreb." "What is the character of thy debtor?" ſaid Zadig. "That of a knave," returned Setoc. "But I aſk thee, whether he is lively or phlegmatic; cautious or imprudent?" "He is, of all bad prayers, (ſaid Setoc) the moſt lively fellow I ever knew." "Well, (reſumed Zadig) allow me to plead thy cauſe." In effect, Zadig having ſummoned the Jew to the tribunal, addreſſed the judge in the following terms: "Pillow of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in the name of my maſter, five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he refuſes to repay." "Haſt thou any witneſſes?" ſaid the judge. "No, they are dead; but there remains a large ſtone upon which

which the money was counted; and if it pleaſe thy grandeur to order the ſtone to be ſought for, I hope that it will bear witneſs. The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the ſtone arrives: I will ſend for it at my maſter's expence." "With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himſelf to the diſcuſſion of other affairs.

When the court was going to break up, the judge ſaid to Zadig, "Well, friend, is not thy ſtone come yet?" The Hebrew replied with a ſmile; "Thy grandeur may ſtay here till the morrow, and after all not ſee the ſtone. It is more than ſix miles from hence; and it would require fifteen men to move it." "Well, (cried Zadig) did not I ſay that the ſtone would bear witneſs? ſince this man knows where it is, he thereby confeſſes that it was upon it that the money was counted." The Hebrew was diſconcerted, and was ſoon after obliged to confeſs the truth. The judge ordered him to be faſtened to the ſtone, without meat or drink, till he ſhould reſtore the five hundred ounces, which were ſoon after paid.

The ſlave Zadig and the ſtone, were held in great repute in Arabia.

The

SETOC, charmed with the happy iſſue of this affair, made his ſlave his intimate friend. He had now conceived as great an eſteem for him as ever the king of Babylon had done; and *Zadig* was glad that Setoc had no wife. He diſcovered in his maſter a good natural diſpoſition, much probity of heart, and a great ſhare of good ſenſe; but he was ſorry to ſee, that, according to the ancient cuſtom of Arabia, he adored the hoſt of heaven; that is, the ſun, moon, and ſtars. He ſometimes ſpoke to him on this ſubject with great prudence and diſcretion. At laſt he told him, that theſe bodies were like all other bodies in the univerſe, and no more deſerving of our homage, than a tree or a rock. "But (ſaid Setoc) they are eternal beings; and it is from them we derive all we enjoy. They animate nature; they regulate the ſeaſons; and beſides are removed at ſuch an immenſe diſtance from us, that we cannot help revering them." "Thou receiveſt more advantage (replied *Zadig*) from the waters of the Red Sea, which carries thy merchandize to the Indies. Why may not it be as ancient as the ſtars? and if thou adoreſt what is placed at a diſtance from thee, thou oughteſt to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the extremity

tremity of the earth." "No, (ſaid Setoc) the brightneſs of the ſtars commands my adoration."

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to ſup with Setoc; and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before theſe lighted tapers, and ſaid; "Eternal and ſhining luminaries! be ye always propitious to me." Having thus ſaid, he ſat down at the table, without taking the leaſt notice of Setoc; "What art thou doing?" ſaid Setoc to him in amaze. "I act like thee, (replied Zadig) I adore theſe candles, and neglect their maſter and mine." Setoc comprehended the profound ſenſe of this apologue. The wiſdom of his ſlave ſunk deep into his ſoul; he no longer offered incenſe to the creatures, but adored the eternal Being who made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a ſhocking cuſtom, ſprung originally from Scythia, and which, being eſtabliſhed in the Indies by the credit of the Brachmans, threatened to over-run all the Eaſt. When a married man died, and his beloved wife aſpired to the character of a ſaint, ſhe burned herſelf publicly on the body of her huſband. This was a ſolemn feaſt, and was called the Funeral Pile of Widowhood;

dowhood; and that tribe in which moſt women had been burned, was the moſt reſpected. An Arabian of Setoc's tribe being dead, his widow, whoſe name was Almona, and who was very devout, publiſhed the day and hour when ſhe intended to throw herſelf into the fire, amidſt the ſound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonſtrated againſt this horrible cuſtom; he ſhewed Setoc how inconſiſtent it was with the happineſs of mankind, to ſuffer young widows to burn themſelves every other day, widows who were capable of giving children to the ſtate, or at leaſt of educating thoſe they already had; and he convinced him that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to aboliſh ſuch a barbarous practice. "The women (ſaid Setoc) have poſſeſſed the right of burning themſelves for more than a thouſand years; and who ſhall dare to abrogate a law which time hath rendered ſacred? Is there any thing more reſpectable than ancient abuſes?" "Reaſon is more ancient, (replied Zadig;) mean while, ſpeak thou to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go to wait on the young widow."

Accordingly he was introduced to her; and, after having inſinuated himſelf into her good graces by ſome compliments on her beauty,

and

and told her what a pity it was to commit ſo many charms to the flames, he at laſt praiſed her for her conſtancy and courage. "Thou muſt ſurely have loved thy huſband (ſaid he to her) with the moſt paſſionate fondneſs."— "Who, I? (replied the lady) I loved him not at all. He was a brutal, jealous, inſupportable wretch; but I am firmly reſolved to throw myſelf on his funeral pile." "It would appear then, (ſaid Zadig) that there muſt be a very delicious pleaſure in being burnt alive." "Oh! it makes nature ſhudder, (replied the lady) but that muſt be overlooked. I am a devotee; I ſhould loſe my reputation; and all the world would deſpiſe me, if I did not burn myſelf." Zadig having made her acknowledge that ſhe burned herſelf to gain the good opinion of others, and to gratify her own vanity, entertained her with a long diſcourſe, calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even went ſo far as to inſpire her with ſome degree of goodwill for the perſon who ſpoke to her. "And what wilt thou do at laſt, (ſaid he) if the vanity of burning thyſelf ſhould not continue?" "Alas! (ſaid the lady) I believe I ſhould deſire thee to marry me."

Zadig's mind was too much engroſſed with the

the idea of Aſtarte, not to elude this declaration; but he inſtantly went to the chiefs of the tribes, told them what had paſſed, and adviſed them to make a law, by which a widow ſhould not be permitted to burn herſelf, till ſhe had converſed privately with a young man for the ſpace of an hour. Since that time, not a ſingle woman hath burned herſelf in Arabia. They were indebted to Zadig alone for deſtroying in one day a cruel cuſtom, that had laſted for ſo many ages; and thus he became the benefactor of Arabia.

The SUPPER.

SETOC, who could not ſeparate himſelf from this man, in whom dwelt wiſdom, carried him to the great fair of Balzora, whither the richeſt merchants in the earth reſorted. Zadig was highly pleaſed to ſee ſo many men of different countries united in the ſame place. He conſidered the whole univerſe as one large family aſſembled at Balzora. The ſecond day, he ſat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic, and ſeveral other ſtrangers, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian gulph, had learned enough of the Arabic to make themſelves underſtood.

derſtood. The Egyptian ſeemed to be in a violent paſſion. "What an abominable country is Balzora! (ſaid he) they refuſe me a thouſand ounces of gold on the beſt ſecurity in the world." "How! (ſaid Setoc) on what ſecurity have they refuſed thee this ſum?" "On the body of my aunt, (replied the Egyptian) ſhe was the moſt notable woman in Egypt; ſhe always accompanied me in my journies; ſhe died on the road; I have converted her into one of the fineſt mummies in the world; and, in my own country, I could have as much as I pleaſe, by giving her as a pledge. It is very ſtrange that they will not here lend me ſo much as a thouſand ounces of gold on ſuch a ſolid ſecurity." Angry as he was, he was going to help himſelf to a bit of excellent boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, cried out in a ſorrowful tone; "Ah! what art thou going to do?" "To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy. "Take care that thou doeſt not, (replied the Indian.) It is poſſible that the ſoul of the deceaſed may have paſſed into this fowl, and thou wouldeſt not, ſurely, expoſe thyſelf to the danger of eating thy aunt.* To boil fowls is a manifeſt

* Many caſts or tribes of Indians, eſpecially the Bramins, believe in the metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls.

manifeſt outrage on nature." "What doſt thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls? (replied the choleric Egyptian.) We adore a bull; and yet we eat heartily of beef." "You adore a bull! is it poſſible?" ſaid the man of Ganges. "Nothing is more poſſible, (returned the other) we have done ſo for theſe hundred and thirty-five thouſand years; and nobody amongſt us has ever found fault with it." "A hundred and thirty-five thouſand years! (ſaid the Indian) This account is a little exaggerated; it is but eighty thouſand years ſince India was firſt peopled, and we are ſurely more ancient than you: Brama‡ prohibited our eating of ox-fleſh before you thought of putting it on your ſpits or altars." "This Brama of yours, (ſaid the Egyptian) is a pleaſant ſort of an animal truly, to compare with our Apis; what great things hath your Brama performed?" "It was he (replied the Bramin) that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of cheſs." "Thou art miſtaken, (ſaid a Chaldean who ſat near him) it is to the fiſh Oannes* that we owe theſe great

‡ Brama, or Brahma, is one of the principal deities of the Tonquineſe.

* Beroſus, in his account of the Babylonian antiquities, ſays,

great advantages; and it is juſt that we ſhould render homage to none but him. All the world will tell thee, that he is a divine being, with a golden tail and a beautiful human head, and that, for three hours every day, he left the water to preach on dry land. He had ſeveral children who were kings, as every one knows. I have a picture of him at home, which I worſhip with becoming reverence. We may eat as much beef as we pleaſe; but it is ſurely a great ſin to dreſs fiſh for the table. Beſides, you are both of an origin too recent and ignoble to diſpute with me. The Egyptians reckon only a hundred and thirty-five thouſand years, and the Indians but eighty thouſand, while we have almanacks of four thouſand ages. Believe me; renounce your follies; and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of Oannes."

The man of Cathay took up the diſcourſe, and

ſays, that in the beginning of the Chaldean empire, an animal called Oannes came out of the Red Sea. He had the body of a fiſh, with the head and feet of a man. He converſed with the people, and imparted to them the knowledge of letters, arts, and ſciences. He taught them to form ſocieties, build cities, erect temples, meaſure and cultivate lands; in a word, civilized the whole nation. However, he neither ate nor drank with them, and at ſun-ſet always retired into the ſea. This fable probably alludes to ſome ſtrangers who arrived on the coaſt in a ſhip, and took ſome pains to humanize the barbarous inhabitants.

and ſaid; "I have a great reſpect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celtics, Brama, the bull Apis, and the beautiful fiſh Oannes; but I ſhould think that Li, or Tien,* as he is commonly called, is ſuperior to all the bulls in the earth, and all the fiſh in the ſea. I ſhall ſay nothing of my native country; it is as large as Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, put together. Neither ſhall I diſpute about the antiquity of our nation; becauſe it is of little conſequence whether we are ancient or not; it is enough if we are happy; but, were it neceſſary to ſpeak of almanacks, I could ſay that all Aſia takes ours; and that we had very good ones before Arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant men, as ye all are, (ſaid the Greek;) do you not know that Chaos is the father of all; and that form and matter have put the world into its preſent condition?" The Greek ſpoke for a long time; but was at laſt interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank pretty deeply while the reſt were diſputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and ſaid with an oath, that there were

* Chineſe words. The firſt properly ſignifies natural light, or reaſon; and the laſt heaven, or God.

were none but Teutat† and the miſletoe of the oak that were worth the trouble of a diſpute; that, for his own part, he had always ſome miſletoe in his pocket; and that the Scythians, his anceſtors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world; that it was true they had ſometimes eat human fleſh, but that, notwithſtanding that circumſtance, his nation deſerved to be held in great eſteem; and that, in fine, if any one ſpoke ill of Teutat, he would teach him better manners. The quarrel was now become warm; and Setoc ſaw the table ready to be ſtained with blood. Zadig who had been ſilent during the whole diſpute, aroſe at laſt. He firſt addreſſed himſelf to the Celtic, as the moſt furious of all the diſputants: he told him that he had reaſon on his ſide, and begged a few miſletoes. He then praiſed the Greek for his eloquence; and ſoftened all their exaſperated ſpirits. He ſaid but little to the man of Cathay, becauſe he had been the moſt reaſonable of them all. At laſt he ſaid; "You were going, my friends, to quarrel about no-

 thing;

† Teutat is the ſame with Mercury. *Teut*, in the Celtic language, ſignifies People, and *tat* a Father. The word Mercury, according to Pezron, comes from the Gauliſh words *mercs* and *ur*, the firſt importing Merchandize; the other ſignifying a Man; very little different from the Latin words *merx* and *vir*.

thing; for you are all of one mind." At this word they all cried out together. "Is it not true, (ſaid he to the Celtic) that you adore not this miſletoe, but him that made both the miſletoe and the oak?" "Moſt undoubtedly," replied the Celtic. "And thou, Mr. Egyptian, doſt not thou revere, in a certain bull, him who gave the bulls?" "Yes," ſaid the Egyptian. "The fiſh Oannes (continued he) muſt yield to him who made the ſea and the fiſhes. The Indian and the Cathaian (added he) acknowledge, like you, a firſt principle. I did not fully comprehend the admirable things that were ſaid by the Greek; but I am ſure he will admit a ſuperior being, on whom form and matter depend." The Greek, whom they all admired, ſaid that Zadig had exactly taken his meaning. "You are all then (replied Zadig) of one opinion; and have no cauſe to quarrel." All the company embraced him. Setoc, after having ſold his commodities at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig; who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his abſence, and was now going to be burned by a ſlow fire.*

The

* This is levelled againſt the inquiſition.

The RENDEZVOUS.

DURING his journey to Balzora, the prieſts of the ſtars had reſolved to puniſh him. The precious ſtones and ornaments of the young widows whom they ſent to the funeral pile belonged to them of right; and the leaſt they could now do, was to burn Zadig, for the ill office he had done them. Accordingly they accuſed him of entertaining erroneous ſentiments of the heavenly hoſt. They depoſed againſt him, and ſwore, that they had heard him ſay, that the ſtars did not ſet in the ſea. This horrid blaſphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their garments upon hearing theſe impious words; and they would certainly have tore them, had Zadig had wherewithal to pay them for new ones. But, in the exceſs of their zeal and indignation, they contented themſelves with condemning him to be burnt by a ſlow fire. Setoc, filled with deſpair at this unhappy event, employed all his intereſt to ſave his friend; but in vain: he was ſoon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow Almona, who had now conceived a great fondneſs for life, for which ſhe was obliged to Zadig, reſolved to deliver him from the funeral pile, of the abuſe of which he had fully convinced

vinced her. She revolved the ſcheme in her own mind, without imparting it to any perſon whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day: if ſhe could ſave him at all, ſhe muſt do it that very night; and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows:

She perfumed herſelf; ſhe heightened her beauty by the richeſt and gayeſt apparel; and went to demand a private audience of the chief prieſt of the ſtars. As ſoon as ſhe was introduced to the venerable old man, ſhe addreſſed him in theſe terms: "Eldeſt ſon of the great bear; brother of the bull; and couſin of the great dog; (ſuch were the titles of this pontiff) I come to acquaint thee with my ſcruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myſelf on the funeral pile of my dear huſband; for, indeed, what had I worth preſerving? periſhable fleſh, thou ſeeſt, that is already entirely withered." So ſaying, ſhe drew up her long ſleeves of ſilk, and ſhewed her naked arms, which were of an elegant ſhape and a dazzling whiteneſs. "Thou ſeeſt (ſaid ſhe) that theſe are little worth." The prieſt found in his heart that they were worth a great deal; his eyes ſaid ſo, and his mouth confirmed it: he ſwore that he had never

ver in his life ſeen ſuch beautiful arms. "Alas! (ſaid the widow) my arms, perhaps, are not ſo bad as the reſt; but thou wilt confeſs that my neck is not worthy of the leaſt regard." She then diſcovered the moſt charming boſom that nature had ever formed. Compared to it, a roſe-bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like madder on the box-tree, and the whiteneſs of new-waſhed lambs would have ſeemed of a duſky yellow. Her neck; her large black eyes, languiſhing with the gentle luſtre of a tender fire; her cheeks animated with the fineſt purple, mixed with the whiteneſs of the pureſt milk; her noſe, which had no reſemblance to the tower of mount Lebanon; her lips, like two borders of coral, incloſing the fineſt pearls in the Arabian Sea; all conſpired to make the old man believe that he was but twenty years of age. Almona, ſeeing him enflamed, entreated him to pardon Zadig.—"Alas! (ſaid he) my charming lady, ſhould I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no ſervice; as it muſt neceſſarily be ſigned by three others, my brethren." "Sign it, however," ſaid Almona. "With all my heart (ſaid the prieſt) on condition that thy favours ſhall be the price of my ready compliance." "Thou doeſt me too much honour (ſaid Almona;) be

pleaſed

pleaſed only to come to my chamber after ſunſet, and when the bright ſtar of Sheat ſhall appear in the horizon, thou wilt find me on a roſe-coloured ſopha; and thou mayeſt then uſe thy ſervant as thou art able." So ſaying, ſhe departed with the ſignature, and left the old man full of love and diſtruſt of his own abilities. He employed the reſt of the day in bathing; he drank a liquor compoſed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and of the precious ſpices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with impatience till the ſtar Sheat ſhould make its appearance.

Mean while, Almona went to the ſecond pontiff. He aſſured her that the ſun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven were but glimmering meteors, in compariſon of her charms. She aſked the ſame favour of him; and he propoſed to grant it on the ſame terms. She ſuffered herſelf to be overcome; and appointed the ſecond pontiff to meet her at the riſing of the ſtar Algenib. From thence ſhe went to the third and fourth prieſt, always taking their ſignatures, and making an aſſignation from ſtar to ſtar. She then ſent a meſſage to the judges, entreating them to come to her houſe, on an affair of great importance. They obeyed her ſummons. She ſhewed them the four names, and told them at what price the

prieſts

prieſts had ſold the pardon of Zadig. Each of them arrived at the hour appointed. Each was ſurprized at finding his brethren there, but ſtill more at ſeeing the judges, before whom their ſhame was now manifeſt. Zadig was ſaved; and Setoc was ſo charmed with the ingenuity and addreſs of Almona, that he made her his wife. Zadig departed, after having thrown himſelf at the feet of his fair deliverer. Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, ſwearing an eternal friendſhip, and promiſing, that the firſt of them that ſhould acquire a large fortune ſhould ſhare it with the other.

Zadig directed his courſe along the frontiers of Aſſyria, ſtill muſing on the unhappy Aſtarte, and reflecting on the ſeverity of fortune, which ſeemed determined to make him the ſport of her cruelty, and the object of her perſecution. "What, (ſaid he to himſelf) four hundred ounces of gold for having ſeen a bitch! condemned to loſe my head for four bad verſes in praiſe of the king! ready to be ſtrangled, becauſe the queen had ſhoes of the colour of my bonnet! reduced to ſlavery for having ſuccoured a woman who was beat! and on the point of being burnt for having ſaved the lives of all the young widows of Arabia!"

The ROBBER.

ARRIVING on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petræa from Syria, he paſſed by a pretty ſtrong caſtle, from which a party of armed Arabians ſallied forth. They inſtantly ſurrounded him, and cried, "All thou haſt belongs to us and thy perſon is the property of our maſter." Zadig replied by drawing his ſword; his ſervant, who was a man of courage, did the ſame. They killed the firſt Arabians that preſumed to lay hands on them; and, though the number was redoubled, they were not diſmayed, but reſolved to periſh in the conflict. Two men defended themſelves againſt a multitude; and ſuch a combat could not laſt long. The maſter of the caſtle, whoſe name was Arbogad, having obſerved from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived a high eſteem for this heroic ſtranger. He deſcended in haſte, and went in perſon to call off his men, and deliver the two travellers. "All that paſſes over my lands (ſaid he) belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others; but thou ſeemeſt to be a man of ſuch undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law." He then conducted him to his caſtle, ordering his men to treat him well; and

in

in the evening Arbogad ſupped with Zadig. The lord of the caſtle was one of thoſe Arabians who are commonly called robbers; but he now and then performed ſome good actions, amidſt a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favours with great generoſity; intrepid in action, affable in company; a debauchée at table, but gay in his debauchery; and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behaviour. He was highly pleaſed with Zadig, whoſe lively converſation lengthened the repaſt. At laſt Arbogad ſaid to him; "I adviſe thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue; thou canſt not do better; this is not a bad trade; and thou mayeſt one day become what I am at preſent." "May I take the liberty of aſking thee (ſaid Zadig) how long thou haſt followed this noble profeſſion?" "From my moſt tender youth, (replied the lord.) I was ſervant to a pretty good-natured Arabian; but could not endure the hardſhips of my ſituation. I was vexed to find that fate had given me no ſhare of the earth, which equally belongs to all men. I imparted the cauſe of my uneaſineſs to an old Arabian, who ſaid to me; 'My ſon, do not deſpair; there was 'once a grain of ſand that lamented that it was 'no more than a neglected atom in the deſarts;

'at the end of a few years it became a diamond;
'and it is now the brighteſt ornament in the
'crown of the king of the Indies.' This diſ-
courſe made a deep impreſſion on my mind; I
was the grain of ſand, and I reſolved to become
the diamond. I began by ſtealing two horſes;
I ſoon got a party of companions; I put myſelf
in a condition to rob ſmall caravans; and thus,
by degrees, I deſtroyed the difference which
had formerly ſubſiſted between me and other
men. I had my ſhare of the good things of
this world; and was even recompenſed with
uſury for the hardſhips I had ſuffered. I was
greatly reſpected; and became the captain of a
band of robbers. I ſeized this caſtle by force.
The ſatrape of Syria had a mind to diſpoſſeſs
me of it; but I was too rich to have any thing
to fear. I gave the ſatrape a handſome preſent,
by which means I preſerved my caſtle, and en-
creaſed my poſſeſſions. He even appointed me
treaſurer of the tributes which Arabia Petræa
pays to the king of kings. I perform my office
of receiver with great punctuality; but take the
freedom to diſpenſe with that of paymaſter.

The grand Deſterham of Babylon ſent hi-
ther a petty ſatrape in the name of king Moab-
dar, to have me ſtrangled. This man arrived
with

with his orders: I was appriſed of all; I cauſed to be ſtrangled in his preſence the four perſons he had brought with him to draw the nooſe; after which I aſked him how much his commiſſion of ſtrangling me might be worth. He replied, that his fees would amount to above three hundred pieces of gold. I then convinced him that he might gain more by ſtaying with me. I made him an inferior robber; and he is now one of my beſt and richeſt officers. If thou wilt take my advice, thy ſucceſs may be equal to his; never was there a better ſeaſon for plunder, ſince king Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confuſion."

"Moabdar killed, (ſaid Zadig;) and what is become of queen Aſtarte?" "I know not, (replied Arbogad.) All I know is, that Moabdar loſt his ſenſes, and was killed; that Babylon is a ſcene of diſorder and bloodſhed; that all the empire is deſolated; that there are ſome fine ſtrokes to be ſtruck yet; and that, for my own part, I have ſtruck ſome that are admirable." "But the queen (ſaid Zadig;) for heaven's ſake, knoweſt thou nothing of the queen's fate?" "Yes, (replied he) I have heard ſomething of a prince of Hircania; if ſhe was not killed in the tumult, ſhe is probably one of his concubines; but I am much fonder of booty than news. I

have

have taken ſeveral women in my excurſions; but I keep none of them: I ſell them at a high price, when they are beautiful, without enquiring who they are. In commodities of this kind rank makes no difference, and a queen that is ugly will never find a merchant. Perhaps I may have ſold queen Aſtarte; perhaps ſhe is dead; but, be it as it will, it is of little conſequence to me, and, I ſhould imagine, of as little to thee." So ſaying, he drank a large draught, which threw all his ideas into ſuch confuſion, that Zadig could obtain no farther information.

Zadig remained for ſome time without ſpeech, ſenſe, or motion. Arbogad continued drinking; told ſtories; conſtantly repeated that he was the happieſt man in the world; and exhorted Zadig to put himſelf in the ſame condition. At laſt the ſoporiferous fumes of the wine lulled him into a gentle repoſe. Zadig paſſed the night in the moſt violent perturbation. "What, (ſaid he) did the king loſe his ſenſes? and is he killed? I cannot help lamenting his fate. The empire is rent in pieces: and this robber is happy. O fortune! O deſtiny! A robber is happy, and the moſt beautiful of nature's works hath, perhaps, periſhed in a barba-

rous

rous manner, or lives in a ſtate worſe than death. O Aſtarte! what is become of thee?"

At day break, he queſtioned all thoſe he met in the caſtle; but they were all buſy; and he received no anſwer. During the night they had made a new capture; and they were now employed in dividing the ſpoil. All he could obtain in this hurry and confuſion was an opportunity of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the moſt gloomy and mournful reflections.

Zadig proceeded on his journey with a mind full of diſquiet and perplexity, and wholly employed on the unhappy Aſtarte, on the king of Babylon, on his faithful friend Cador, on the happy robber Arbogad, on that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had ſeized on the frontiers of Egypt; in a word, on all the misfortunes and diſappointments he had hitherto ſuffered.

The FISHERMAN.

AT a few leagues diſtance from Arbogad's caſtle, he came to the banks of a ſmall river, ſtill deploring his fate, and conſidering himſelf as the moſt wretched of mankind. He

ſaw

ſaw a fiſherman lying on the brink of the river, ſcarcely holding in his weak and feeble hand a net, which he ſeemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"I am certainly, (ſaid the fiſherman,) the moſt unhappy man in the world. I was univerſally allowed to be the moſt famous dealer in cream-cheeſe in Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the moſt handſome wife that any man in my ſtation could have; and by her I have been betrayed. I had ſtill left a paltry houſe, and that I have ſeen pillaged and deſtroyed. At laſt I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other reſource than fiſhing, and yet I cannot catch a ſingle fiſh. Oh my net! no more will I throw thee into the water; I will throw myſelf in thy place." So ſaying, he aroſe and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himſelf into the river, and thus finiſh this life.

"What, ſaid Zadig to himſelf, are there men as wretched as I?" His eagerneſs to ſave the fiſherman's life was as ſudden as this reflection. He runs to him, ſtops him, and ſpeaks to him with a tender and compaſſionate air. It is commonly ſuppoſed that we are leſs miſerable when we have companions in our miſery.

miſery. This, according to Zoroaſter, does not proceed from malice, but neceſſity. We feel ourſelves inſenſibly drawn to an unhappy perſon, as to one like ourſelves. The joy of the happy would be an inſult; but two men in diſtreſs are like two ſlender trees, which mutually ſupporting each other, fortify themſelves againſt the ſtorm. "Why, ſaid Zadig to the fiſherman, doſt thou ſink under thy misfortunes?" "Becauſe, (replied he) I ſee no means of relief. I was the moſt conſiderable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the aſſiſtance of my wife, I made the beſt cream-cheeſe in the empire. Queen Aſtarte and the famous miniſter, Zadig, were extremely fond of them. I had ſent them ſix hundred cheeſes, and one day went to the city to receive my money; but, on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had diſappeared. I ran to the houſe of lord Zadig, whom I had never ſeen; but found there the inferior officers of the grand Deſterham, who being furniſhed with a royal licence, were plundering it with great loyalty and order. From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, ſome of the lords of which told me that the queen was dead; ſome ſaid ſhe was in priſon; and others pretended that ſhe had made her eſcape; but they all agreed in

aſſuring

assuring me that I would not be paid for my cheese. I went with my wife to the house of lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and begged his protection in my present distress. He granted it to my wife; but refused it to me. She was whiter than the cream-cheeses that begun my misfortune; and the lustre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteness. For this reason Orcan detained her, and drove me from his house. In my despair I wrote a letter to my dear wife. She said to the bearer, 'Ha, ha! I know the writer of this a little; I have heard his name mentioned; they say he makes excellent cream-cheese; desire him to send me some, and he shall be paid.'

"In my distress I resolved to apply to justice. I had still six ounces of gold remaining; I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I consulted; two to the procurator who undertook my cause; and two to the secretary of the first judge. When all this was done, my business was not begun; and I had already expended more money than my cheese and my wife were worth. I returned to my own village, with an intention to sell my house, in order to enable me to recover my wife.

"My

"My houſe was well worth ſixty ounces of gold; but as my neighbours ſaw that I was poor, and obliged to ſell it, the firſt to whom I applied, offered me thirty ounces, the ſecond twenty, and the third ten. Bad as theſe offers were, I was ſo blind, that I was going to ſtrike a bargain, when a prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way. My houſe was firſt ſacked and then burnt.

"Having thus loſt my money, my wife, and my houſe, I retired into this country, where thou now ſeeſt me. I have endeavoured to gain a ſubſiſtence by fiſhing; but the fiſh make a mock of me as well as the men. I catch none; I die with hunger; and had it not been for thee, auguſt comforter, I ſhould have periſhed in the river."

The fiſherman was not allowed to give this long account without interruption; at every moment, Zadig, moved and tranſported, ſaid; "What knoweſt thou nothing of the queen's fate?" "No, my Lord, replied the fiſherman, but I know that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream-cheeſes; that I have loſt my wife, and am now reduced to deſpair." "I flatter myſelf, ſaid Zadig, that thou

wilt not lose all thy money. I have heard of this Zadig; he is an honest man; and if he return to Babylon, as he expects, he will give thee more than he owes thee: but with regard to thy wife, who is not so honest, I advise thee not to seek to recover her. Believe me, go to Babylon; I shall be there before thee, because I am on horseback, and thou art on foot. Apply to the illustrious Cador; tell him thou hast met his friend; wait for me at his house: go, perhaps thou wilt not always be unhappy.

"O powerful Oromazes! continued he, thou employest me to comfort this man; whom wilt thou employ to give me consolation?" So saying, he gave the fisherman half the money he had brought from Arabia. The fisherman, struck with surprize, and ravished with joy, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and said, "Thou art surely an angel sent from heaven to save me!"

Mean while Zadig continued to make fresh enquires, and to shed tears. "What, my lord, cried the fisherman, art thou then so unhappy, thou who bestowest favours?" "An hundred times more unhappy than thee," replied Zadig. "But how is it possible, said the good man, that the giver can be more wretched than the receiver?"

receiver?" "Becauſe, replied Zadig, thy greateſt miſery aroſe from poverty; and mine is ſeated in the heart." "Did Orcan take thy wife from thee?" ſaid the fiſherman. This word recalled to Zadig's mind the whole of his adventures. He repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's bitch, and ending with his arrival at the caſtle of the robber Arbogad. "Ah, ſaid he to the fiſherman, Orcan deſerves to be puniſhed: but it is commonly ſuch men as thoſe that are the favourites of fortune. However, go thou to the houſe of lord Cador, and there wait my arrival." They then parted: the fiſherman walked, thanking heaven for the happineſs of his condition; and Zadig rode, accuſing fortune for the hardneſs of his lot.

The BASILISK.

ARRIVING in a beautiful meadow, he there ſaw ſeveral women, who were ſearching for ſomething with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and to aſk if he might have the honour to aſſiſt them in their ſearch. "Take care that thou doſt not, replied the Syrian, what we are ſearching for can be touched only by women." "Strange, ſaid

ſaid Zadig, may I preſume to aſk thee what it is that women only are permitted to touch." "It is a baſiliſk," ſaid ſhe. "A baſiliſk, madam! and for what purpoſe, pray, doſt thou ſeek for a baſiliſk?" "It is for our lord and maſter Ogul, whoſe caſtle thou ſeeſt on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his moſt humble ſlaves. The lord Ogul is ſick. His phyſician hath ordered him to eat a baſiliſk, ſtewed in roſe-water; and as it is a very rare animal, and can only be taken by women, the lord Ogul hath promiſed to chooſe for his well beloved wife the woman that ſhall bring him a baſiliſk: let me go on in my ſearch; for thou ſeeſt what I ſhall loſe, if I am prevented by my companions."

Zadig left her and the other Aſſyrians to ſearch for their baſiliſk, and continued to walk in the meadow; when coming to the brink of a ſmall rivulet, he found another lady lying on the graſs, and who was not ſearching for any thing. Her perſon ſeemed to be majeſtic; but her face was covered with a veil. She was inclined towards the rivulet, and profound ſighs proceeded from her mouth. In her hand ſhe held a ſmall rod with which ſhe was tracing characters on the fine ſand that lay between the

turf

turf and the brook. Zadig had the curioſity to examine what this woman was writing. He drew near; he ſaw the letter Z, then an A; he was aſtoniſhed: then appeared a D; he ſtarted. But never was ſurprize equal to his, when he ſaw the two laſt letters of his name. He ſtood for ſome time immoveable. At laſt breaking ſilence with a faultering voice, "O generous lady! pardon a ſtranger, an unfortunate man, for preſuming to aſk thee by what ſurpriſing adventure I here find the name of Zadig traced out by thy divine hand." At this voice and theſe words, the lady lifted up her veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, ſent forth a cry of tenderneſs, ſurprize and joy, and ſinking under the various emotions which at once aſſaulted her ſoul, fell ſpeechleſs into his arms. It was Aſtarte herſelf; it was the queen of Babylon; it was ſhe whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himſelf for adoring; it was ſhe whoſe misfortunes he had ſo deeply lamented, and for whoſe fate he had been ſo anxiouſly concerned. He was for a moment deprived of the uſe of his ſenſes; when he had fixed his eyes on thoſe of Aſtarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confuſion and tenderneſs: "O ye immortal powers! cried he, who preſide over the fates of

weak

weak mortals, do ye indeed reſtore Aſtarte to me! at what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?" He fell on his knees before Aſtarte, and laid his face in the duſt of her feet. The queen of Babylon raiſed him up, and made him ſit by her ſide on the brink of the rivulet. She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow a-freſh: ſhe twenty times reſumed her diſcourſe, which her ſighs as often interrupted: ſhe aſked by what ſtrange accident they were brought together; and ſuddenly prevented his anſwers by other queſtions: ſhe waved the account of her own misfortunes, and deſired to be informed of thoſe of Zadig. At laſt, both of them having a little compoſed the tumult of their ſouls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow. "But, O unhappy and reſpectable queen! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, cloathed in the habit of a ſlave, and accompanied by other female ſlaves, who are ſearching for a baſiliſk, which, by order of the phyſician, is to be ſtewed in roſe-water?"

"While they are ſearching for their baſiliſk, ſaid the fair Aſtarte, I will inform thee of all I have

have ſuffered, for which heaven has ſufficiently recompenſed me, by reſtoring thee to my ſight. Thou knoweſt that the king, my huſband, was vexed to ſee thee the moſt amiable of mankind; and that for this reaſon, he one night reſolved to ſtrangle thee and poiſon me. Thou knoweſt how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the orders of his ſublime majeſty. Hardly had the faithful Cador obliged thee to depart, in obedience to my command, when he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight by a ſecret paſſage. He carried me off, and conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where the magi, his brother, ſhut me up in that huge ſtatue, whoſe baſe reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whoſe top riſes to the ſummit of the dome. I was there buried in a manner; but was ſerved by the magi, and ſupplied with all the neceſſaries of life. At break of day his majeſty's apothecary entered my chamber with a potion compoſed of a mixture of henbane, opium, hemlock, black hellebore, and aconite; and another officer went to thine with a bowſtring of blue ſilk. Neither of us were to be found. Cador, the better to deceive the king, pretended to come and accuſe us both. He ſaid that thou hadſt taken the road to the Indies, and I that to Memphis; on which the king's guards

guards were immediately diſpatched in purſuit of us both.

"The couriers who purſued me did not know me. I had hardly ever ſhewn my face to any but thee, and to thee only in the preſence, and by the order of my huſband. They conducted themſelves in the purſuit by the deſcription that had been given them of my perſon. On the frontiers of Egypt they met with a woman of the ſame ſtature with me, and poſſeſſed perhaps of greater charms. She was weeping and wandering. They made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly brought her to Moabdar. Their miſtake at firſt threw the king into a violent paſſion; but having viewed this woman more attentively, he found her extremely handſome, and was comforted. She was called Miſſouf. I have ſince been informed, that this name in the Egyptian language, ſignifies the capricious fair one. She was ſo in reality; but ſhe had as much cunning as caprice. She pleaſed Moabdar, and gained ſuch an aſcendency over him as to make him chuſe her for his wife. Her character then began to appear in its true colours. She gave herſelf up, without ſcruple, to all the freaks of a wanton imagination.

tion. She would have obliged the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and on his refuſal, ſhe perſecuted him with the moſt unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her maſter of the horſe to make her a pye of ſweetmeats. In vain did he repreſent that he was not a paſtry-cook; he was obliged to make it, and loſt his place, becauſe it was baked a little too hard. The poſt of maſter of the horſe ſhe gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did ſhe govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loſs of me. The king, who till the moment of his reſolving to poiſon me and ſtrangle thee, had been a tolerably good kind of man, ſeemed now to have drowned all his virtues in his immoderate fondneſs for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feaſt held in honour of the ſacred fire. I ſaw him implore the gods in behalf of Miſſouf, at the feet of the ſtatue in which I was incloſed. I raiſed my voice, I cried out, "The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reaſonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance." At theſe words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became diſordered. The oracle I had

pronounced, and the tyranny of Miſſouf, conſpired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reaſon entirely forſook him.

"His madneſs, which ſeemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the ſignal to a revolt. The people roſe, and ran to arms; and Babylon, which had been ſo long immerſed in idleneſs and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody, civil war. I was taken from the heart of my ſtatue, and placed at the head of a party. Cador flew to Memphis, to bring thee back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, informed of theſe fatal events, returned with his army, and made a third party in Chaldæa. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Miſſouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. I myſelf had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince's tent, at the very moment that Miſſouf was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtleſs be pleaſed to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian; but thou wilt be ſorry to be informed that he deſigned me for his ſeraglio. He told me, with a blunt and reſolute air, that as ſoon as he had finiſhed a military expedition, which he was juſt

going

going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great muſt have been my grief: My ties with Moabdar were already diſſolved; I might have been the wife of Zadig; and I was fallen into the hands of a barbarian. I anſwered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble ſentiments could inſpire. I had always heard it affirmed, that heaven ſtamped on perſons of my condition, a mark of grandeur, which, with a ſingle word or glance, could reduce to the lowlineſs of the moſt profound reſpect, thoſe raſh and forward perſons, who preſume to deviate from the rules of politeneſs. I ſpoke like a queen; but was treated like a maid-ſervant. The Hircanian, without even deigning to ſpeak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handſome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of favourites, that ſo my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favours, when he ſhould be at leiſure to honour me with them. I told him, that, rather than ſubmit to his deſires, I would put an end to my life. He replied with a ſmile, that women, he believed, were not ſo blood-thirſty; and that he was accuſtomed to ſuch violent expreſſions; and then left me with the air of a

man

man who had juſt put another parrot into his aviary. What a ſtate for the firſt queen of the univerſe, and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At theſe words Zadig threw himſelf at her feet, and bathed them with his tears. Aſtarte raiſed him with great tenderneſs, and thus continued her ſtory. "I now ſaw myſelf in the power of a barbarian, and rival to the fooliſh woman with whom I was confined. She gave me an account of her adventures in Egypt. From the deſcription ſhe gave of your perſon, from the time, from the dromedary on which you was mounted, and from every other circumſtance, I inferred that Zadig was the man who had fought for her. I doubted not but that you was at Memphis, and therefore reſolved to repair thither. Beautiful Miſſouf, ſaid I, thou art more handſome than I, and will pleaſe the prince of Hircania much better. Aſſiſt me in contriving the means of my eſcape; thou wilt then reign alone; thou wilt at once make me happy, and rid thyſelf of a rival. Miſſouf concerted with me the means of my flight; and I departed ſecretly with a female Egyptian ſlave.

"As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous

famous robber, named Arbogad, ſeized me, and ſold me to ſome merchants, who brought me to this caſtle, where lord Ogul reſides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God ſent him into the world for no other purpoſe than to ſit at table. He is ſo extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of ſuffocation. His phyſician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digeſtion, governs him with a deſpotic ſway when he has eat too much. He has perſuaded him that a baſiliſk ſtewed in roſe-water will effect a complete cure. The lord Ogul hath promiſed his hand to the female ſlave that brings him a baſiliſk. Thou ſeeſt that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honour, and never was I leſs deſirous of finding the baſiliſk than ſince heaven hath reſtored thee to my ſight."

This account was ſucceeded by a long converſation between Aſtarte and Zadig, conſiſting of every thing that their long ſuppreſſed ſentiments, their great ſufferings, and their mutual love could inſpire into hearts the moſt noble and tender; and the genii who preſide over love carried their words to the ſphere of Venus.

The

The women returned to Ogul, without having found the baſiliſk. Zadig was introduced to this mighty lord, and ſpoke to him in the following terms: "May immortal health deſcend from heaven to bleſs all thy days! I am a phyſician: at the firſt report of thy indiſpoſition I flew to thy caſtle, and have now brought thee a baſiliſk ſtewed in roſe-water. Not that I pretend to marry thee. All I aſk is the liberty of a Babylonian ſlave, who hath been in thy poſſeſſion for a few days; and, if I ſhould not be ſo happy as to cure thee, magnificent lord Ogul, I conſent to remain a ſlave in her place."

The propoſal was accepted. Aſtarte ſet out for Babylon with Zadig's ſervant, promiſing, immediately upon her arrival, to ſend a courier to inform him of all that had happened. Their parting was as tender as their meeting. The moment of meeting, and that of parting are the two greateſt epochas of life, as ſayeth the great book of Zend. Zadig loved the queen with as much ardour as he profeſſed; and the queen loved Zadig more than ſhe thought proper to acknowledge.

Mean while Zadig ſpoke thus to Ogul: "My lord, my baſiliſk is not to be eaten; all its

its virtue muſt enter through thy pores. I have incloſed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine ſkin. Thou muſt ſtrike this ball with all thy might, and I muſt ſtrike it back for a conſiderable time; and by obſerving this regimen for a few days, thou wilt ſee the effects of my art." The firſt day, Ogul was out of breath, and thought he ſhould have died with fatigue. The ſecond, he was leſs fatigued, and ſlept better. In eight days he recovered all the ſtrength, all the health, all the agility and cheerfulneſs of his moſt agreeable years.—"Thou haſt played at ball, and haſt been temperate, ſaid Zadig, know that there is no ſuch thing in nature as a baſiliſk; that temperance and exerciſe are the two great preſervatives of health; and that the art of reconciling intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philoſopher's ſtone, judicial aſtrology, or the theology of the magi."

Ogul's firſt phyſician obſerving how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a deſign, in conjunction with the apothecary, to ſend Zadig to ſearch for a baſiliſk in the other world. Thus, after having ſuffered ſuch a long train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of loſing

loſing his life for curing a gluttonous lord. He was invited to an excellent dinner; and was to have been poiſoned in the ſecond courſe; but, during the firſt, he happily received a courier from the fair Aſtarte. "When one is beloved by a beautiful woman, ſays the great Zoroaſter, he hath always the good fortune to extricate himſelf out of every kind of difficulty and danger."

The COMBATS.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all thoſe tranſports of joy, which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princeſs who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquility. The prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared, that the queen ſhould marry the man whom they ſhould chuſe for their ſovereign. They were reſolved that the firſt place in the world, that of being huſband to Aſtarte and king of Babylon, ſhould not depend on cabals and intrigues. They ſwore to acknowledge for king the man who upon trial, ſhould be found to be poſſeſſed of the greateſt valour and the greateſt wiſdom. Accordingly, at the diſtance of a few leagues from the city, a ſpacious place was marked out for

for the lists, surrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armour. Each of them had a separate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be seen nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights; and those that were so happy as to conquer four, were then to engage with one another; so that he who remained the last master of the field, would be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after, he was to return with the same arms, and to explain the ænigmas proposed by the magi. If he did not explain the ænigmas, he was not king; and the running at the lances was to begin afresh, till a man should be found who was conqueror in both these combats; for they were absolutely determined to have a king possessed of the greatest wisdom and the most invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be strictly guarded: she was only allowed to be present at the games, and even there she was to be covered with a veil; but was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, that so they might neither receive favour, nor suffer injustice.

These particulars Astarte communicated to her lover, hoping, that, in order to obtain her,

he would ſhew himſelf poſſeſſed of greater courage and wiſdom than any other perſon. Zadig ſet out on his journey, beſeeching Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his underſtanding. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day. He cauſed his device to be inſcribed among thoſe of the combatants, concealing his face and his name, as the law ordained; and then went to repoſe himſelf in the apartment that fell to him by lot. His friend Cador, who, after the fruitleſs ſearch he had made for him in Egypt, was now returned to Babylon, ſent to his tent a complete ſuit of armour, which was a preſent from the queen; as alſo from himſelf, one of the fineſt horſes in Perſia. Zadig preſently perceived that theſe preſents were ſent by Aſtarte; and from thence his courage derived freſh ſtrength, and his love the moſt animating hopes.

Next day, the queen being ſeated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot; and that of Zadig was the laſt. The firſt who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed of little courage, of leſs addreſs, and hardly of any judgment at all. His ſervants had perſuaded him, that ſuch a man as he ought to be king; he had ſaid in reply, "Such a man as I ought to reign;" and thus they had armed him cap-a-pee. He wore an armour of gold enamelled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbons. It was inſtantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horſe, that it was not for ſuch a man as him that heaven reſerved the ſcepter of Babylon. The firſt knight that ran againſt him threw him out of his ſaddle; the ſecond laid him flat on his horſe's buttocks, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himſelf, but with ſo bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burſt out a-laughing. The third knight diſdained to make uſe of his lance; but, making a paſs at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half-round, laid him proſtrate on the ſand. The ſquires of the games ran to him laughing, and replaced him in his ſaddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other ſide. He was conducted back with ſcornful ſhouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to paſs the night; and as he limped along, with great difficulty,

ficulty, he ſaid; "What an adventure for ſuch a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themſelves with greater ability and ſucceſs. Some of them conquered two combatants; a few of them vanquiſhed three; but none but prince Otamus conquered four. At laſt Zadig fought in his turn. He ſucceſſively threw four knights out of their ſaddles, with all the grace imaginable. It then remained to be ſeen who ſhould be conqueror, Otamus or Zadig. The arms of the firſt were gold and blue, with a plume of the ſame colour; thoſe of the laſt were white. The wiſhes of all the ſpectators were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white. The queen, whoſe heart was in a violent palpitation, offered prayers to heaven for the ſucceſs of the white colour.

The two champions made their paſſes and vaults with ſo much agility; they mutually gave and received ſuch dexterous blows with their lances; and ſat ſo firmly in their ſaddles, that every body but the queen wiſhed there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horſes being tired, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourſe to this ſtratagem. He paſſes behind the blue prince; ſprings upon the buttocks

tocks of his horſe; ſeizes him by the middle; throws him on the earth; places himſelf in the ſaddle; and wheels around Otamus as he lay extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus riſes in a violent paſſion, and draws his ſword; Zadig leaps from his horſe with his ſabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where ſtrength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the ſtuds of their braſſets, and the rings of their armour, are driven to a great diſtance by the violence of a thouſand furious blows. They ſtrike with the point and the edge; to the right, to the left; on the head, on the breaſt; they retreat; they advance; they meaſure ſwords; they cloſe; they ſeize each other; they bend like ſerpents; they attack like lions; and the fire every moment flaſhes from their blows. At laſt Zadig, having recovered his ſpirits, ſtops; makes a feint; leaps upon Otamus; throws him on the ground and diſarms him; and Otamus cries out; "It is thou alone O white knight, that oughteſt to reign over Babylon!" The queen was now at the height of her joy. The knight, in blue armour, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others,

according

according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to ſerve them at table. It may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themſelves, to enjoy the ſweets of repoſe till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himſelf known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was ſo much fatigued that he could not help ſleeping. Itobad, who lay near him, never cloſed his eyes. He aroſe in the night; entered his apartment; took the white arms and the device of Zadig and put his green armour in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that ſo great a man as he was conqueror. This was little expected; however, he was proclaimed, while Zadig was ſtill aſleep. Aſtarte, ſurpriſed and filled with deſpair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almoſt empty, when Zadig awoke; he ſought for his arms; but could find none but the green armour. With this he was obliged to cover himſelf, having nothing elſe near him. Aſtoniſhed and enraged, he put it on in a furious paſſion, and advanced in this equipage.

The people that ſtill remained in the amphitheatre and the circus, received him with hoots and hiſſes. They ſurrounded him, and inſulted him to his face. Never did man ſuffer ſuch cruel mortifications. He loſt his patience; with his ſabre he diſperſed ſuch of the populace as dared to affront; but he knew not what courſe to take. He could not ſee the queen; he could not claim the white armour ſhe had ſent him, without expoſing her; and thus, while ſhe was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and diſtraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully perſuaded that his ſtar had deſtined him to inevitable miſery, and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men, to that of his armour. "This (ſaid he) is the conſequence of my having ſlept too long. Had I ſlept leſs, I ſhould now have been king of Babylon, and in poſſeſſion of Aſtarte. Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto ſerved only to make me miſerable." He then let fall ſome ſecret murmurings againſt providence, and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel deſtiny, which oppreſſed the good, and proſpered knights in green armour. One of his greateſt mortifications was his being

obliged

obliged to wear that green armour which had expoſed him to ſuch contumelious treatment. A merchant happening to paſs by, he ſold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet. In this garb, he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with deſpair, and ſecretly accuſing providence, which thus continued to perſecute him with unremitting ſeverity.

The HERMIT.

WHILE he was thus ſauntering, he met a hermit, whoſe white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle. He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention. Zadig ſtopt, and made him a profound obeiſance. The hermit returned the compliment with ſuch a noble and engaging air, that Zadig had the curioſity to enter into converſation with him. He aſked him what book it was that he had been reading? "It is the book of deſtinies, (ſaid the hermit;) wouldſt thou chooſe to look into it?" He put the book into the hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly verſed as he was in ſeveral languages, could not decypher a ſingle character of it. This only redoubled his curioſity. "Thou ſeemeſt (ſaid this good father)

to

to be in great diſtreſs." "Alas! (replied Zadig) I have but too much reaſon." "If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee, (reſumed the old man) perhaps I may be of ſome ſervice to thee. I have often poured the balm of conſolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy. Zadig felt himſelf inſpired with reſpect for the air, the beard, and the book of the hermit. He found, in the courſe of the converſation, that he was poſſeſſed of ſuperior degrees of knowledge. The hermit talked of fate, of juſtice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakneſs, and of virtue and vice, with ſuch a ſpirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himſelf drawn toward him by an irreſiſtible charm. He earneſtly entreated the favour of his company till their return to Babylon. "I aſk the ſame favour of thee, (ſaid the old man) ſwear to me by Oromazes, that whatever I do thou wilt not leave me for ſome days." Zadig ſwore, and they ſet out together.

In the evening, the two travellers arrived at a ſuperb caſtle. The hermit entreated a hoſpitable reception for himſelf and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, whom one might have eaſily miſtaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of diſdainful civi-

lity. He preſented them to a principal domeſtic, who ſhewed them his maſter's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower end of the table, without being honoured with the leaſt mark of regard by the lord of the caſtle; but they were ſerved like the reſt, with delicacy and profuſion. They were then preſented with water to waſh their hands, in a golden baſon adorned with emeralds and rubies. At laſt they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment; and, in the morning, a domeſtic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

"The maſter of the houſe (ſaid Zadig, as they were proceeding on the journey) appears to be a generous man, though ſomewhat too proud: he nobly performs the duties of hoſpitality." At that inſtant he obſerved, that a kind of large pocket which the hermit had, was filled and diſtended; and upon looking more narrowly, he found that it contained the golden baſon adorned with precious ſtones, which the hermit had ſtolen. He durſt not then take any notice of it; but he was filled with a ſtrange ſurprize.

About noon, the hermit came to the door of a paltry houſe inhabited by a rich miſer; and begged

begged the favour of an hoſpitable reception for a few hours. An old ſervant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the ſtable, where he gave them ſome rotten olives, mouldy bread, and ſour beer. The hermit eat and drank with as much ſeeming ſatisfaction as he had done the evening before: and then addreſſing himſelf to the old ſervant, who watched them both, to prevent their ſtealing any thing, and rudely preſſed them to depart, he gave him the two pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility, "Pray, (added he) allow me to ſpeak to thy maſter." The ſervant, filled with aſtoniſhment, introduced the two travellers. "Magnificent lord! (ſaid the hermit) I cannot but return thee my moſt humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou haſt entertained us. Be pleaſed to accept of this golden baſon, as a ſmall mark of my gratitude." The miſer ſtarted, and was ready to fall backwards; but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his ſurprize, inſtantly departed with his young fellow-traveller.—"Father, (ſaid Zadig) what is the meaning of all this? thou ſeemeſt to me to be entirely different from other men; thou ſtealeſt a golden baſon adorned with precious ſtones, from a lord

who

who received thee magnificently, and giveſt it to a miſer who treats thee with indignity." "Son, (replied the old man) this magnificent lord, who receives ſtrangers only from vanity and oſtentation, will hereby be rendered more wiſe; and the miſer will learn to practiſe the duties of hoſpitality. Be ſurpriſed at nothing: but follow me." Zadig knew not as yet, whether he was in company with the moſt fooliſh or the moſt prudent of mankind; but the hermit ſpoke with ſuch an aſcendancy, that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuſe to follow him.

In the evening, they arrived at a houſe built with equal elegance and ſimplicity, where nothing ſavoured either of prodigality or avarice. The maſter of it was a philoſopher, who had retired from the world; and who cultivated in peace the ſtudy of virtue and wiſdom, without any of that rigid and moroſe ſeverity, ſo commonly to be found in men of his character. He had choſen to build this country-houſe, in which he received ſtrangers with a generoſity free from oſtentation. He went himſelf to meet the two travellers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, where he deſired them to repoſe themſelves a little. Soon after he

came

came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repaſt, during which he ſpoke with great judgment of the laſt revolutions in Babylon. He ſeemed to be ſtrongly attached to the queen; and wiſhed that Zadig had appeared in the liſts to diſpute the crown: "But the people (added he) do not deſerve to have ſuch a king as Zadig." Zadig bluſhed, and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the courſe of the converſation, that the things of this world did not always anſwer the wiſhes of the wiſe. The hermit ſtill maintained that the ways of providence were inſcrutable; and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they underſtood but the ſmalleſt part.

They talked of the paſſions; "Ah; (ſaid Zadig) how fatal are their effects!" "They are the winds (replied the hermit) that ſwell the ſails of the ſhip; it is true they ſometimes ſink her; but without them ſhe could not ſail at all. The bile makes us ſick and cholerick; but without the bile we could not live. Every thing in this world is dangerous; and yet every thing is neceſſary."

The converſation turned on pleaſure; and the hermit proved that it was a preſent beſtowed by the deity: "For (ſaid he) man cannot give himſelf

himſelf either ſenſations or ideas: he receives all; and pain and pleaſure proceed from a foreign cauſe, as well as his being."

Zadig was ſurpriſed to ſee a man, who had been guilty of ſuch extravagant actions, capable of reaſoning with ſo much judgment and propriety. At laſt, after a converſation equally entertaining and inſtructive, the hoſt led back his two gueſts to their apartment, bleſſing heaven for having ſent him two men poſſeſſed of ſo much wiſdom and virtue. He offered them money, with ſuch an eaſy and noble air as could not poſſibly give any offence. The hermit refuſed it, and ſaid that he muſt now take his leave of him, as he propoſed to ſet out for Babylon before it was light. Their parting was tender; Zadig, eſpecially, felt himſelf filled with eſteem and affection for a man of ſuch an amiable character.

When he and the hermit were alone in their apartment, they ſpent a long time in praiſing their hoſt. At break of day, the old man awakened his companion. "We muſt now depart, (ſaid he;) but while all the family are ſtill aſleep, I will leave this man a mark of my eſteem and affection." So ſaying, he took a candle and ſet fire to the houſe. Zadig, ſtruck

with

with horror, cried aloud, and endeavoured to hinder him from committing ſuch a barbarous action; but the hermit drew him away by a ſuperior force; and the houſe was ſoon in flames. The hermit, who, with his companion, was already at a conſiderable diſtance, looked back to the conflagration with great tranquility. "Thanks be to God, (ſaid he) the houſe of my dear hoſt is entirely deſtroyed! Happy man!" At theſe words Zadig was at once tempted to burſt out a-laughing, to reproach the reverend father, to beat him, and to run away. But he did none of all theſe; for ſtill ſubdued by the powerful aſcendancy of the hermit, he followed him, in ſpite of himſelf, to the next ſtage.

This was at the houſe of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handſome and promiſing youth, and her only hope. She performed the honours of her houſe as well as ſhe could. Next day, ſhe ordered her nephew to accompany the ſtrangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in paſſing. The young man walked before them with great alacrity. As they were croſſing the bridge, "Come, (ſaid the hermit to the youth) I muſt ſhew my gratitude to thy aunt." He

then

then took him by the hair, and plunged him into the river. The boy ſunk, appeared again on the ſurface of the water, and was ſwallowed up by the current. "O monſter! O thou moſt wicked of mankind!" cried Zadig. "Thou promiſedſt to behave with greater patience, (ſaid the hermit, interrupting him.) Know, that under the ruins of that houſe which providence hath ſet on fire, the maſter hath found an immenſe treaſure: know, that this young man, whoſe life providence hath ſhortened, would have aſſaſſinated his aunt in the ſpace of a year, and thee in that of two." "Who told thee ſo, barbarian? (cried Zadig;) and though thou hadſt read this event in thy book of deſtinies, art thou permitted to drown a youth who never did thee any harm?"

While the Babylonian was thus exclaiming, he obſerved that the old man had no longer a beard; and that his countenance aſſumed the features and complexion of youth. The hermit's habit diſappeared; and four beautiful wings covered a majeſtic body reſplendent with light. "O ſent of heaven! O divine angel! (cried Zadig, humbly proſtrating himſelf on the ground) haſt thou then deſcended from the Empyrean, to teach a weak mortal to ſubmit to

the

the eternal decrees of providence?" "Men, (ſaid the angel Jeſrad) judge of all, without knowing any thing; and, of all men, thou beſt deſerveſt to be enlightened." Zadig begged to be permitted to ſpeak: "I diſtruſt myſelf, (ſaid he) but may I preſume to aſk the favour of thee to clear up one doubt that ſtill remains in my mind; would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and made him virtuous, than to have drowned him?" "Had he been virtuous, (replied Jeſrad) and enjoyed a longer life, it would have been his fate to be aſſaſſinated himſelf, together with the wife he would have married, and the child he would have had by her." "But why (ſaid Zadig) is it neceſſary that there ſhould be crimes and misfortunes, and that theſe misfortunes ſhould fall on the good?" "The wicked (replied Jeſrad) are always unhappy: they ſerve to prove and try the ſmall number of the juſt, that are ſcattered through the earth; and there is no evil that is not productive of ſome good." "But, (ſaid Zadig) ſuppoſe there were nothing but good and no evil at all." "Then (replied Jeſrad) this earth would be another earth: the chain of events would be ranged in another order, and directed by wiſdom; but this other order, which would be perfect, can exiſt only in the

eternal abode of the Supreme Being, to which no evil can approach. The Deity hath created millions of worlds, among which there is not one that reſembles another. This immenſe variety is the effect of his immenſe power. There are not two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the unlimited expanſe of heaven, that are exactly ſimilar; and all that thou ſeeſt on the little atom in which thou art born, ought to be in its proper time and place, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends all. Men think that this child who hath juſt periſhed, is fallen into the water by chance; and that it is by the ſame chance that this houſe is burnt: but there is no ſuch thing as chance; all is either a trial, or a puniſhment, or a reward, or a foreſight. Remember the fiſherman, who thought himſelf the moſt wretched of mankind. Oromazes ſent thee to change his fate. Ceaſe then, frail mortal, to diſpute againſt what thou oughteſt to adore." "But," (ſaid Zadig)———As he pronounced the word "But," the angel took his flight towards the tenth ſphere. Zadig on his knees adored providence, and ſubmitted. The angel cried to him from on high, "Direct thy courſe towards Babylon."

The ÆNIGMAS.

ZADIG, entranced as it were, and like a man about whoſe head the thunder had burſt, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when thoſe who had fought at the tournaments were aſſembled in the grand veſtibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to anſwer the queſtions of the grand magi. All the knights were already arrived, except the knight in green armour. As ſoon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded round him. Every eye was fixed on him; every mouth bleſſed him; and every heart wiſhed him the empire. The envious man ſaw him paſs; he frowned and turned aſide. The people conducted him to the place where the aſſembly was held. The queen who was informed of his arrival, became a prey to the moſt violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehenſion. She could not comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armour. A confuſed murmur aroſe at the ſight of Zadig. They were equally ſurprized and charmed to ſee him; but none but the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the aſſembly.

" I have fought as well as the other knights,

(ſaid

(ſaid Zadig) but another here wears my arms; and while I wait for the honour of proving the truth of my aſſertion, I demand the liberty of preſenting myſelf to explain the ænigmas." The queſtion was put to the vote, and his reputation for probity was ſtill ſo deeply impreſſed in their minds, that they admitted him without ſcruple.

The firſt queſtion propoſed by the grand magi was, "What, of all things in the world, is the longeſt, and the ſhorteſt; the ſwifteſt, and the ſloweſt; the moſt diviſible, and the moſt extended; the moſt neglected, and the moſt regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?"

Itobad was to ſpeak. He replied, that ſo great a man as he did not underſtand ænigmas; and that it was ſufficient for him to have conquered by his ſtrength and valour. Some ſaid that the meaning of the ænigma was fortune; ſome, the earth; and others, the light. Zadig ſaid that it was time: "Nothing (added he) is longer, ſince it is the meaſure of eternity; nothing is ſhorter, ſince it is inſufficient for the accompliſhment of our projects; nothing more ſlow to him that expects; nothing more rapid

to

to him that enjoys; in greatneſs it extends to infinity; in ſmallneſs it is infinitely diviſible; all men neglect it; all regret the loſs of it; nothing can be done without it; it conſigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being tranſmitted to poſterity; and it immortalizes ſuch actions as are truly great." The aſſembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

The next queſtion was: "What is the thing which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others when we know not where we are, and which we loſe without perceiving it?"

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone gueſſed that it was life; and explained all the other ænigmas with the ſame facility. Itobad always ſaid that nothing was more eaſy, and that he could have anſwered them with the ſame readineſs, had he choſen to have given himſelf the trouble. Queſtions were then propoſed on juſtice, on the ſovereign good, and on the art of government. Zadig's anſwers were judged to be the moſt ſolid. "What a pity is it, (ſaid they) that ſuch a great genius ſhould be ſo bad a knight!"

"Illuſtrious lords, (ſaid Zadig) I have had the honour of conquering in the tournaments.

It

It is to me that the white armour belongs. Lord Itobad took poſſeſſion of it during my ſleep. He probably thought that it would fit him better than the green. I am now ready to prove in your preſence, with my gown and ſword, againſt all that beautiful white armour which he took from me, that it is I who have had the honour of conquering the brave Otamus."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greateſt confidence. He never doubted, but that, armed as he was, with a helmet, a cuiraſs, and braſſarts, he would obtain an eaſy victory over a champion in a cap and a night-gown. Zadig drew his ſword, ſaluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy. Itobad drew his, without ſaluting any one. He ruſhed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear. He was ready to cleave him in two. Zadig knew how to ward off his blows, by oppoſing the ſtrongeſt part of his ſword to the weakeſt of that of his adverſary, in ſuch a manner that Itobad's ſword was broken. Upon which Zadig, ſeizing his enemy by the waiſt, threw him on the ground; and fixing the point of his ſword at the extremity of his breaſt-plate; "Suffer thyſelf to be diſarmed, (ſaid he) or thou art a dead man." Itobad, always ſurpriſed

at

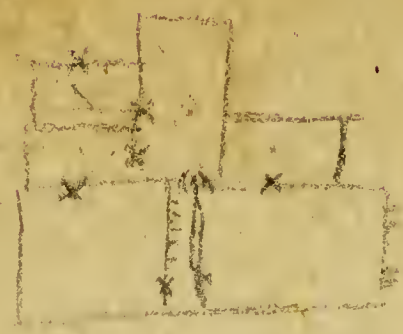
at the diſgraces that happened to ſuch a man as he, was obliged to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great compoſure his magnificent helmet, his ſuperb cuiraſs, his fine braſſarts, his ſhining cuiſhes; cloathed himſelf with them; and in this dreſs ran to throw himſelf at the feet of Aſtarte. Cador eaſily proved that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by the unanimous conſent of the whole nation, and eſpecially by that of Aſtarte, who, after ſo many calamities, now taſted the exquiſite pleaſure of ſeeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of all the world, to be her huſband. Itobad went home to be called lord in his own houſe. Zadig was king, and was happy. He recollected what the angel Jeſrad had ſaid to him. He even remembered the grain of ſand that became a diamond. The queen and Zadig adored providence. He left the capricious beauty, Miſſouf, to run through the world. He ſent in ſearch of the robber, Arbogad, to whom he gave an honourable poſt in his army, promiſing to advance him to the firſt dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior; and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profeſſion of a robber.

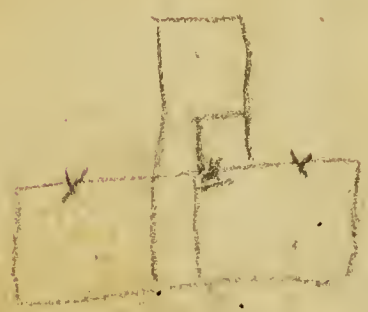
Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from the

the heart of Arabia, and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was preferred and diſtinguiſhed according to his great ſervices. He was the friend of the king; and the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine houſe was given to the fiſherman; and Orcan was condemned to pay him a large ſum of money, and to reſtore him his wife; but the fiſherman, who was now become wiſe, took only the money.

But, neither could the beautiful Semira be comforted, for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; nor did Azora ceaſe to lament her having attempted to cut off his noſe: their griefs, however, he ſoftened by his preſents. The envious man died of rage and ſhame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory and plenty. This was the happieſt age of the earth, it was governed by love and juſtice. The people bleſſed Zadig, and Zadig bleſſed heaven.

FINIS.





E778
V935 mb